WILMER ATKINSON

An Autobiography

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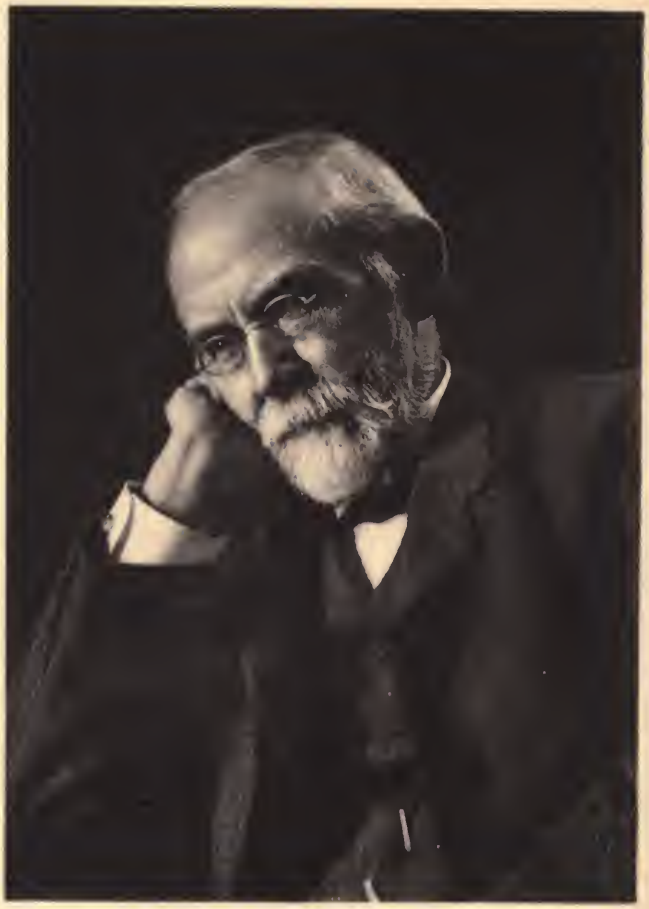

Wilmer Atkinson

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An Autobiography

FOUNDER OF THE FARM JOURNAL

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PHILADELPHIA, U. S. A.

TO
MY WIFE

TO
MY DAUGHTERS

TO
EVERYBODY

451347

Now understand me well: It is provided in the essence of things that from any fruition of success, no matter what, shall come forth something to make a greater struggle necessary.—WALT WHITMAN.

FOREWORD

"In the midst of life we are in death." While our dearly-beloved husband and father was engaged in writing this autobiography, he was suddenly stricken with influenza, succumbing twelve days later to that much-dreaded disease—pneumonia.

Never had he appeared happier than during the six months previous, while engaged in writing this history of his life. In a recent letter to a friend he wrote: "I have had great fun in writing the book and the easiest part now is to come—a review of what I have written and some notes at the bottom, three or four topics only." It was his desire to have the book in the hands of the printer by his eightieth birthday, or June thirteenth, and the book is so dated. As a fact, he laid down his pen for the last time on April twenty-eighth, passing into the Larger Life on May tenth. We have chosen to let the date stand as he had written it, not wishing to change anything whatsoever, excepting in a few instances where it was found to be absolutely necessary.

It has been hard for us to reconcile ourselves to the fact that he was not permitted to live to see the book published, but we can be but thankful that it was sufficiently far advanced, including the selection of the illustrations, for us almost to complete it. Three chapters remained to be written, namely: "Golden Wedding Anniversary," "Work—Play—Rest—Sleep—Moderation—Health—Longevity" and "Observations of an Octogenarian."

He had begun to revise the manuscript from the beginning, intending to write the final chapters

above mentioned just before placing the book in the hands of the printer. The first two chapters had been labelled "perfected copy," and should be thus considered.

Because the writing of the book afforded him such absorbing happiness and because it was our great pleasure and privilege to share this happiness with him, eagerly we now send the book forth in the hope that it may convey to its readers somewhat of his optimistic spirit, ambition and high ideals that actuated his life and work.

As he was ever ready to give battle to the problems that beset his earthly career, so now, we believe, he is meeting the responsibilities of the Newer Life, and its opportunities for richer growth and greater service, with the same abiding faith and high courage which so characterized his daily life.

The following lines on the subject of immortality by Henry Van Dyke were found with his manuscript (which views we know he also held): "There is only one way to get ready for immortality, and that is to love this life and live it as bravely and faithfully and cheerfully as we can."

Before closing this "Foreword," acknowledgment should be made to his nephews, Charles F. Jenkins and Arthur H. Jenkins, assisted by various others of the "Farm Journal Family," for the indispensable and sympathetic aid rendered by them in the technical labor and artistic arrangement of the book.

We thank them and you.

His Wife and Daughters.

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania,
June, 1920.

When all is said, he that writes a book runs a very great hazard, since nothing can be more impossible than to compose one that may receive the approbation of every reader.—CERVANTES.

PREFACE

I HAVE not found any way to write an autobiography without a free use of the personal pronoun "I," so the reader of this book will discover that vertical letter liberally sprinkled over nearly every page. I knew no way of eliminating it or I would have done so. After the work progressed, I did not mind it so much, and towards the close I rather liked it. That is the way it is with bad habits—they grow on one, and finally assume control. The only excuse I can offer for making this attempt at writing a book is that I am an octogenarian and that my family and some of my friends urged me to it, and I wished to oblige them. When first appealed to, I demurred, fearing that there was not sufficient reason for undertaking the task, but I had finally to give way and the result is before the reader. If I have had a measure of success in the performance, much of the credit belongs to my family, whose sympathetic aid and coöperation I have had throughout. My wife and three daughters, all having retentive memories and the diary and scrap-book habit highly developed, have made my work easy when otherwise it would have been difficult, if not impossible.

W. A.

June 13, 1920.

"The great show goes on. New acts come and go. Let us play our part, watch the other performers, and refuse to even think of leaving until the curtain is rung down on us. Then, for us, the show will be over. Not before."

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"Humor, warm and all-embracing as the sunshine, bathes its objects in a genial and abiding light. It springs not so much from the head as from the heart; its essence is love; it issues not in laughter but in quiet smiles which lie deeper; it is a humane influence, prompting tolerant views of life, and softening with mirth the ragged inequalities of existence."

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Wilmer Atkinson

An Autobiography

It was in May, 1699, that John Atkinson, a paternal ancestor in direct line, embarked on the ship *Britannia* from Liverpool, England, bound for Philadelphia. Accompanying him were his wife, Susannah, and their three children, William, Margaret and John, and three of his wife's sisters, his brother Christopher, and his wife Margaret and their children.

The voyage was unpropitious, for there was much sickness on board the ship. John and his wife, Susannah, and Christopher succumbed to the malady which prevailed, supposed to have been smallpox, and were buried at sea. John was the owner of an oak chair which comprised part of his effects when he set out on his great adventure. It became a family heirloom, and after a lapse of two hundred and twenty years of varying ownership is now in possession of the author. An engraving and description will be found on a later page.

Margaret, the widow, and the children of Christopher, Susannah's sisters and John's children arrived at Philadelphia. There they stayed a few weeks before going to Bucks county, where they settled, and where most of their descendants have since lived.

They were Friends bearing certificates from the Lancaster (England) Friends' Meeting to Friends in America. The orphan children of John and Susannah thus, according to the custom of the Society

of Friends, came under the care of the Meeting; their health was guarded, their education provided, and their interests carefully watched over by the Meeting until they arrived at maturity.

John and Christopher bore with them, when they left England, not only a certificate to Friends in America, but also patents from William Penn for fifteen hundred acres of land, of which Christopher's share was one thousand and John's share five hundred acres.

Leaving the history of the immigrants at this point to return to the subject later, I will tell something of the Society of Friends, called Quakers, as it existed in England from its founding until about the time the Atkinson families sought new homes in Penn's colony.

Those were indeed tumultuous times in England between 1647 and 1691, a period in which George Fox and his followers were busy spreading the gospel of Quakerism. The conflict was on between king and people. Charles I was executed in 1649, and Cromwell took power as Protector in 1653, and ruled as such for five years. Charles II reigned from 1661 to 1685, when he was succeeded by James II, who held power three years, to be followed by William and Mary from 1682 to 1702.

It was during the reign of William and Mary that the two Atkinson brothers, Christopher and John, with their families, shipped to America, drawn hither by the bright prospect of finding new homes in Pennsylvania.

William Penn embraced the doctrines of the Quakers, and threw in his lot with them in 1666, preaching and writing in defense of the faith. This soon brought him to the Tower, where he remained a prisoner for eight months and sixteen days. He vio-

lated the Conventicle law which was enacted in 1664. This law punished with fine and imprisonment, and transportation for the third offense, prisoners of sixteen years of age or over who should meet in a greater number than five at any religious meeting, except that of the common prayer; those who returned, or escaped from banishment, were punished by death. This did not prevent the Quakers from meeting just the same as before.

While in the Tower, Penn was informed by the Bishop of London that he would be imprisoned for life unless he would repent; but Penn replied, "Then my prison shall be my grave!" He did not repent, and at the end of his term he was released.

It will be interesting at this point of my narrative to tell something of George Fox and his preaching, which began in his early manhood and continued until his death in 1691. The existence of the Society of Friends has for its origin the preaching and organizing ability of this extraordinary man. We learn from his journal, faithfully kept during his entire career, the whole story of his busy life, which is told in the most minute and thrilling way.

The name "Quaker," applied to the new sect, originated in a remark made by Fox when haled before a magistrate whom he bade to "tremble at the word of the Lord." Fox was never abashed in the presence of the magistrates. He spoke to judges and justices, charging them to give righteous judgment, and to the keepers of public-houses, urging them not to let people have more drink than would do them good. He petitioned Parliament against allowing more public-houses than were needed for travellers, so as not to multiply the number of drinking houses. He raised his testimony against wakes, feasts, May-games, sports, plays, and shows. He

went to fairs and markets, lifting his voice against the prevailing evils of the times. He preached in cathedrals, on hay stacks, on cliffs of rock, from hill tops, under apple trees and elm trees, in barns and in city squares, while he sent epistles from every place in which he was shut up. Nothing but the grave itself could keep him quiet.

Let us follow George Fox in some of the details he gives in this journal, that the reader may then learn what manner of man he was, the character of his mission, and what dire persecution he underwent. It is indeed a wonderful story.

CHAPTER I

BACKGROUND OF ENGLISH QUAKERISM

George Fox

"I write from knowledge and not from report, and my witness is true, having been with George Fox for weeks and months together on divers occasions, and those of the nearest and most exercising nature, and that by night and by day, by sea and by land, in this and in foreign countries: I can say I never saw him out of his place, or not a match for every service and occasion."—William Penn.

Writes George Fox in his journal:

At Derby I was imprisoned on a definite charge for six months, and then without any further trial, apparently because I would not join Cromwell's army, was held in close confinement for nearly six months more. I was placed in a lousy, dirty place, without any bed, amongst thirty fellows.

At Tick Hill I went up to them and began to speak, but they immediately fell upon me; the clerk up with his Bible as I was speaking and struck me on the face with it, so that my face gushed out with blood. When they had got me out, they beat me exceedingly, threw me down and turned me over a hedge. They afterwards dragged me through a house into the street, stoning and beating me as they dragged me along, so that I was all over besmeared with blood and dirt. They got my hat away from me, which I never had again.

One whose name was Cock met me in the street and would have given me a roll of tobacco, for people were then much given to smoking. I accepted his love but did not receive the tobacco.

Later a Captain Drewey brought me before Oliver Cromwell at Whitehall. It was in the morning be-

fore he was dressed. When I came in I was moved to say "Peace be to this house," and I exhorted him to keep in the fear of God that he might receive wisdom from Him, that by it he might be directed and order all things in his hand to God's glory.

Many more words I had with him, but people coming in, I drew a little back. As I was turning he caught me by the hand and with tears in his eyes said, "Come again to my house; for if thou and I were but here all the day together we should be near one to the other, adding that he wished me no more ill than he did to his own soul."

On one occasion one Otway with some rude fellows rode round about the Meeting with his sword or rapier and would fain have got in through the Friends to me; but the Meeting being great the Friends stood close so that he could not easily get at me.

I arranged for a Meeting at Glasgow, Scotland, but seeing none of the townspeople come to the Meeting I declared truth through the town. This was my custom. A warrant was issued against me, and I said, "Why did ye tell me of other warrants against me? If there were a cartload of them I would not heed them, for the Lord's power is over them all."

I was moved to write to Oliver Cromwell and lay before him the sufferings of Friends both in this nation and in Ireland. There was also a talk about this time about making Cromwell king; whereupon I was moved to go to him and warn him against accepting it; and of divers dangers, which, if he did not avoid them, would, I told him, bring shame and ruin upon himself and his posterity. He seemed to take well what I said to him and thanked me.

They threw rotten eggs and wild-fire into our Meetings and brought in drums beating and kettles

to make noises with, that the truth might not be heard.

The next week we had an account of several thousand more that were cast into prison. The jails were still full, many thousands of Friends being in prison. It is estimated that at this time there were not less than 4500 Friends in the prisons of England and Wales. This letter to the King is strikingly direct and straightforward: "We desire all that are in prison may be set at liberty, and that for the time to come they may not be imprisoned for conscience and for the Truth's sake."

We declared the Truth as we went along the streets, till we came to the jail, the streets being full of people. They put their hands into my pockets to search them, and plucked out my comb-case, and afterwards commanded one of their officers to search further for letters. I told him I was no letter-carrier.

A judge said to me, "Sirrah, will you swear?" I told him I was none of his Sirrahs; I was a Christian; and for him, an old man and a judge, to sit there and give nicknames to prisoners did not become either his gray hairs or his office. "Well," said he, "I am a Christian, too." "Then do Christian works," said I.

I had a letter from Lord Hastings which I carried to Lord Beaumont, who had sent us to prison. When he had broken it open and read it he seemed much troubled; yet threatened us that if we had any more meetings at Swanington he would break them up and send us to prison again, but notwithstanding his threat we went to Swanington and had a Meeting with Friends there and he never came nor sent to break it up.

I having refused others to plead for me, the judge asked me what I had to say why he should not pass

sentence upon me. I told him I was no lawyer; but I had much to say if he would but have patience to hear. At that he laughed and others laughed also.

When they had prepared for my removal to Scarborough Castle, the under sheriff and the head sheriff with some bailiffs fetched me out, when I was so weak with lying in the cold, wet and smoky prison that I could hardly go or stand. They led me into the jailer's house, where William Kirby and several others were, and they called for wine to give me. I told them I would have none of their wine; then they cried, "Bring out the horses." Then they lifted me upon one of the sheriff's horses. When I was on horseback in the street, the townspeople being gathered to gaze upon me, they hurried me away fourteen miles, though I was so weak that I was hardly able to sit on horseback, and my clothes smelled so of smoke they were loathsome to myself. The wicked jailer, a young fellow, would come behind and give the horse a lash with his whip and make him skip and leap, so that I, being weak, had much ado to sit on him; then he would come and look me in the face and say, "How do you do, Mr. Fox?"

When the officers and soldiers of Scarborough Castle had occasion to speak of me after my release they would say, "He is as stiff as a tree and as pure as a bell."

I had suffered imprisonment in Worcester jail a year and almost two months for nothing. I was fairly set at liberty upon a trial of the errors of my indictment, without receiving any pardon, or coming under any obligation or engagement at all, for I would rather have lived in prison all my days than to have come out any way dishonorable to Truth.

George Fox was, at the age of fifty-one, prematurely broken by the sufferings and exposures which

only such an iron constitution as he possessed could have endured for thirty years, yet he lived fourteen years longer.

By the execution of a warrant about fifteen hundred Quakers were set free. In the list of those set free was John Bunyan, author of "Pilgrim's Progress."

George Fox was civil beyond all forms of breeding in his behavior, very temperate, eating little and sleeping less, though a bulky person. He was born in the month called July, 1624, in Leicestershire. His father's name was Christopher, and he was by profession a weaver, an honest man. The neighbors called him "Righteous Christopher."

While he was travelling and preaching Fox used in his dealings the word "verily," and it was a common saying among those who knew him, "If George says 'verily,' there is no altering him."

He came upon a sort of people who held that women have no souls, not more than a goose, and he reproved them, telling them that was not right; for Mary said, "My soul doth magnify the Lord and my spirit hath rejoiced in God, my Saviour." It was through his influence that women became participants in the councils of Friends, taking part in the business affairs of the Society, and preaching in meetings for worship the same as men, usually a little better. They continue to do so.

He raised up his voice against false balances and deceitful merchandise, urging men to deal justly, to speak the truth, to let their yea be yea and their nay, nay; and, finally, to do to others as they would that others should do to them.

No census of his followers was taken in Fox's lifetime, but soon after the Restoration (after Cromwell), a careful enumeration of Quakers in prison throughout all England was made, and it was found

that their number exceeded four thousand, and Robert Barclay states that in 1675 the number of Quakers in London amounted to ten thousand, and at the end of the century they were at least sixty thousand.

In January, 1691, the last entry in the Journal was made. He fell asleep in peace on the evening of January thirteenth, 1691. The body was laid near the Bunhill Fields, London. When in that city in 1903 with my family I paid a visit to Bunhill Fields and saw the modest stone that marks his grave. It is about thirty inches high, eighteen inches wide, four inches thick, and is considerably out of perpendicular.

I need make no apology for giving so much space to extracts from the Journal of George Fox, because, first, I believe that whoever reads them will be more interested than they would be in anything I can say about myself; and secondly, because they afford a background to the coming of the Atkinson family to America, showing how it was that they came to give up their old homes for new ones far away.

John, the emigrant (the one who died at sea), was not of an age to suffer the extreme penalties meted out to Fox and his followers at a little earlier period, for daring to oppose the influences of ecclesiastics and for worshipping God freely in their own meeting house; but his father, William, was, having served with his brother Christopher a term in Lancaster jail for antagonizing the prejudices of the community in which they lived, particularly for attending Quaker meetings.

It must be remembered that those were times when England underwent a spirit of unrest, with a civil war raging in almost every neighborhood, and the rabble ever ready to make it unpleasant for anyone outside the pale.

CHAPTER II

HISTORY OF TWO LITTLE BOYS WHOSE PARENTS DIED AT SEA IN 1699

The English home of our branch of the Atkinson family was at Scotford, a small village two miles from the city of Lancaster. William, father of Christopher and John (the emigrants who sailed for America on the ship *Britannia*), as before stated, became a follower of George Fox, as early as 1660. In that year he and his brother Christopher attended a Friends' meeting, and for this offense were sent to the Lancaster jail. The meeting house shown in the engraving is probably the house where they attended meeting, though modernized and much changed in appearance. How long they were imprisoned we do not know. Fifteen years later, William Atkinson, with Nathan Kennedy, attended a meeting at Margaret Fell's at Swarthmore. For this offense they had goods taken from them amounting to three pounds, five shillings and six pence. Many of the facts that will appear in this book concerning the elder Atkinsons of Scotford, and concerning John, the emigrant, and his descendants in this country, are derived from Charles F. Jenkins's memoranda recorded in a book, comprising a record of the family, by Oliver Hough. I freely acknowledge my indebtedness to both Charles and Oliver for the privilege of using the information they so assiduously collected. The sketch of the village as it is now, by Sarah H. Atkinson (now Mrs. Engle), a descendant of William, appears in the Hough book and is reproduced here.

William was a yeoman or husbandman, for he owned land. At his death, in 1679, his personal estate was valued at sixty-eight pounds, together with a drove of thirty-two sheep. The remainder of the estate was left to his older son William, who soon died, who in his will, among other bequests, left ten pounds to "Such Poor People as are in scorne Called Quakers." The property thus fell to Christopher

SCOTFORD, ENGLAND, FROM A PENCIL SKETCH BY SARAH H. ATKINSON

and John, the emigrants, the latter receiving the family homestead.

The boy John was but four years old when his father died at sea, but he himself lived to become the ancestor of most of the Bucks county Atkinsons, of whom I am one.

The trust assumed by the Middletown Meeting for the care of orphans, as requested by Lancaster (England) Monthly Meeting, was faithfully carried out. The children were brought up on farms until they were of age, after which they were able, as most of his descendants have been able, to take care of themselves. The five hundred acres of land for which their father had a patent from William Penn,

FRIENDS' MEETING HOUSE, LANCASTER, ENGLAND

THE HOME (BUCKINGHAM, PA.,) WHERE MY GRANDMOTHER,
ESTHER SMITH, WAS BORN

were sold, and the money was divided among the children.

Both boys married young and settled on farms, William, first in Warminster, Bucks county, and then in Upper Dublin, Montgomery county. William had no sons, and the Atkinson name dropped out; but there were several daughters who have many descendants. Hereafter, in this book, because William was not in direct line, interest will centre in John and his direct descendants.

John married Mary Smith and lived until 1752. They had eight children, two of whom died young. The third child was Thomas, who was born in 1722, married in 1744, and died in 1760. His wife was Mary Wildman, and they had two children, Thomas and Sarah. The son Thomas married Sarah Smith; they had seven children, the oldest of whom was Jonathan, my grandfather, whom I well remember. Jonathan was born in 1782. He married Esther Smith, who was born in the house shown on a near page. He had one sister, Sarah, and three brothers, Timothy, Mahlon and Joseph. I knew all but Mahlon, who moved to Ohio when a young man, married, and became the father of numerous children. The Smiths mentioned were not all of the same family.

Jonathan and Esther had eight children, Phebe, Benjamin, Thomas, Josiah, Stephen, Jonathan, Sarah, and Edward; the third child, Thomas, was my father.

I have a very vivid recollection of grandfather Jonathan, and my aunts, Phebe and Sarah, and uncle Edward, for I used to spend several weeks every year with them while grandfather was living. Their home in Wrightstown was five miles away from ours in Warwick. I loved to be there, for my aunts were so kind to me; yet, as I recall, after being

there a while, I would become homesick and want to go back to Warwick; but equally desirous was I, after a time, of revisiting at grandfather's.

To me grandfather did not seem very cordial but, in fact, was a little austere, I thought, the inference being that he was perhaps less interested in the problems of little boys than in those of agriculture. The description of him, by Charles, in Hough's book follows:

He was a tall man, with dark hair, described in later years as being a very fine-looking old man. He attended meeting at Wrightstown regularly and usually sat facing the gallery, a bench or two back from the separating aisle. He was an omnivorous reader. He was fond of reading aloud with his family gathered around him. In his later years he was equally pleased to have his children read to him. Often in the night when he could not sleep he would get up, and the picture of him sitting back in his big chair, his book in one hand and a candle in the other, was one long remembered by his children. His daughter Sarah says that he sometimes set his paper on fire. During his early life he had been a smoker, but after he was fifty he abandoned the habit. In politics he was a Whig.

In his later days he had a sorrel saddle mare named "Kicker," on which he used to ride over the farm and superintend the work. I well remember that mare; I also recall that she kicked; but I had forgotten that "Kicker" was her name. It was a common custom at that time to ride horseback, especially if there was a horse in the stable that was useless in harness because of vicious propensities.

My grandmother Esther, having died in 1832, the household duties, until 1848, devolved on Phebe, the older daughter. I quote from Hough's book:

The responsibilities thus thrown upon her were cheerfully assumed and her whole life was one of devotion and loving helpfulness to her brothers and sisters, then in turn, her nieces and nephews, and even on to the next generation. She was usually called "Aunt Sibby," not only by her relations, but by others as well. She had a great fondness for preserving old things, and odds and ends were carefully put away in her bureau drawers with the idea that they would be of use at some later time. She was a repository of family incident and tradition and fond of talking of the old times and ways. Simple in her tastes and desires she was able out of a very moderate income to do many little deeds of kindness for those about her.

One characteristic of aunt Phebe was that she was a free talker, often about seemingly inconsequential things that her hearers were not interested in, so they let her talk on without interruption, half the time not hearing what she was saying. She never felt offended at this; indeed, never appeared to notice it. She was another name for kindness. I may say the same of aunt Sallie. The latter died recently above the age of ninety. Neither of these good aunties ever scolded me, even if I forgot to fill the wood-box before sundown.

Later, I will give an account of my boy life at grandfather's, for the events that happened there are yet clearly impressed upon my memory; and they are happy memories.

For the sake of clarity, I will state that the direct line of my paternal ancestors, as far back as my records go, is as follows: William, the Quaker, who was imprisoned in Lancaster jail for attending Friends' Meeting; John the emigrant, who died at sea; his four-year-old son John, who survived the voyage;

his son Thomas (1); his son Thomas (2); his son Jonathan; and his son Thomas, my father.

This not being a genealogy of the Atkinson family, I will not trace the lateral branches any further, except to say that the descendants of John intermarried with many Bucks county families, such as Eastburn, Trego, Heston, Hillborn, Stockdale, Williams, Smith, Kinsey, Allen, Twining, Walmsley, Wildman, Croasdale, Tomlinson, and Walton. Also of Montgomery county, the Jenkins, Hughs, Cleaver, Warner, Hollingsworth, Reynolds, Paul, Rich, and many others. The records of all those marriages, as well as all births, deaths, and removals, are to be found in the various monthly meetings of Friends to which they respectively belonged.

THE ATKINSON CHAIR

CHAPTER III

THE ATKINSON CHAIR

An interesting heirloom of the family has long been known as the Atkinson chair, a substantial piece of oak furniture of the Cromwell period, which was brought over in the *Britannia*. It belonged to John and was probably made by him. Soon after the immigrants arrived in Philadelphia the chair, with other belongings of the stricken families, was taken with the children to Bucks county, in the care of Margaret, Christopher's widow. When William, the oldest son of John, became of age, the chair went into his possession and remained with him until he died in 1751; then it passed to Susannah Atkinson Hughs, his daughter, then again to her son Atkinson Hughs (1), then to Atkinson Hughs (2), then to Elizabeth Hughs Warner, then to her son Isaac Warner, who willed it to his son Parry Warner, so that it belonged, from John's death at sea in 1699, to his son William and William's descendants up to 1916, a period of two hundred and seventeen years. In all this time it was well cared for and highly prized, though for one hundred and sixty-five years it was out of the Atkinson family name. It came back to the family name in 1916, and now reposes in a position of honor in the dining-room of the author, sixth in line from John, the original owner and maker. It is well preserved and carries a bronze plate telling of its vicissitudes since 1699.

CHAPTER IV

MY MOTHER'S FAMILY

My mother was Hannah Quinby; she was born at what is now known as Raven Rock, a station on the Belvidere-Delaware Railroad, in Amwell township, Hunterdon county, New Jersey, opposite Lumberville on the Delaware river.

Mother could trace her descent from William Quinby, the immigrant, who came from County Surrey, England, about 1638. He was then about thirty-eight years old. He landed near Salem, Massachusetts, and soon went on foot or horseback to Stratford, Connecticut. In 1657 he sold out there and moved to West Chester county, New York.

William's son John was born in England about 1633, so he was only about five years old when he came to America with his father, and twenty-four when they arrived in West Chester. Here both William and John became members of the first Congregational Church of West Chester. John had a son Josiah, who was the father of Isaiah, mother's grandfather. Isaiah was born in 1716 and moved to Amwell, New Jersey, at the age of twenty-six. He soon met Rachel Warford, a daughter of a neighboring landowner, and married her. He built a one-story stone house, shown in the accompanying engraving, in which he lived for sixty-five years. He was a great worker and an early riser. He and his wife Rachel had thirteen children, all born and reared in that small house: Samuel, Rachel, Sarah, Aaron, Moses, Tabitha, Martha, James, Job, Mary, Elizabeth, Anne and Phebe. Anne lived to be eighty-

THE QUINBY HOMESTEAD, BUILT ABOUT 1743, AMWELL TOWNSHIP, HUNTERDON COUNTY, N. J.

two, Rachel to be eighty-nine. Sarah married Seneca Lukens. In 1839 their son, Isaiah, made the clock for the tower of Independence Hall and was paid $5000 for it. Sarah died at eighty-eight. She left five children, thirty-seven grandchildren, and thirty-five great-grandchildren—seventy-seven direct descendants. Aaron bought and used the first grain cradle and also the first winnowing fan. At the age of eighty he rode on horseback to visit his son in Ohio; he died at the age of ninety-two. Moses married Jane Fell, and later Hannah Good. All told, he had sixteen children, of whom James, the twelfth child, was my mother's father.

Grandfather James and Margaret had seven children: Mary, Rachel, Martha, Hannah, Francenia, Isaiah and James. Mary died at the age of seventy-six. Martha married John E. Kenderdine of Solebury and had several children who became noted for their talents. Thaddeus wrote the beautiful poem read at the golden wedding of father and mother. Hannah, my mother, was born in 1809 and lived to be ninety-four. Isaiah married Ruth Scarborough. He was about eighty-four when he died. James died at the age of ninety-one.

The unusual prolificness of the Quinby family will be noted, also the long life so many of them attained. To sum up, Isaiah, mother's grandfather, lived to be ninety-one; four of his children lived to be respectively, eighty-one, eighty-two, eighty-eight, and eighty-nine. Of mother's brothers and sisters, one lived to be seventy-six, one eighty-four, one eighty, and one ninety-one. The average life of the five, including mother, was eighty-five.

This being in no sense a genealogy of the Quinby family, I have avoided tracing the lateral branches. I have given so much space to the Quinbys partly

because of the remarkable longevity of so many of the members and partly because of the number of children in each family.

A most pronounced characteristic of all the Quinbys I have known, in my own generation and in the two preceding ones, is their sense of humor and love of fun. It was, of course, more noticeable in some than in others, but they all had it, some in a marked and all in a noticeable degree. I think this trait is one that helped to modify the pains, sorrows and tribulations of life, and it is one reason why so many reached old age. (Besides, they worked hard and lived out of doors a good deal.) Many of the men were given to practical jokes, but did not usually give offense. Later I will have some observations to make about old age and the means for attaining it.

MY MOTHER ON HER NINETIETH BIRTHDAY

CHAPTER V

A COURTSHIP AND WEDDING OF LONG AGO

When or where, and under what circumstances, Thomas Atkinson met Hannah Quinby I do not know. They lived many miles apart, father's home being in Wrightstown, Pa., mother's over the river in New Jersey. But they did meet, courted, and were married on February eleventh, 1836, in Solebury (Pa.) Meeting House. They lived to celebrate their golden wedding at their home, in Upper Dublin, Montgomery county, at which all five children were present. There were living, at that time, twenty-four grandchildren, most of whom also were present. The original certificate of marriage was read with the names of the signers.

The celebration was a most interesting occasion. A son of mother's sister Martha, Thaddeus Kenderdine, the bard of Cuttalossa, read a poem of reminiscences which gave such a vivid picture of the bride's home, the arrival of the lover on horseback, and the wedding, that I deem a portion of it worth a place in this autobiography.

A low-hung January sun,
  With horizontal glances pale,
Looks in among the leafless trees
  Which line the Cuttalossa vale.
It sees along a quiet road
  A lonely horseman take his way,
Hurrying to reach the river shore
  Ere night had blotted out the day.

The laurel's dry, frost-bitten leaves,
  Which rattled in the winter breeze,
The dark, funereal shadows thrown
  By slow-swaying hemlock trees,
The icy fords he waded through
  The frozen roads on which he went,
The horseman passed all heedlessly—
  His thoughts on other things were bent.

He crosses o'er the echoing bridge;
  Adown the river bank he goes,
And halts beside the ferry wharf,
  Where icy cold the water flows.
No ferryman! Halloa, the boat!
  "The boat! the boat!" the echoes say;
And soon the boatman's distant voice
  Growls out his craft is on its way.
And now the clumsy, square-toed scow
  Grates harshly on the stony shore,
And soon the lusty boatman's pole
  The party safely ferries o'er.

* * * * * * * *

Here is the bottom of "Goose Hill,"
  Here is the home of "Johnny Mike;"
Likewise his wife, called "Mikey John,"
  A kindly soul I used to like.

'Twas she who every Second-day
  With sinewy arms rowed o'er the water,
Then did our "wash" and ironing, too,
  Rowed home and only charged a "quarter."
While I digress, our traveller
  Has reached the Goose Hill burying ground,
Much noted for its many "spooks"
  And frightful goblins prowling round.

He scarcely notes the briar-grown graves;
  He's not the sentimental kind;
But urging on his weary horse,
  Leaves the soul-harrowing place behind.
Now comes another steep ascent,
  Where whip and word the horse assist,
A road so full of crookedness
  They used to call it "Federal Twist."

SOLEBURY MEETING HOUSE, BUCKS COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA, WHERE MY PARENTS WERE MARRIED IN 1836

Here, just above, a lane turned in
And wandered thro' a darksome wood;
And just beyond an old farmhouse,
The Mecca of our horseman, stood;
I've brought our hero safely through
Where wild woods glowered, where wild waves rolled.
I leave him on this winter night
And hope that he will not catch cold.

Oh, ye who gear your courting nags
To "falling-top" or "Jenny Lind,"
And ride a mile or two to court
The girl on whom your faith is pinned,
Think of your fathers—what beset
Each matrimonial beginning.
But as you pity, don't forget
The girls thus won were worth the winning!

* * * * * * * *

High up among the river hills,
The low-roofed Quinby farmhouse stood,
O'erlooking miles of valley land
Of alternating field and wood.
And here lived fifty years ago
The "Quinby Folks," a family
Whose head was Mother Margaret,
With her two sons and daughters three.

We'll peep into that old farmhouse;
So does the setting sun which fills
With light the kitchen as it sinks
In glory 'neath the Plumstead hills.
I see a ceiling long and low,
Which dingy joists is resting on,
From which are hung dried beef and hams
And sausage and the family gun.

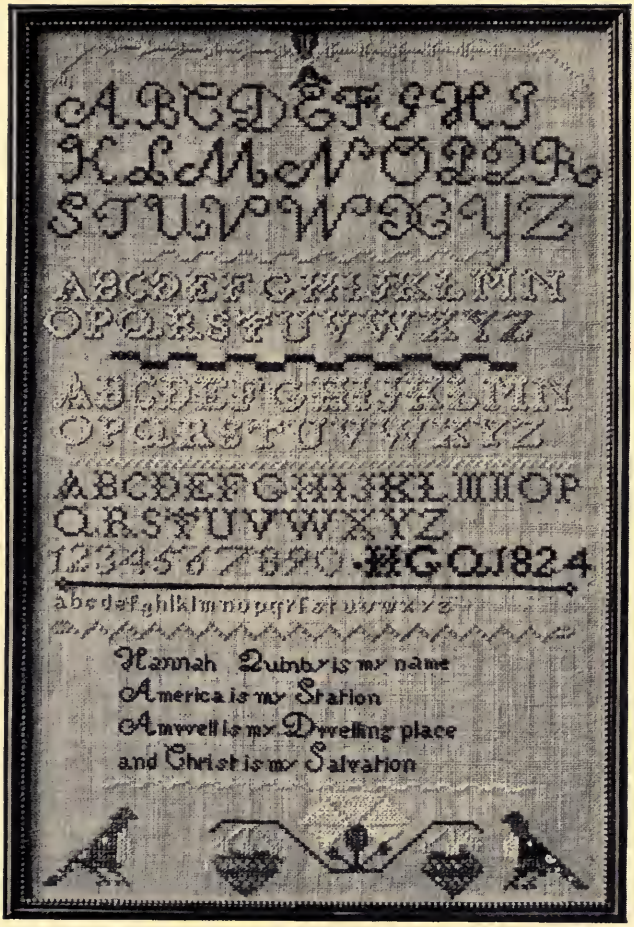
An ample hearth, a swinging crane,
Bright andirons, where a roaring fire,
Whose blaze, as slowly dies the sun,
Mounts up the chimney higher and higher,
A blackened shelf extends above,
Where flat-irons range with candle-sticks;
Beneath a comic Almanac,
The date is Eighteen Thirty-six.

I note the settle, long and low,
The trough they used for kneading dough,
The high-backed chairs, the spinning-wheel,
The workstand and the coffee-mill.
The fire-light fights the gathering gloom;
Its beams light up that ancient room,
And, as the faces come to light,
I'll note the family that night.

First comes grandmother Margaret,
Her hair unblanched by time as yet;
A snowy, muslin cap she wore,
A plain 'kerchief her breast crossed o'er;
And plain, too, was her worsted gown
Of home-spun make, dyed butternut brown.
Before her marriage she was good,
And good was she throughout her life,
In all positions where she stood
As neighbor, mother, or as wife.

I noticed by the wood-fire's light
The folks have company to-night.
Is it aunt Bithey? Yes, 'tis so!
The other one? 'Tis uncle Joe!
Of old-styled women she the type,
And dearly did she love her pipe.
And as for uncle Joseph, he
Was the reader of the family,
Who every First-day morn would come
Across fields to the Quinby home,
Pass, without knocking, through the door,
And walk across the kitchen floor;
Nor spake he to a single soul
As, reaching to the mantel high,
He took the Doylestown paper down
To read till he had drained it dry.

With chair a-tip and hat on head
And legs twice crossed, he read and read;
Nor stopped till the advertisements
Were in his wondrous memory wrapped.
The marriages and deaths of friends,
Or old-world "news"—a six month old
He gathered in with hungry mind,
As miser gathers in his gold.



SAMPLER MADE BY MY MOTHER AT THE AGE OF FIFTEEN

He heeded not the family talk,
  Nor noise the needed housework made,
Nor Biggle, as with pious fraud,
  His Bible upside down he read.
Then uncle Joe, the paper through,
  Without a word passes out the door,
To come again the self-same way
  When "paper-day" should come once more.

Another form of humble mien
  Is sitting in the corner there.
Quaint and uncouth his form appears,
  With open mouth and frowsy hair.
You'll note by looking at his brow,
  He's not the sense the laws allow;
In short, in wit he is illegal—
  This gentleman is Jacob Biggle.

The girls their supper tasks assume,
  The rest go in the sitting-room;
They wheel the settle from the wall,
  The high-back echoes in its fall;
The linen tablecloth is spread,
  The china tea-set on it laid;
The sausage simmers in the pan,
  The kettle hisses on the crane,
The coffee-mill goes round and round
  And grinds to dust the toothsome grain.

And now out come the rich preserves,
  From luscious quince and cherry made.
"Please come to supper" is announced—
  A welcome summons quick obeyed.
The folks sit down. A silent grace
  Spreads transient quiet o'er each face.

We note the viands in their passage:
  First "buckwheat cakes and Jersey sassige,"
With apple butter and preserves,
  Coffee so strong that it unnerves.
Then pies made in two different ways,
  As was the fashion in those days.
No wonder Robert Winder said
  He wished he'd been a Dutchman bred,
For then he'd that true pleasure feel
  Of having pie at every meal.

Not all the family supper take,
For one must wait the cakes to bake;
And it is Hannah in this case,
Right willing, too; she can't efface
The fact that one had not appeared
To whom she's very much endeared.
They all may think it but a whim,
But she will wait and eat with him.

They tease her, too, the table folks,
With comic yarns and harmless jokes.
One said he had heard tell about
A Wrightstown girl who'd cut her out;
That Thomas said that county pride
Would make him seek at home a bride.
Why should wife hunters want to roam
When the woods were full of girls at home?
Said uncle Joe, while low he laughed,
"I've just seen Ambrose Baracraft.
He says the river's full of ice,
The boat won't cross at any price!"

Then Biggle from his corner spoke
In solemn voice, he meant no joke,
"The Goose Hill ghosts are worse than ever—
Last night they chased me to the river;
Thomas they saw a-riding by
And grabbed him off the same as a fly;
And there they've got him snug and tight,
To worry him the live-long night!"

Then up spake mother, low and mild:
"Why do you pester so the child?
The worriment her mind has turned;
Some cakes are pale and some are burned.
Hannah, don't mind their talk, nor fear;
Thomas, I know, will soon be here."

Just then knocks sounded on the door,
And Hannah ran across the floor.
Somehow, girls always seem to know
The rappings of the coming beau.
She let him in the cheerful room,
She sent Jake out to feed the horse;
And, when he'd thawed his chilly frame,
She sat him down to eat, of course.

The supper o'er, the table cleared,
The dishes washed and put away,
Hannah and Thomas leave the room—
Go in the sitting-room to stay,
To talk of this and then of that—
Perhaps to name the day and waiters,
To say the ceremony o'er
As they will do before spectators.

The rest around the wood-fire sit,
Grandmother Margaret does knit;
While aunt Tabitha lights her pipe
And both talk of the long ago.
Apples and cider go the rounds
Uncle and aunt at last go home;
The fire is covered for the night
And leaves the kitchen filled with gloom.

This is the picture I would paint
Of those old times so odd and quaint,
One evening in the Quinby home,
Where lived our parents long ago,
Where rugged, honest lives were lived—
All lived for use and not for show.

* * * * * * * *

The winter days grow on apace,
The ground is carpeted with snow;
Commotion 'round the old farmhouse
Shows some event is on the go.
Around the house and by the door,
With jingling bells comes sleigh on sleigh.
A wedding party, I'll be bound,
And soon with glee they're on their way.

Now o'er the fields, now through the woods,
Now Federal Twist they circle round,
Now o'er a stretch of leveler road,
And now by Goose Hill's haunted ground.
How like the tamest ghost it looked!
With winding sheet of snow it lay,
Showing how night-time terrors fade
When tested by the glare of day.

The sleighs haste to the river shore,
No boat is there to take them o'er,
But something else which will suffice—
A toll-less bridge of gleaming ice.
O'er this they pass with merry din,
Mixed with some fear of breaking in,
Then through the town of Hard Times go,
Then up the hills through drifted snow.

Another picture I will paint—
A plain-built meeting house of stone,
Girt round with poplars of a style
And fashion we have since outgrown.
A long, low row of wooden sheds
For sheltering of gig and chair,
A solid horse-block at one end
For use of horsemen riding there.

* * * * * * * *

The time is fifty years ago,
Some great event is going on,
The sheds are filled up full and teams
Are hitched out in the winter's sun.
We look within—the seats are full—
Our curious thoughts do not abate—
Our host and hostess here are met
In marriage bonds to seal their fate.

No organ fills the room with sound,
No choristers their voices raise.
They simply rise with quiet mien,
Their solemn voices smite the air,
They vow devotion unto death
Before the friends assembled there.

Perchance some ministering friend
The spirit moves some words to say,
Then hands are shaken, meeting breaks,
All towards the happy pair make way,
Congratulations they pour in,
Then sign they the certificate;
They leave the house, they mount the sleighs,
With cheerful words they separate.

I pass the supper given that night,
When Quinby home was reached again.
I pass the wedding parties, too;
Perhaps they didn't give them then.
I sort of think they're out of place;
It seems like such a downward come,
From wedding cakes, preserves and such,
To pork and mush and milk at home.

I know our friends were full of hope—
They passed the world's gates opening wide,
And hand in hand down life's road
They worked successful side by side.

* * * * * * * *

Who worked the leaven in the lump?
Whose eyes, far-seeing, told the day
Would see intemperance fading out
And slavery pass away?
Who but the noble martyr band
Who pressed on fifty years ago,
All mindless of rebuking friend
Or persecuting foe.

And foremost 'mongst these pioneers
Our honored friends were always seen,
Working for fallen humanity
With sympathies full keen.
The panting slave on freedom's road
A ready welcome always found;
A station was their home upon
The railroad called the "Underground."

They worked full mindful of the light
That leads toward the perfect day.
They cared not for rebuke or scorn
Which oft beset their way.
Now as they near life's set of sun,
Their life to us this truth imparts:
Truthful and good, their work well done,
They acted well their parts.

Excuse the long digression made;
I couldn't stop till I had paid
Some tribute to the pioneers
And the cause they served so many years.
And here we've met to honors pay
To those who in that distant day
Fought amid persecution's storms
The battles of our great reforms.

Their morning's sun has climbed the sky,
Its zenith rays their fires have spent,
And now its mellow after-glow
Amid their golden sands is blent;
So that their hearts are warm and bright
In spite of age's frosty rime,
Tho' circling years have borne them on
Beyond the Psalmist's time.

Now resting on life's western slope,
The sunset's glowing on their brows;
Children, grandchildren standing round,
Again they plight their vows;
May many years pass o'er their heads,
As full of usefulness as those
They lived in the fifty years
Now drawing to their close.

HANNAH QUINBY
In her young womanhood

CHAPTER VI

CHILDHOOD ON THE WARWICK FARM

My grandfather had five sons, and all were not needed on the farm, so Thomas, my father, went to Newtown and learned to be a wheelwright. In the spring, after his marriage to Hannah Quinby, he and his wife settled in the village of Concord, in Buckingham. He opened a wagon shop there and carried on for a year; but the lure of the soil was so strong that he pulled up stakes in the spring of 1837 and went to farming on a fifty-six acre farm which he had purchased in the adjoining township of Warwick. On this farm my boyhood was passed for nine years, until 1849. All the children were born there—Emma in 1837, James in 1838, Wilmer in 1840, Mary Anna in 1843, and Albert in 1846.

It goes without saying that mother had some work to do, and a busy woman she was. No less busy was father; and together, with industry and thrift, they succeeded in improving the little farm until its yield was sufficient not only for a living, but for saving money enough to pay off nearly or quite all of the mortgage and to build a greatly needed new barn.

The farmhouse was small, rather too small for the growing family; and the fact that the farm was hilly caused my father to wish he had leveler land so there would be less up-hill hauling. He planted out an orchard and enriched the land, making it, in twelve years, one of the most productive farms in the neighborhood.

In the spring of 1849 he found a purchaser for it,

or a purchaser found him, and we moved to Upper Dublin, Montgomery county, on a somewhat larger farm with no hills.

I had the honor of going with father to receive the money for the Warwick farm and to pay for the new one bought. I have a vivid recollection of the affair of the money changers, which was quite different from the way settlements are made nowadays. Actual gold and silver money was in evidence. Great bags of it were pulled out of canvas bags and counted out on the dining-room table. I had never seen more than a few levies, fips and quarters, so I was fairly dazed at the sight of so much shining coin. Every man around the board had to have his turn at counting, but everything went off peaceably and happily; all seemed satisfied.

When the transaction was over, somebody gathered up the coin in the bags and I suppose carried it away. I do not think father got any of it. I am sure I did not. The fact is, a boy of my size in that generation had little use for money and money had no lure for me. We were quite a long distance from any store, and father did all the shopping.

The event I first remember in my life occurred at the Warwick farm. It happened to me on an icy morning, after a night blizzard. I was probably three years old then, and I had never seen the ground covered with a coating of ice so slippery that I could not run out to the barn or down to the springhouse, whenever I chose to do so. There was an apple tree, midway between the house and barn, that had been partly uprooted and blown down in some hurricane. It was left as it fell, one end of the trunk fast to the ground, the other end about three feet high. I thought to get that far towards the barn and I accomplished it; but the tree trunk was glazed with ice, so

SPINNING WHEEL

much so that it furnished no safe harbor; and there I was marooned—I could not stick on the tree, nor go on to the barn, nor return to the house. I must have been rescued by someone, but I do not remember that I was.

Our house was at the top of a steep, grassy hill, which afforded a good place to coast when there was snow or ice, except that at the foot there were some young trees and underbrush which made sledding dangerous. No matter. We took the plunge and crashed in among the trees more than once, and came out with some bruises but without broken limbs or cracked skulls. It was great fun!

Father, on coming to Warwick, brought his wheelwright tools with him and set up a work bench. This proved to be a great thing for us boys, for it enabled us to cultivate our mechanical talent. Among the tools there were augers, saws, hatchets, hammers, chisels, gouges, brace and bits, squares, drawing knives, planes, compasses, gimlets, and there were an adze, maul and wedges, chopping and hewing axes—in fact, a complete equipment of tools adapted to wheelwrighting and carpentering. Nothing could be finer than this, and we took advantage of the opportunity to learn how to make things—small wagons, sleds, traps, bow guns—and to make repairs to implements and buildings such as are constantly needed on a farm. Many a rainy day was made happy for us by a resort to the shop, and many a dollar was saved in the way of repairs. Of course, I did not count for much on the Warwick farm as a mechanical expert, but the tools followed us to Upper Dublin and there I learned to use them.

One of the drawbacks to the little farm was that there was no pump nor other water supply at the house. This made it hard for mother, but it was my

duty, after I got old enough, to act as a water-carrier when I could be found at leisure. But I do not recall that I was a very great success at that work. I would rather go chestnutting, sledding, or tinkering in the shop. Much could not be expected of a little fellow of eight years or less!

There was good, soft water at the spring-house; and it was there we kept our milk and butter and, in hot weather, the food left over from the table. We had no ice-house; we really did not need any. The floor of the spring-house was flagged about ten feet square in the centre. Outside of the flagging, there was running cool spring-water all around, in a space three feet wide, in which the milk was set for cream, and the butter kept standing in pots. It was here that mother worked the butter; and just outside the door the churning was done. Churning was a thing I did not admire very much, for it tired me. Fortunately, the spring-house was quite near the dwelling.

As I write this, the country—indeed, the greater part of the world—is in the throes of a sugar famine. For weeks we have not been able to buy at the stores more than one-fourth of the sugar supposed to be needful for our households. The reason for the scarcity, as alleged by some authorities, is that the per capita of sugar consumed by our people has greatly increased over former years, that the sugar produced is inadequate for the present increased demand.

I am not now interested in solving the problem of the sugar famine. I only refer to it to say that sugar is not a necessity as a human food, that there are substitutes which answer very well—for instance, molasses, maple syrup, and honey. As I recall my youth, both at the Warwick and Upper Dublin farms, we children were not supplied with sugar at all. None of us drank tea or coffee, though father and

mother drank them both and used sugar for sweetening the beverages. We always had molasses on the table at every meal and freely helped ourselves to it. We used it on buckwheat cakes, on cornmeal mush, and on bread with butter. There was no fine granulated sugar such as we have now, and the coarse, brown sugar sold in the stores was not relished and not eaten. As I do not remember ever being sick on the Warwick farm, apart from an occasional cold, or ever being shy of an appetite, I conclude that sugar was not necessary as a ration for us. As for candy, we did not have it, unless occasionally a few mint sticks. We sometimes had ginger cakes, but these were sweetened with molasses. It is said that the consumption of sugar in this country is three or four times as great as it was a few years ago, and we probably now consume three or four times more than is good for us.

The most interesting thing on the Warwick farm was the deep hole in Neshaminy creek, a beautiful stream which flowed along the lower end of the place, a half mile away. A boy cares less for shallow water in which he can not drown than for a deep hole where he runs some risk of going under to stay. We had such a danger spot in the creek, and it was there I learned the art of swimming, not by the aid of a teacher at three dollars an hour, but by straddling a fence rail, which cost nothing, and paddling there. I could not have been more than eight years old when I thus learned to swim.

I do not think there were many fish in the stream, but why I do not know. There was plenty of room for them. There were, I believe, some catties and sunfish, but I did not take much interest in fishing. I do remember once gigging for eels and getting one or two.

At the period of which I write, flies were a terrible plague. It was not realized by our forefathers that horses and cows are the principal propagators of these pests, so they placed their stables and cow yards near the dwellings for the sake of convenience, the consequence being that they suffered extremely from the fly nuisance. It was so on the Warwick farm. Indeed, the cows were brought up close to the house in summer time to be milked. In the fly season mother battled from day to day against the flies, switching them out, and darkening the house, so they would not come back. We used to have a fly-brush to keep them off the table when we ate; and it kept us busy brushing the flies away from our food. There were no fly screens then, but strips of paper made into a brush and fastened to a handle did duty, except when we had company. Then a beautiful peacock-feather brush was brought into service. Had the barn- and cow-yards been farther away, we would not have been quite so much pestered. I vividly recall that mother, after clearing off the table, washing the dishes, and darkening the dining-room, went to take a nap, a habit that was well fixed in her early housekeeping days and never relinquished; but before going upstairs she would set a trap for the flies at a window with shutters partly opened to let the light in, the trap consisting of a glass filled with soapy water, on top of which there was placed a slice of sweetened bread with a hole in the centre. A trap thus set would catch hundreds, yes, thousands of flies, while mother was taking her nap.

The first school I went to was at Tinkertown, a mile away. I must have been about six years of age then. Near the school was a spreading chestnut tree, such as Goldsmith has described, under which, during recreation hour, we searched for chestnuts

AT THE BLACKSMITH'S

but never found any, though the great number of open burrs lured us on. Also there was a blacksmith's shop which made music for us. I do not remember that I learned much at Tinkertown.

The next summer I went to the Dark Hollow school, even further away. I can recall neither the form nor the name of the teacher there, but I do remember that during school hours I had no desk, but sat with other little boys on an oak slab, flat side up, with no rest for the back. There was no fun in that, but outdoors there was lots of sport. Father would never take any excuse, unless a very unusual one, for my staying at home. To school I went every day, and every day sat on the oak slab for several hours. The teacher never thrashed me, so far as I

THE OAK SLAB

remember, but I was afraid he would, for he trounced some of the other boys on my row. I remember one snowy morning that I wished to stay at home on account of the weather, but father said, "No." The snow was shoetop deep and that seemed to me reason enough for not venturing out, but father brought out a great big plough-horse and put me on his bare back and off I sorrowfully went. When I got half-way to Dark Hollow, I slid off and walked home. I guess the horse did the same. What happened afterwards I do not remember.

At this school there was a rosy-faced, red-haired girl with curls, a little younger than I, she being seven, I eight. I thought she was mighty nice, but I never told her of my adoration. She was really the only girl that took my fancy at that school. Years

after I learned that she grew to weigh two hundred and ten pounds and wore her hair in a bunch on the back of her neck. If she ever had a fancy for me I did not know of it, and probably never will now. As the poet exclaimed, "Of all sad words of tongue or pen, the saddest are these, it might have been."

Across the road, just a little higher up, lived a neighbor by the name of Yonker. The housewife and mother were great friends. We called her "Auntie Yonker," and I liked her very much for three reasons. First, she would let me go through their big orchard and pick up any ripe apple I fancied and eat it; second, whenever she met me she said, "Highty, Tighty;" and third, she always looked pleasant. I fancy the cheerful "Highty, Tighty" was more effective in winning my regard than anything else.

The Warwick farm almost supported the family. A sack of corn was taken from the crib, a bag of wheat from the bin, carried to the mill, often on horseback, and ground into meal for mush and bread. In return for grinding the miller would retain part of the grist, some thought a little too much at times. The meal was made into mush and from this we got much of our sustenance. Mother knew how to prepare and serve the mush, now one of the lost arts. She put it on the fire to cook at noon, or it may have been in the morning, and kept it there all the remainder of the day. I can almost fancy I hear it puffing and bubbling now. When thoroughly boiled in this slow way, allowed to get cool and fried, it made, with molasses or gravy, a delicious breakfast dish which went to the right spot and stayed there until the next meal. Few of this generation really know what a wholesome and appetizing dish fried

mush can be made. We had it for breakfast nearly every morning, fried potatoes sometimes taking the place of mush at night.

Our cows provided the milk, butter, and cottage cheese in abundance. The cows were fed from crops grown on the farm. No feed was bought for them and most of the butter and some of the cottage cheese were sent to market. The cows, horses, hogs, and chickens furnished the fertilizer to nourish the crops. Meat was derived from an old fat cow, past her prime, or a young steer was killed in the fall, and the meat cured and stored for the year's consumption. The bull calves were fattened and turned into savory meat, part of which was sold. Enough dried beef was cured in the fall to last most of the year through. It was not smoked, nor the flavor and nutritious quality destroyed by saltpeter.

A pen of fat hogs provided pork, ham, sausages, scrapple, and lard for the family all the year round, with some to sell. Sausage made in the winter packed away in stone jars, covered with lard, reinforced our supply of meat through the summer and fall. When company was expected, usually a fat, lazy old rooster, or a hen that had jumped her job, was called on to make things pleasant for hungry guests.

Tallow, from beef killing, was all utilized, some of it for candles. We children did most of the dipping. In making the candles the tallow was melted in a large kettle. Cotton wicks were strung on sticks, a dozen or so on a stick, and these were dipped into the melted tallow. As soon as the hot tallow cooled off, the wicks were again dipped and so on, until the candles had grown to a proper size. These would last a whole year. A few years later, tin candle-moulds came into vogue, into which the

melted tallow was poured. We used one and did away with the dipping, but I do not think we gained anything by the change.

We made our own soap with lye drained from the wood ashes from our ten-plate stove. We grew our own broom corn and made our own brooms and whisks. We mended broken wagons and harness. We cut our own logs, and hewed them for building purposes. We made our fence posts and rails. This is the way we got along year after year. Thus we produced most of what we required for our comfort, convenience, and sustenance, besides many things we sent to market. Mother had no time for much preserving and we got along very well with baked apples, sauces from pears, peaches, grapes and berries; and in the fall we made a great kettle of apple butter which was put away in crocks for use throughout the year. Apple butter requires long boiling, first the cider, then the apples. The stuff made nowadays and sold in the markets is not the real thing.

We made our own mince-meat, our cider, and our vinegar. In all the years we lived in Warwick and in Upper Dublin, mother was a very busy woman. With five children to care for she yet did most of the work of the household—the sweeping, cooking, baking, the butter making and the soap making. It is almost inconceivable how she stood the strain; I always thought it was the after-dinner nap which she never failed to take that enabled her to accomplish all she did without breaking down. Add to this a tough constitution, an even temper, a sense of humor, a helpful husband, and an inheritance from a long line of hardy ancestors.

We had a woman to come to do the washing once a week. I have reason to remember this temperamental female from an affair which took place

one morning when she was present to do the washing. My brother James and myself were having great fun jumping over the clothes-basket full of damp clothes, first across from side to side. Succeeding at that we then tested our ability to jump over the basket the long way. James got safely over, but in my attempt I caught my feet in the basket and upset it, spilling the wet clothes over the floor and upsetting myself, too. That was too much for the woman and we had to scamper to escape a justified chastisement. After that we tried hurdles which did not involve so much risk.

Tommie Foster was our shoemaker. He was a very short, round man, with a bald head and a nature somewhat crusty and taciturn. His mission in life was to go from home to home, remaining a week or so at each, while he fixed up the footwear of the family for a whole year. He made new shoes, heeled, soled, and patched old ones. Father would go, in advance of his coming, to the tannery and buy leather enough to keep Tommie busy a full week. While his name was Tommie Foster, I was not able to pronounce the name correctly. The best I could do was to call him "Tommie Tossin," and that is the name that he came to be known by. He was paid about one dollar for a day of twelve hours, with board thrown in. He made shoes and boots of good breadth and ample length, allowing for growth until he should come again. Occasionally, the children's shoes had to be sent to him to be patched between visits. They do things differently now. When "Tommie Tossin" got really busy and deeply absorbed in his work, he did not like us prying children to come near him; and so to give us warning of his displeasure he would pull his wax threads out with both hands as far as he could reach, bang with his fists

the inquisitive heads on each side of him, and knock them spinning away to the far sides of the room. We learned to be careful not to go near him; he meant we should learn. In those days rubbers were unknown, but we greased our shoes and boots on rainy days, so they would keep the wet out as well as rubbers do, and the grease made the leather last better.

Thus, it will be seen how we lived, simply and abundantly, obtaining nearly all our sustenance from the land. Our excess of produce, of which we had considerable, furnished the needed money to make our simple life a financial success.

Not long ago I visited the Warwick farm, reviving memories of my boyhood there. The house has disappeared and nearby is a modern structure of frame, occupied by the present owner of the premises. The barn which father built in 1847 is standing very much as it used to be seventy years ago. The spring-house, too, is there and the fresh, pure water is still bubbling up in the spring. Where our house stood is a depression in the ground about two feet deep and ten feet across. In the centre a solitary quince tree, eight feet high, stands guard—that is all. "Auntie Yonker," our kind old neighbor, with her pleasant "Highty, Tighty!" is nowhere to be found. The beautiful valley of the Neshaminy still charms the eye of the beholder.

Three Visits to Grandfather's

I come now to tell of my visits to grandfather in Wrightstown, five miles from our Warwick farm. I made three somewhat extended visits there. The first one appears to have been made at the time when my younger sister, Mary Anna, mother of Charles, appeared on the scene at home in December, 1843.

It was thought that it would be a relief to the situation in our home, at that tragic time, for me, under the care of aunt Sibby and aunt Sallie, to take a short vacation. I did not decline to go; and, if I had done so, it would have made no difference. During this and subsequent visits, when Albert was born, and also when I was eight years old, I was enabled to become well acquainted with my aunts, and to realize what good friends they were to me. Being, at the time of my first visit, only three and one-half years old, I have a recollection, and that a vague one, of only one incident that occurred during my stay.

My sister Emma, three years older than I, was my companion on this visit. I suppose it was thought I would be less trouble to my aunts than if I went alone. It wasn't long after our arrival when my sister became homesick and set her heart on getting back to Warwick as soon as possible. That the powers that controlled our destiny, for the time being, desired to put a veto on Emma's proposal to go home with me is almost certain. But what was a veto when self-willed Emma had a scheme of her own for getting away? She surreptitiously communicated her plans to me, but to no one else. I was enjoined to secrecy. Now, I was not homesick at all, but quite happy in my environment, but I was reluctantly persuaded that we had better get home as soon as we could. I remember the morning well when we were to flee. The men were filling the ice-house, an evidence that the mercury was pretty low. My sister's scheme was to throw her cloak and my scarf from a second-story window, unobserved by any of our keepers; and the plan was successfully carried out. This was an enterprising undertaking for a little girl of seven. We must get warm first, and I recollect Emma sitting by the stove

warming her feet, and, while doing so, calling quietly to me to, "Come, Willie, come and warm thy feet, we have a big day before us." She was right; it turned out to be a big day. We soon started off a-foot for the five-mile tramp with a deep creek to cross halfway between the two homes. The weather moderated towards noon, and the snow which covered the ground began to thaw, and before we got to the creek the road was full of slush. By that time I was very tired. My legs were too short to travel very fast, but my sister spurred me on. Emma tells me now that I fell down every little while. When nearing the creek we halted at a farm-house ostensibly to get a drink of water, but really to reconnoitre. The folks there began soon to inquire who we were, where we were going, and what for. They perceived, I think, that we were fugitives, and upon inquiry learned where we belonged. They took us in and not only watered us, but fed us on cake, and soon notified grandfather of our capture.

After a delay of several hours, a solitary horseman pulled up in front of the house where we were stopping. He turned out to be our uncle Edward who had come to arrest us in our flight.

The decision was to take Emma on over the creek on the way to Warwick and to carry me back to grandfather's, where I arrived about nightfall nearly frozen stiff, the weather having become cold again. Aunt Sallie greeted me pleasantly, as she always did, and asked me where I had been, whom I had seen, and whether I had seen any children where we stopped. I answered, "Yes, I did see plenty of children and plenty of dirt on their faces." I was taken in and warmed up, and so ended the runaway incident. Emma arrived safely at our Warwick home, much to our parents' surprise. This is the

only circumstance that I can recall during my first visit to grandfather's. I made my second visit three years later, which was occasioned by my brother Albert's appearing on the scene for the first time at Warwick. He was six years younger than I.

I remember that during my second visit I was at one time afflicted with a violent toothache. It was a new experience, and I, in consequence, was much crestfallen. It was proposed that I go to Pineville and have the tooth extracted, but that idea gave me almost as much mental as I was suffering physical pain. Finally, however, aunt Sibby prevailed on me to go with her to the dentist and have the acher drawn out. The doctor's instruments answered the purpose intended, the pain ceased, and I came home quite satisfied that the tooth and I had parted company.

On one occasion the men were threshing on the barn floor, and I climbed up the hay shoot to take a clear view of the operation from the mow, or perhaps to search for eggs. The affair would have passed off without any excitement, had I not lost my hold and balance in some way and tumbled down the shoot upon the steps or floor below, a distance of ten or twelve feet. After a time I was found by someone, lying in an unconscious condition. Much concern was felt by the folks, so I am told. I was carried to the house and put to bed. I do not remember how long it was before consciousness returned, but I remember that for some time I felt quite dizzy, weak, and out of sorts. It is a wonder I had not, as a result of the fall, a broken or a strained limb or a fractured skull; but fortunately, nothing of the kind happened.

During this visit I sometimes acted as an errand boy. One regular job I had was carrying the mid-morning lunch to the men in the hay and harvest

fields. It had been for a long time, and still was, the custom to include liquor in this repast, along with bread and butter, some cheese, cold meats and cherry pie; but grandfather had broken away from the custom, thus leading in the temperance reform. I think grandfather was pioneer in refusing rum to his men, so he started the prohibition movement over seventy-five years ago. I remember that the men did not like the innovation and took their displeasure out on the little boy who brought their food to them, and so teased me for omitting the fire-water.

During my third somewhat extended visit to my grandfather's when I was eight years old, a city boy by the name of Jim Taggart was brought home from Philadelphia by grandfather in his market wagon. I soon got acquainted with Jim and we had lots of sport together. He had the habit of daring me to do things which he conceived to be hazardous or impossible, and I did not like to take any reasonable dare. There was a smoke-house on the edge of the garden, about ten feet high, and Jim dared me to climb up to the top of it and jump from the peak to the ground, and said he would give me a bright, new, copper cent if I would take the jump. I know this was the year 1848, because that was the date of the new coin. I did not like to accept the challenge a bit, but the dare and the copper coin were such tempting baits that I did accept it. It did me no harm, and I got the new penny, and wish now I had kept it as a memento of the occasion. Grandfather often warned me against Taggart and all other city boys; they knew so much more than country boys; that is, they had the kind of knowledge that we ought not to possess.

During my third visit I was sent to school, two miles away by the road, but considerably less far

across fields. The school was kept by Ruth Beans, who was deemed an excellent teacher, but who was so cross that aunt Sallie said she upset my nerves and made me ill. I was afraid of her and I was not the only one who was. I learned very little the few weeks I was dominated by her. Finally, I was taken away from the school. Any teacher who is cross cannot win the love of her pupils and ought to engage in some other calling, or modify or eliminate her acerbity.

Jonathan Atkinson, my grandfather, lived on the place nearly all his life, and his grandson, Wilmer Atkinson Twining, aunt Sallie's son, still lives there. It is on the trolley line between Newtown and Doylestown.

CHAPTER VII

BOYHOOD ON THE UPPER DUBLIN FARM

HAVING now told of my boyish experiences on the Warwick farm and at grandfather's in Wrightstown, I am ready to continue my narrative and talk about my life in Upper Dublin. As I said before, our new home was in Montgomery county, eleven miles from our Warwick place. I lived there from 1849 until 1862, a period of thirteen years, from the age of nine to the age of twenty-two, save for the two winter terms, when I taught public school away from home, and the two years when I attended Foulke's Boarding School and Freeland Seminary, now Ursinus College.

How much I missed by not taking a full college course, I am unable to say. I have no regrets that my father had not the means to bear the expenses of a college education for me. I am much inclined to think that the school of hard knocks, from which I graduated, affords about as good an education as any young man can have.

The last days of March, of the year 1849, were busy days on the Warwick farm, for we were preparing to abandon our old home in Bucks county and remove to our new one in Montgomery county; and we not only had to move our household goods, but our farming implements, our tools, our cattle, our pigs, our wagons, and sleds, some of our crops, and all the various equipment of a well-stocked farm. Ours was a family of seven, father aged thirty-seven years; mother, thirty-nine; Emma, thirteen; James, eleven; Wilmer, nine; Mary Anna, six; and Albert,

three. As I remember, aunt Sallie came with us to help us get safely transferred and settled. Looking back to that time it is now hard to realize that our parents were in the prime of life.

I do not remember what neighbors were in the caravan of wagons that trekked over the muddy, slushy, March roads in that far-past moving day. There were probably three or four of them, and I think grandfather's market wagon, well loaded, was in the line. We had a herd of cows and heifers to move, and as we could not load them onto the wagons they had to march on the hoof. I did not like the idea of riding in a loaded wagon at a very slow pace—it was pretty cold—and so I volunteered to help drive the animals, and having passed the examination, I was deemed fitted to assume that responsible position. The road was deep with mud from the March thaw. It was a novel enterprise for the cows to go travelling abroad, not knowing where they were going. There were many cross-roads, and at first they preferred any direction to the one we planned for them, so they often had to be headed off and brought back to the true line of travel. We did not arrive at our journey's end until long after noon, though we started pretty early in the morning. It was a wearisome experience. The animals, as well as the drivers, were tired out when they arrived at the ancient village of Three Tuns, a mile from their destination. There was a little, old school-house of frame, about sixteen feet square, in the village, and as we passed it we saw the school in session.

Later we learned that the school-master was Amos Lukens, and in a few days I had my name entered as a pupil in this institution. Amos was rather a mild gentleman.

At that time we had no steel pens, nor Water-

man's fountain pens, but used goose quills altogether in writing. It was the duty of the teacher to point the pens for all the pupils, and it was interesting to see how Amos would perform this operation. He soon made a pen that would write in some fashion. Excuse the digression.

There being no public road that led from the village to our farm, we had to go by a private lane, over a mile long, and we had to open and close four gates before we travelled the entire length of the lane. I got to know this old lane pretty well, for near its north end, at Three Tuns, I built North View in 1887, and made it our summer home for more than a quarter of a century. Later in this book you may read all about it.

We were a tired, hungry, and mud-bespattered party when we reached our destination. When one is tired, one can rest; when one is hungry, one can eat; and when one is bespattered with mud one can let the mud dry and then brush it off. All these things we did.

I had never seen the new place. It was a great novelty, and things were very different from things at the place we left. The house was much larger, a long house of the Colonial pattern. It might have seemed, in comparison with our old home, quite large enough to house the family; but within two weeks father began to build an addition to it at the western end, making it altogether, I should say, about eighty feet long.

I must mention here that the baby Albert did not help us very much in the moving, since his mind was centred on his pet cat. He did not think of much else for he was very fond of the cat and was anxious lest something might happen to it; but nothing did. Cats, when removed from their accustomed environment, are apt to go back home if the opportunity is

offered. And the little fellow knew it. He would not let the feline out of his thoughts or his sight. Mother came to the rescue and had pussy shut up in a cupboard, underneath the china closet, and there it remained incarcerated for a time. The cat did not get away and that cupboard was ever after known as the "cat-cupboard."

I think all of us who had not visited the new place before were surprised, if not shocked, to find that the barn was within one hundred and fifty feet of the house and that the pig-pen was between the house and the barn at about an equal distance from each. I had never seen that arrangement before. As I remember, father had the pig-pen set back to its proper place without any unnecessary delay.

Since the country we came from was hilly, here, where no elevations were in sight, the aspect was a strange one, but we soon got used to it. Yet we always missed the coasting hills and the swimming hole in the creek, for there was no running water near our new home.

The time had now come when we children, except the two youngest, could help our parents about the work, Emma in the house and James and Wilmer out at the barn and in the fields. My boyhood was spent thus without interruption until the winter of 1856–1857, when in my sixteenth year I attended Foulke's Quaker Boarding School.

My brother, being older than I and more inclined to indulge in hard work, assumed the greater responsibility, and I think must have been of far greater help to father. His specialty soon came to be the care of the horses, while my interest became centred in the care of the cows. I never knew James to milk a cow, and nobody ever knew me to curry a horse.

The summer following our removal was a very

busy one. The building of an addition to the house made extra work. The farm contained eighty-seven acres, all tillable land except about six acres of fine timberland. We pursued the same crop rotation as at Warwick, and such as was usual on all farms at that period. Corn was planted, next year oats were sown, the oats stubble was ploughed in August and then again a second time in September, and the ground was sown to wheat and timothy for hay. In the spring clover was sown on the wheat; next June following wheat, we cut clover for hay, and the next two seasons we harvested our main hay crops; after that the timothy sod was ploughed down again for corn. Then, of course, a portion of the land was set apart for potatoes, small fruits, and vegetables. Sometimes a portion of the oats stubble was planted to potatoes to be followed in the fall by wheat, the same as after oats stubble. We found on the place an excellent orchard, which was really something unusual in that neighborhood; but the orchard was getting old and father at once set out a new one. Our plan was, as heretofore, to produce nearly everything we needed for food for ourselves and for our animals. As at Warwick, we cured our beef and mutton and pork, and made our soap, scrapple, bread, cottage cheese, candles and brooms. We made apple butter and took our corn and wheat to mill for mush and for bread. We soon had a flock of sheep and, when the shearing season came around, we had quite a crop of wool which was sent to the fulling mill nearby and made into blankets. The sheep supplied our table with mutton and lamb of the finest quality.

After our dried beef and beef tongues were cured (without smoking), they were hung up to the ceiling of the kitchen. They may not have looked pretty, but they answered the purpose intended very well indeed.

One of the cows we brought from Warwick was named " Cyndy ; " she was old at the time we moved, and she was an accomplished kicker. We kept her only because she was by far the best milker we had. When fresh, that is just after her calves were taken away from her, she would fill a bucket full and more than full ; and, if we didn't watch out, she would kick it over. This was a common practice that seemed to afford her great pleasure. She had not only talent in that direction, but real genius ; her aim was unerring and she was very sly. She never kicked an empty bucket, but always waited until the vessel was full, and jumped away after fulfilling her purpose. We tried many devices for rendering her designs nugatory, and succeeded for short periods of time ; but sooner or later that foot, as quick as a flash of lightning, would get in its fatal work. One way we had was to strap up one of her fore-feet so that in the act of kicking she would only have two feet to stand on. Thus she could not hit her mark so fairly, and would bungle the job. It was her idea that we were not treating her justly in strapping up her foot. I do not remember how long she lived nor how many pails of milk she spilled, but I am sure we never turned her into beef while we had a supernumerary bull to take to the block. Having no horns, the poor old lady was jostled about by her companions ; the only ray of joy that shone into her life came at those happy moments when she kicked full buckets of milk sprawling all over the yard and over the legs of the milkers.

We workers around the stables and in the fields used to wear hunting shirts to keep us clean. We did this always when we milked. This was a garment, I believe, that did not differ from the one worn by the Continental soldiers in the Revolutionary

army at the beginning of the war. I fancy the yeomen, who chased the redcoats from Concord and Lexington to Boston and emptied lead into them at Bunker Hill, were clad in hunting shirts. Why present-day farmers should ever allow this garment to go into the discard I am unable to say.

We soon found, after being settled in our new home, that the water which was pumped from the well at the house was hard, and mother could not use it for washing the clothes or even the dishes, and that it was not fit to drink. On the other hand, the well at the barn contained excellent water for both washing and drinking. This was unfortunate. For years it was necessary for us to carry water from the barn to the house. However, it came to be a habit, and therefore never seemed to be much of a trial. Why the forefather who settled the place originally and erected the buildings, did not put the house near the good water is past finding out. I conceive the man who sold the place to father did not mention water.

It was a fine thing to have a six-acre timber lot on the place when we came to build our new barn and other buildings. At any time we could go to the woods, cut the trees, and hew them into lumber, instead of having recourse to the lumber-yard, for we had no lumber-yard within twenty miles. Logs were sent to the saw-mill, nearby, and ripped into boards for floors, into scantling for rafters, joists, sills, fence-rails, and posts. We even got our shingles from the woodlot. Of course, our fire-wood was ready at hand at all times.

Father made what was intended to be a permanent and inflexible rule, when the children were small, for them to go to bed as soon after supper as they should become so sleepy that they could not keep awake. Emma and James came under the dominion

of this law and yielded to it with good grace; but Wilmer, the third child and the present writer, proved to be such a sleepy-head that the law had to be repealed. Father soon discovered that it would not operate in this case. I remember that, when I was about three-fourths through my supper, I became almost too sleepy to eat any more, and long before I finished my repast the land of nod was in sight. I recall that one night after supper I dropped down on the floor in a warm spot not far from the stove and fell asleep. Father probably was reading the local paper or a library book at the time. It so happened that a piece of dried beef or a ham which had been suspended from the ceiling had broken loose from its moorings and had fallen to the floor. This I unconsciously drew under my head and used for a pillow. The incident created much merriment in the family at the time and long afterwards.

It was a happy circumstance, not only through my childhood, but all through my adult life, that I have been a good sleeper; and to that fact I ascribe my unusual good health and my ability to accomplish my work so well. I have always aimed to get eight hours of sleep out of every twenty-four, and I never found that an hour more would do me any serious harm.

We had a good gun handy in order to shoot any animal whose behavior invited summary treatment. Sometimes I would go out back of the wood-shed to shoot a flying crow, of which at certain seasons we had many. I never hit one, nor was I ever able to hit an eagle that used to come and light in a tall hickory tree in a neighbor's woods. Just at the time I got a bead on him, and was about to bring him down with certainty, he would take flight. I imagine he felt amazed at my freshness and amused at my disappointment. We boys were not born gunners.

We hardly ever went to the woods to shoot squirrels, and when we did, we came home without any, at least I did. Once in the fall I went rabbit hunting and actually shot a rabbit. I pitied the poor thing so that I came home and never again went gunning. When quite a little fellow I shot a robin, and uncle James Rutter so chided me for the cruel act that I was deeply grieved.

We never had but one dog that I remember. He was rather a large specimen, a mongrel, with bull proclivities. We named him Grant, so it must have been in General Grant's time, during the early years of the Civil War. He had a fine appetite and probably ate more fried mush than any two of the hired men. One day mother made a remark at the table that created a good deal of merriment in the family and which has been often quoted and long remembered. We had guests at the table, and mother, in urging them to have more of the fried mush added, "Grant won't eat it." It is a saying in the family to this day, "Do have some more, Grant won't eat it."

I recall another amusing incident that came to be often told visitors. It occurred while we were still at Warwick, and the joke was on little sister Mary Anna. She must have been about the age of three at the time. In some way she had come into possession of a cake acquired by direct action, and she was sitting on the door-step eating it. She knew she was breaking the rules, and she was afraid her fault might be discovered; so when aunt Sibby came near her without discovering what she was doing, the tot gave herself away when she said, "Now yet May Anna ayone in peace." Her conscience had worked to her disadvantage, but it would be just like aunt Sibby to forgive her and give her a larger piece of cake.

We were fortunate in having at the village an excellent library, well filled with standard books and devoid of the trashy fiction now so much in vogue. Father was one of the managers, and was appointed on the committee to buy new books. Many an hour I spent there reading, especially on rainy days, when it was possible to get away from work on the farm without shirking. We often had two or three books out at one time. It was there I became acquainted with Downing's "Landscape Gardening" and Scott's instructive treatise on the subject. Not only did I become acquainted with the contents of these books and enthused over their contents, but all my life since the landscape art has had a devotee in me. Twenty-five years later I bought a farm close by, on which, within two hundred yards of the library, I built a summer home, and here I applied the art taught by Downing and Scott in the embellishment of the home acres. Later, I will tell about our North View home.

It was difficult in the fifties, as it is now, to procure satisfactory help on the farm, and even more so in the house. Sometimes we had a pretty good Irishman who would stay the season through. Sometimes we engaged a native who would work when not on a spree. Fortunately, we had a stand-by named Sam Barrel, who was a good, steady worker, though possessed of much less wit than the law allows. He passed among those who came to know him as quite an intelligent person. He would engage the rest of us in conversation, but he, himself, said scarcely anything. He had enough sense to say little, look wise, and smile at what others said. I learned a lesson from Sam that I have never forgotten—say little, smile as if you understood, look wise, and you will pass as a personage with far more brains than

otherwise you would. The household help at times was "something fierce;" often mother had none at all, and she was happiest then. It was fortunate that she had two helpful daughters to lift some of the burdens from her shoulders. Farmers' wives now complain, and justly, that they can not obtain satisfactory help, but I do not believe the situation is worse than it was in the fifties.

Father was a forward-looking man. If a new farm implement came out, he was first in the neighborhood to obtain one. He bought the first grain reaper that was seen in the township—it was a Manny. It cut the grain but did not bind it. The machine was heavy and lumbering, and it was awfully hard work to bock off the grain, especially if the straw was heavy and tangled. The strain of that work pretty nearly had the effect of pulling out my liver pins; and I was not encouraged by this experience to remain on the farm. Another implement father bought to save labor was the Pennock wheat drill. This was a success in every way. Not only did we drill all our own wheat and rye, but that of many of the neighbors near and far. Often I went out with the drill and earned for father from eight to ten dollars a day. Sometimes father would go, sometimes James. We made enough the first season to pay for the drill, and the machine at the end of the season was as good as new, surely a profitable investment.

It was not often that my father committed an error of judgment, but in one instance I recall he fell short. He was a great reader, always had books at hand, several county weeklies, the *American Agriculturist,* the *Pennsylvania Freeman,* and the *Olive Branch,* a temperance paper, the forerunner of the *Norristown Republican,* which, in 1862, Howard M.

MY FATHER AND MOTHER AFTER COMING TO UPPER DUBLIN

Jenkins and I bought and published. This once, with all his equipment and practical knowledge, father got left far behind, and I wonder yet how it happened. We had no lovely spring-house as at Warwick, but instead of it, a milk-vault, quite close to the house. This was a deep pit in the ground, about twelve feet across. Partitioned off on the side was a similar chamber for ice. We had no difficulty in keeping fresh milk, cream, butter, meats, and other foods as long as the ice held out, and this was usually until we harvested another crop.

Well, here is the story of father's default. A small, black-and-white, slow-moving animal of malodorous reputation, was discovered in the vault down among the milk pans and butter crocks. It had been strolling around and, the door being open, down the steps it made its way. I cannot believe it had any evil intentions, and I have no doubt that, after getting a good drink of milk and sampling other delicacies, it would have departed the way it came. What happened was this: my father got his gun and shot the creature right down in mother's clean and sweet-scented vault. I leave the rest to the imagination of the reader, except to say that everything in the way of food that came out of that storage-vault of tasty things had a new and distinct odor and flavor all the remainder of the year and well into the next.

There was hard work to do on Upper Dublin farm, some pleasant, some otherwise. Threshing was a job I hated beyond any other kind of work because of the ill effect of the dust on my respiratory organs. I always had a cold after a few days of threshing. The work did not agree with me, and I was glad to be freed from it.

Butchering the hogs on our farm, while I was in

active duty there, was an important annual event which usually took place in December. We had at that time three or four hogs to be turned into the family provender for the ensuing year. The program was always the same. On the afternoon before, the stage was set for a great fire in the open, consisting of large and small blocks of wood, with several barrow loads of stone thrown in among the blocks of wood. Early next morning a fire was kindled, the object being to heat the stones that were in turn to heat the water for scalding the hogs after life had departed from them. In the wagon-house a sled was placed, covered with planks or old doors for the operators to stand on, and a leaning hogshead was placed alongside to hold the water heated by the stones. The hogs were brought out one at a time and killed; then they were brought to the sled and plunged into the scalding water, whereupon all the men fell to work and scraped off the bristles and hair.

When this was completed, the hogs were hung up, dressed, and left hanging until they cooled off. Several hours were required to dress, hang up, and disembowel four hogs. When well cooled, the hogs were ready to be carried to the house, carved up into hams, shoulders, and chops, or made into sausage and scrapple. I saw nothing of the actual killing, for it was a part that I shrank from, and I never had any hand in it. Several days were required to finish the butchering, and it kept us all busy.

I may here tell of my experience in hauling hay to the Philadelphia market. Someone would get up about four o'clock in the morning and feed the team, the hay having been loaded the afternoon before. By the time the horses had eaten, the driver would be ready to start. It required about six hours to

reach the hay market at Sixth and Oxford Streets. There the horses were fed and the driver got his dinner and then repaired to the sheds to await a purchaser for his hay. It was my experience that we had not to wait long for a buyer.

The occasion that I particularly remember is one on which I sold the hay to a man who lived below Christian Street. It was a long haul after having just finished one that required six hours to accomplish, but the price was satisfactory, rather more than that for which the hay could have been sold if delivered to a nearer point. That day I drove the team a distance of thirty-five miles, requiring fifteen hours for the performance. In going home, I faced a northwest winter breeze without a wind shield and without springs or shock absorbers under the wagon. When I reached home in the evening, I was tired out and the horses were almost ready to drop with fatigue. In the language of to-day this trip to sell hay would be called "going some," but farmers' boys were equal to almost any kind of honest job. They were ready then, and they are ready now.

When I was about fifteen, we started a literary society in Upper Dublin and kept it up with unflagging interest as long as I remained on the farm. It met weekly on Saturday afternoons, at the homes of the members. We published an organ which we called "The Gleaner," and which had many contributors and never lacked interest. It was for the pages of "The Gleaner" that I first began to write. This was an experience of great value to me and may have been a contributory cause, along with the adjacent library and my dislike of threshing, of my leaving the farm and entering upon a journalistic career. The society afforded its members oppor-

tunity to cultivate their talents for writing and speaking, and encouraged social intercourse that was of great benefit. On April nineteenth, 1862, the following resolution was entered in the minute book: "To meet again at the call of the executive committee." The literary society never met again, but the girls formed a sewing circle to make garments for the boys in blue, and some of the boys shouldered guns and knapsacks and marched South. The Civil War was on.

CHAPTER VIII

SCHOOL DAYS

I WENT with great regularity to the public school at Three Tuns until I was fifteen years of age. We children never missed a day, that was the rule of the house. In the main we had good teachers—sometimes a female, at other times a stray male came our way and was appointed master of the school. One of the latter was an Irishman by the name of O'Keefe, and as far as I could tell he was a good scholar. I am sure he thought he was. I studied Latin under his tutelage and made some progress. Much attention was given in those days to mental arithmetic, but the most interesting study at this school, as I remember, and the study in which I was an apt scholar, was corner-ball or tickly over. I was always exceedingly fond of play and very moderately so of study, though I was a good speller and generally kept up head.

Close by the school was a blacksmith's shop, run by Jake Lenhart, a short man, very jolly, very active, a great jumper, and a loud laugher. He liked to come out occasionally for a game of corner-ball, at which time things were lively. We socked him hard.

My attendance at this school terminated in the summer of 1855, and in the fall of that year I entered my name upon the list of pupils at Foulke's Boarding School, in Gwynedd, with Hugh Foulke as Head Master. It was a Quaker school, founded many years before by Joseph Foulke, a preacher and the grandfather of the now distinguished William Dudley Foulke, of Richmond, Indiana. Hugh was a

nephew of Joseph; he was brought up at the plough handles before he engaged in teaching. A story is told of him that one day he was leading a pair of oxen to the harrow, walking at their side. He held a book in his hand which he was reading. The oxen took advantage of that fact and stopped while Hugh walked on to the far end of the field before he discovered the oxen were resting at his expense.

There was room at the school for about thirty students, and it was full of boys, mostly Quakers. Howard M. Jenkins, who later married my sister Mary Anna, and who became my partner in the publishing business at Norristown and Wilmington, was one. Through acquaintances made at this school I came to know and married Anna Allen. Had I gone to Yale or Princeton or Harvard, instead of this school, I fear to think what might not have happened. Hugh Foulke was a scholar and tried hard to imbue his students with ambition for scholarship. The house we were in was built for a dwelling house and was too small to accommodate thirty pupils. We were crowded, especially at night, when most of us slept in one long garret room where, while we were not asleep, we were cutting up, engaging in pillow fights and other gymnastics under the rafters; but in all these fights I never knew a boy to get killed or maimed. We had to watch out lest Hugh should discover what we were at and give us a lecture on good behavior from the bottom of the stairs. In school we read Young's "Night Thoughts" and Cooper's "Task," which we also parsed. Hugh knew these books by heart and could direct our lessons with his eyes shut.

There were a number of pretty bright boys among these students, some of whom later became prominent in business and social life in their neigh-

HOWARD M. JENKINS AND I IN DEBATE

borhoods. I cannot fail to remember that those with the brightest minds for study were, as a rule, not so successful in business as the duller ones. I think the one boy who could not learn anything at all from Hugh's teachings won distinction as a business man and became wealthy, whereas the brighter fellows were not so successful.

We were obliged to get up early in the morning before daylight and go to the pump and wash our hands in the hardest and coldest water I think I have ever known. There was no mother about to inspect our hands after washing, and I am sure they would not have passed muster. The water did not remove the dirt, but washed it in. After washing we flooded into the breakfast-room and all sat down at a long table. It was not yet light when we assembled there. Our food was plain but there was enough of it, such as it was, and we enjoyed it (having good appetites), although at times we did not like the molasses.

Our Latin class, in the absence of Hugh, was conducted by a fine lady teacher, who was not very well versed in the Latin language. On one occasion a mischievous member of our class inserted a so-called original Latin sentence to be translated to the effect that "Sugar is sweet, but molasses is not always." We boys translated it in that way. At that time we were having some poor molasses for our mush and this is the way we demonstrated our displeasure. It was silly, of course, but we got some fun out of it. We made long hours. After supper we studied the next day's lessons until nine o'clock when, after yelling a bit, we hied away to our bunks in the garret.

One of the important parts in our curriculum was the writing and delivery of compositions. This was a weekly performance. Sometimes neighbors were invited in to hear our pretentious essays read. I

liked this exercise quite well, and always had something to read. Howard M. Jenkins had ready ability as a writer, and Dan Moore was not far behind him. John Parry was in the front rank as a poet. Apart from these three, out of the thirty pupils, none shone with any brilliancy as writers.

Politics at that period was sizzling over the slavery question, and the boys caught the prevailing fever. Fremont had just been defeated for the presidency by James Buchanan. I had the fever myself, and wrote a composition defending Garrison and slamming the defenders of slavery. By this I got the school into a ferment, and, when the meeting was over at which my composition was read, some apologists for Daniel Webster (who had backslided on the subject of the peculiar institution of the South, though he had formerly been an anti-slavery man) proposed that we proceed to the campus. The word went around, " Let's ride the Abolitionist on a rail," and sure enough, that design was carried out. As the rail was a comfortable one and as I took the experience good-naturedly, I had rather an enjoyable time. I was not offended, but rather happy in suffering martyrdom for the cause I espoused. I wanted the boys to keep on. I grabbed a stalwart fellow by his head and hair, and told him to keep it up; they all got tired before I did.

At another time I produced an original poem, quite a long one. I did not fail to appreciate the fact that it was a pretty poor one, and I soon found out that such was the general verdict. Indeed, it was really so bad that, after school was out, the boys made an effort to get possession of the document, and so chased me all around the school grounds by moonlight, got hold of it and in the scramble not only tore the poem to pieces, but my vest right down

INTERIOR OF UPPER DUBLIN MEETING HOUSE WHERE I ATTENDED AS A BOY

the back. I never saw that poem again and never wrote another.

In the spring I was back again on the farm and did my share of the work until fall, when I entered as a student at Freeland Seminary, now Ursinus College. The winter of 1857–1858 was spent there. It was a good school; the principal, the Reverend Henry A. Hunsicker, was a fine gentleman, and his instructors were well qualified for their duties.

I have but few reminiscences to recall of the happenings at Freeland Seminary during the winter I spent within its academic shades. I remember that our principal would sometimes give a lecture intended to establish, in the minds of the boys in his charge, right principles in the conduct of life. I recall especially one on the subject of sex control and sex morals which made a lasting impression on my mind. I fancy that there are few boys in their teens who do not need plain and wise talks on the subject by someone in whom they have confidence as a moral teacher. They hardly ever get such a talk at school and rarely at home, and so my sincere thanks are due to the Reverend Hunsicker for what he told us on the occasion mentioned.

Corner-ball was a very popular game at that period, and we had a strong team of spry and athletic young fellows who always were ready to give and accept challenges from outside. Several Saturday afternoons we went down to Evansburg for a match and always came away victorious.

In that game four corners in a square were marked out about twenty feet apart. We tossed up as to the team which was to take the corners first. The other team had to go inside. The ball was passed from corner to corner until things got hot, and without ado some fellow was socked—that is, hit by the ball—unless

he was able to dodge it. If he was not hit the thrower was out of the game. If he was hit, all the corner fellows ran away to avoid being in turn struck by a ball thrown by an inside player as he ran. If hit, he was out; if not hit, the inside player was out. The game went on until the players of one side or the other were all side-tracked. When all were put out on one side the match was lost. Some of our boys were great hitters; they could throw a ball so swiftly and so true that it did not often miss its mark. On the other hand, there were some accomplished dodgers who jumped in such unexpected, cork-screw ways that they could scarcely ever be hit. It was hard to see just how they did it. As for me, I was a fairly good hitter and also a pretty artful, accomplished dodger. That winter I enjoyed corner-ball more than I did any of my studies.

On Saturday afternoons when the Perkiomen creek was shut in by ice strong enough to skate on, and sometimes when it was not, we would all go down to engage in that exhilarating sport. In the whole school of over one hundred boys, there was but one who could skate with skill and grace. Most of us were more or less clumsy. I am told that the talent for skating depends on the ear as in music. If a non-musical person tries to skate he can be sure he never can become a first-class skater. This may be the reason I am such a dub on skates, as my ear for music is so inconceivably bad that, if I should try to get a tune out of a Victrola, the instrument would not perform until I left the room.

I found a congenial boy in the school about my age whose name was Daniel Webster McCurdy. He was an ambitious youth and he had considerable talent. I recall the performance of the Christmas jubilee, given by the students of the Phi Beta Pi fra-

ternity, which was reported in a Norristown paper, and in which McCurdy figured among the stars of the occasion. He took for his subject "The Political Events of the Day." The fact that he was named for the great Daniel seemed to justify his selection of this topic. It was said in the newspaper report that his speech "showed a clearness of diction and logic which could but be expected from so pure a mind." And the report said of the address of Wilmer Atkinson on the same occasion, "In our opinion, it surpassed anything that we could have looked for from one of his age. We predict for him a seat in our National Congress in futurum."

When the paper containing these panegyrics reached the seminary, there was much excitement and a great desire to learn who it was that submitted the report for publication. The article was signed "S. N. X." In a few days another Norristown paper was received containing a more lurid report than the first. It was signed "Quill," and the report said of McCurdy's subject that "It was a severe but truthful philippic on the politics of America. The author has all of the characteristics of the true orator, and is well acquainted with the political history of the country." It went on with the statement that "Wilmer Atkinson's performance scarcely needs comment. Suffice it to say that the thundering tones of the youthful orator created an impression upon the minds of the assemblage that could not soon be effaced." The next week one of the papers appeared with a criticism of the above reports in which it was stated that "The cat was out of the bag," that both reports of the jubilee were concocted by D. W. McCurdy and Wilmer Atkinson, each writing the other's panegyric. The two kiddies did not deny the soft impeachment because they could not, and so

they let the matter drop. As one looks back at the incident from this distance of time, it does not seem to be a very creditable performance on the part of McCurdy and Atkinson, but they had lots of fun out of it.

Every week during the winter we wrote compositions which we read before the whole school. I wrote and delivered a long one which must have tired my audience and put many of them to sleep. It was entitled "Practicability of Disunion," which in my note-book is said to have been "Delivered in Freeland Hall on the 22nd of December, 1857, before the *élite* of Upper Providence, the flower of Freeland, and the ladies of Perkiomen Female College." I also mistreated these topics: "The Character of Washington," "A Politician," "The Literary Men of America," and "Stephen A. Douglas." There was one entitled "The Patriot's Address to the Star-Spangled Banner," and another, "Trip to the Old World." The writer purported to have stood on the deck of a proud, ocean steamer, ready at the signal of the commander to depart for the Old World. He said that he had left his home and its fond associations that centre around it to journey awhile among monuments of grandeur to be seen on the continent of Europe. He bathed his spirit with the sight of classic Italy, of St. Peter's, the Coliseum, of mighty Rome and her black-eyed beauties, and so on and on. It ended eloquently as follows: "As I approached the shore on my return, I reached out to my relatives and friends whom I saw at the landing. But the boat was not fastened; it had floated away perhaps six feet. I made a spring for the shore. I did not reach it and I fell—out of bed." There was an essay on "Empress Eugénie," another on "Love," and one on "Charlotte Corday." There was a dialogue on

"A Law Case." All this comes back fresh in my memory over a period of sixty-three years.

I think it was on New Year's Day that I accepted an invitation to visit the home of one of my chums, Preston by name, who lived in Lower Merion. The ground was covered with snow and it was very cold. Rev. Stephen H. Tyng, a distinguished Episcopal clergyman, lived in the neighborhood. As he was famous I had a desire to call on him, and this in company with my friend I did. Though we were entire strangers to him, he received us with great courtesy and kindness. We found him sitting in his library before a fire blazing on the hearth. I was delighted with the reverend gentleman, and it was then and there that I first came to realize the fascination of an open fire. The deep impression it made on my mind lingers yet. In truth, then and there, I inwardly resolved that some day I would have in my home a fire on the hearth such as warmed my friend and myself on that bleak winter night long ago. My resolution has been fulfilled, and I have never owned a house in which provision was not made for such a fire. Now, as I write, I hear the crackling of the wood on our hob-grate across the room from where I sit. Doctor Tyng I met later on a voyage to Europe; he has long been dead.

I Try My Hand at Teaching

On the advent of summer, school ceased and I went home to assist father on the farm. I so continued until late fall, 1859, when I engaged in teaching, my school being in Warwick, only a few miles from our old home. I can recall but one incident of sufficient importance to be recorded here. I remember attending a debate some time that winter in which John Brown's raid was the subject for discus-

sion. Then and there we decided whether the raid was justified or not, what should be done with Brown, and also we decided that the raid was the forerunner of the Civil War. Abraham Lincoln was not elected until 1860, and the war began in April, 1861, by the firing upon Fort Sumpter. In the spring of 1860 I returned to the farm and remained there until August, 1862, when with Howard M. Jenkins I entered the publishing business at Norristown. Then, a fortnight after our arrival at Norristown, the Confederate army crossed the Potomac, marched into Maryland and threatened Pennsylvania. My partner and I could not stand for that, so we quit the printing office, shouldered our guns and knapsacks, and marched south to meet the threatened invasion. I will defer to a later time giving details of my military experience during that and the two following years.

Rediscovering Relatives

If my readers had the patience to peruse the narrative of the coming of the ancestors of the Atkinson family from England in 1699, they may remember that emigrant John died on the way over, so that his two sons, William, aged twelve, and John, aged four, survived the voyage and were taken to Bucks county in care of Friends' Meeting; that they both grew up and married; that William had no sons, but John, who was my lineal ancestor, had several. John and his descendants remained in Bucks county, while William moved to Montgomery county in 1716 and had numerous descendants of other names than Atkinson.

It was not to be wondered at that the two families should lose trace of each other, as, in fact, they did. William's descendants in Montgomery county

were quite as numerous as John's in Bucks. It was not until long after Thomas Atkinson, my father, moved to Upper Dublin that anything became known to us of William Atkinson's descendants. My father, in looking over some titles at Norristown, the county seat of Montgomery county, came across the name of William Atkinson and there learned that William Atkinson had taken title to a farm in Upper Dublin adjoining his own, and that he owned this farm until 1751, when he died; that William's descendants abounded in the neighborhood; that his granddaughter had inherited the identical farm father bought, had erected the buildings on it, the house in 1793, and the barn in 1814; that this granddaughter presented the land of one corner of the farm for the Friends' Meeting House; and that the Atkinson chair, heretofore referred to, was with William until he died, passing then to his daughter. The descendants of the lost brother William had been found after a lapse of one hundred and fifty years. The William Atkinson farm is now owned and occupied by the School of Horticulture for Women. It seemed a curious coincidence that the families so long separated should come together after so many years and without any premeditated effort of either to find the location of the other. It was not difficult after this to trace the whereabouts of the Atkinson chair made by emigrant John and brought with him from England in 1699.

The Fugitive Slave Law

Long before the Fugitive Slave Law was enacted there were cases of kidnapping of blacks in various parts of the country, mostly near the borders. I remember my father's telling more than once of the successful attempt to capture a negro called "Big

Ben," somewhere in Bucks county. Ben was a man of immense stature and strength. While he was chopping wood one day alone in the woods, the kidnappers came upon him unaware and, after a hard struggle, succeeded in throwing him down and fastening his wrists together with handcuffs. It was said that had Ben's overalls not come down and tangled his legs, he would have beaten his captors. He was taken South but eventually was purchased by some of his old neighbors and returned home.

The year following our removal from Warwick to Upper Dublin the Fugitive Slave Law was passed by Congress. The whole decade from 1850 up to the breaking out of the Civil War was one of great political agitation. There was a growing sentiment everywhere in the North against the encroachments of the slave power. In 1856 the Republican party was born, and Fremont was the candidate of the party. James Buchanan, the candidate of the Democratic party, was elected president. An organization of young men, called "Wideawakes," was alive with torches and banners at the political meetings everywhere throughout the country during the campaign. A year later many of those lusty "Wideawakes" went forth to battle at the call of President Lincoln to save the imperilled Union.

The Fugitive Slave Law was one to be defied rather than obeyed by liberty-loving people, who were not willing to become slave-hunters according as the law enjoined. They were not willing to aid in the return of runaway slaves to their masters, but, on the other hand, helped the fugitives on their way to freedom. The so-called underground railroad was built and soon was in running order. Its work was done in secret. It was managed by independent, resolute men who refused to obey the Fugitive Slave

Law. Beyond all others, the Quakers were alive to the iniquity of the slave institution; they refused to join in the chase of colored men and women that they might be returned to slavery. On the other hand, they secretly, and sometimes openly, defied the Federal officers who came among them to enforce the law. I never knew a Friend to lend himself to the business of slave catching. Some of the Friends got into the clutches of the law, but that made no difference.

Our Upper Dublin farm was a station on a lateral branch of the underground railroad. I recall a winter morning when the country was covered deep with snow and more snow was falling. I saw father fare forth in a sleigh, going north, with a black man all bundled up in the back of the sleigh, well hidden from sight. Whence he came or whither he went I never knew, for it was not a matter to talk about. Such defiance of an unjust law, passed by a degenerate Congress, was as a matter of course. From the beginning of the Civil War, the underground railroad was closed to business; there was no more traffic for it.

Long before the Fugitive Slave Law was passed, Friends got into the clutches of the law for helping fugitives to escape. There was a notable experience of this nature in Horsham township, adjoining Upper Dublin, in which John E. Kenderdine, who later married my aunt Martha Quinby, mother's sister, was prominent. A colored man, named John, worked for my uncle's father. On the evening of the twentieth of October, a party of five men came to the Kenderdine home. They obtained entrance to the house on some pretext and, with loud threats, seized the colored man, handcuffed him, and put him into a dearborn wagon. They were prepared to drive

off with him when a member of the family told them they must go before the judge and prove property and show their authority. To this demand they roughly replied that they had authority enough and told the speaker to stand off or they would blow him through. They then drove away at rapid speed. Several persons followed them, calling on them to stop; the whole neighborhood became aroused. The kidnappers were in a closed wagon and their horses were urged to their top speed, but their followers on horseback kept pace with them, riding alongside and in front, and with clubs and stones battering the wagon and obstructing its passage, so that the kidnappers were glad to stop at a hotel in the village of Crooked Billet, now Hatboro, where they were taken out of their wagon and placed in an upper room, remaining under guard all night. Uncle John was one of those who stood guard.

The kidnappers were forced the next day to go before a magistrate. The judge demanded a bill of sale and ordered them to prove their identity. They claimed John by inheritance. They were forthwith arrested for kidnapping, and bail, in the sum of six thousand dollars, was demanded or imprisonment. The trial for kidnapping took place in Norristown in 1823. In charging the jury, Judge Ross stated that he had doubts about the black man's being a slave, but he would advise an acquittal. The jury finally acquitted them. Then a counter-suit was instituted against the Kenderdines, whom some of the neighbors charged with harboring and attempting to rescue a slave. Damages to the amount of ten thousand dollars were claimed against them. The suit was postponed from time to time for ten years. It finally came off before the United States Circuit Court in Philadelphia in 1833. The jury rendered a verdict of four thousand dollars

THE SIMPSON HOMESTEAD SHOWING THE OLD-FASHIONED BAKE OVEN AT THE LEFT

damages against John E. Kenderdine and five other prominent men of Horsham, and fifteen hundred dollars costs were added. Some of the parties were wholly unable to bear the loss, so that several petitions for assistance were circulated in different neighborhoods. Twenty-two persons subscribed, and the total sum raised for indemnity was but three hundred and seventy-five dollars and fifty cents. Of the twenty-two persons who assisted in raising funds, twenty were members of the Society of Friends. It is an interesting fact that, of the twelve men who chased the kidnappers to Hatboro, and clubbed and stoned them on the way, eight were members of the peaceable Society of Friends.

John Simpson's Farm

Four miles up the main road from our Upper Dublin home there stood an old farm-house dating back to Colonial times. Adjacent to the house is a bake-oven which still stands and is said to have been used by the Continental army when in the vicinity. I have no official documents to prove it was used for that purpose, but it looks as if it had been. This house and oven had belonged to John Simpson, who dwelt here until he removed with his family to Ohio in 1817. According to tradition, John was a somewhat eccentric character with a strong trait of stubbornness in his make-up. He had a daughter Hannah who was about sixteen years of age when she moved west with her father. They travelled in a wagon, there being no other way to go; and since they must have gone through Philadelphia to reach the Lancaster road leading to the west, they must have passed through our village which was on the main road to the city. Just thirty-two years before the time when we drove our cows through the vil-

lage of Three Tuns, the girl Hannah, who was to become the mother of General Ulysses S. Grant, passed that way, though surely not with a drove of cows.

Among the men tried and convicted for interfering against the kidnappers in the case recited above, was Robert Kenderdine, brother of my uncle John. His sister once told me that Robert paid court to Hannah Simpson, but considering her age, this seems doubtful, unless, perhaps, she may have been older than sixteen when she went away. Anyhow, Jesse Grant won Hannah for his bride. My wife and I had the pleasure of shaking hands with their son, Ulysses, in Washington while on our wedding journey—but of this later.

A Venture into Psychic Phenomena and Phrenology

There was a period in my life on the Upper Dublin farm in which spirit-rappings, phrenology, and mesmerism engaged a good deal of attention among the young folks and even their elders. We tried to make tables move without our volition, by sitting around with our hands on them; but they would not budge, no spirits knocked for us. I became interested in phrenology and used to examine people's bumps to decipher their characteristics. Fowler and Wells published a journal devoted to this so-called science and we subscribed for it. Often a lecturer would appear in the neighborhood and many would go to hear him. He would call for volunteers to go through the ordeal of examination, and then he would tell just what sort of person the subject was. This created a good deal of amusement for the audience. We boys took it up and we were often called to examine heads. We made some good guesses and

acquired quite a reputation in our efforts to demonstrate the truth of the so-called science. Nearly everybody in the country round had maps made of their heads. I was convinced then, and am now, that there is some truth in phrenology, but not so much as was claimed for it by Fowler and Wells. It is out of vogue now.

Mesmerism awakened more interest in our neighborhood than spirit-rappings or phrenology. In our social parties, at one period, the subject of mesmerism would be called up and the truth of the science put to the test. I often found persons who could be subjected to its influence by an exercise of the will and the making of downward strokes before the face of the subject, who would yield to a power that seemed impossible for him to resist. The subject's will became subordinate to that of the operator. Give him a stick, a stone, or any object, and say to him that it was a rabbit and he would believe it and stroke it as he would a pet. Only about one person out of a company, say, of twenty, could be mesmerized, but usually the one person was found.

We had a young fellow working for us who was very susceptible to the will of the operator. His will would become subjected to the mesmerizer and he apparently had none left of his own. On one occasion, while under this curious influence, he was told that the moon, which was up about fifteen degrees, was a barn afire. He believed it, was for running to the fire, and was with great difficulty restrained from doing so. Afterwards he continued to be in a trance which lasted several days, and we were afraid that we would not be able to restore his equilibrium. After that we side-tracked mesmerism, fearing it might be harmful to those subjected in this way to the influence of another's will.

Election Methods in the 'Fifties

When there was an election in Upper Dublin in the 'fifties, men old enough to vote would proceed in the direction of the tavern, where the polls were to be opened. Some went early in the morning, carrying their guns with them, but not for the purpose of shooting the voters who belonged to the party opposed. After voting and sitting around the room for a social chat, the men with guns would tramp over the fields in quest of cotton-tails. All the men, or nearly all the men of the district, would turn out unless it was stormy, while the aged or crippled citizens would wait at home until they were sent for in a market wagon.

Another custom then in vogue, as it is now, was to vote the ticket of the party to which one's grandfather belonged. Men kept on voting for General Jackson and Tippecanoe and Tyler long after these worthies had been laid to rest. In the early 'fifties there were two kinds of voters, Whigs and Loco Focos, but by 1856 most of the Whigs became Republicans, and the Loco Focos became Democrats. The Republicans voted for Fremont and Dayton, while the Democrats voted and shouted for Buchanan and Breckenridge. Even some of the Whigs voted for Buchanan in the belief that their grandfathers had formerly done so.

When the voters reached the tavern they would enter the bar-room where all kinds of liquor flowed freely, some taking their whiskey straight, others ordering lemonade or sarsaparilla with a few ginger cakes on the side. The voting was going on in the adjoining room, much the same as now, except that the ballots were in size about five inches long and two inches wide, while in these days the ballots are

measured by feet rather than inches. When the voter went in to cast his ballot, he would take out of his vest pocket a diminutive bit of crumpled paper containing the names of the candidates of his choice, and he would drop it into one small box placed there to hold all the votes that were offered and then be only half full.

It seems to me that the mammoth sheets, used now for registering what party one's grandfather voted, are intended to keep the voter from casting his ballot for his real choice, and to hoodwink him into voting for the favorite of the political manager who furnishes him the ballot, or to confuse his voting, so that it will be thrown out of the count. Obviously, the new kind of ballot is furnished to the voter, not to enable him to vote for his choice, but really to make his vote more or less of a farce. By afternoon the bar-room would begin to grow more noisy and the liquor would flow more freely. Some doubtful voter would be won over by having his brain befuddled or by being bribed with a hot oyster stew and a few crackers. The voting would continue until nightfall and the counting would be finished long before midnight. It cannot be said that the election was disorderly, only that there were some voters, as now, who would become more or less hilarious, and go home with their guns and bags of rabbits singing and shouting.

Some Literary Efforts

In the summer of 1858, before we went to Norristown to live, Howard M. Jenkins and I conceived the idea of writing a history of the churches of Montgomery county; and when the work was slack on the farms we started out on our mission. I think we left home in August and tramped over the dusty

roads for many days, carrying our knapsacks, just as we did four years later down to the Cumberland valley in search of the presumptuous men from the South who threatened to invade our sacred soil. We had a contract with a county paper for weekly articles at ten dollars each. The agreement was carried out, though I do not know just how far, for the reason that work on the farm compelled me to withdraw from the enterprise before it was fully completed. Howard, being a much better historian, did the writing, while I assisted in gathering the material. That I ever earned any of the ten dollars, I doubt; if so, I am sure that I have none of it now. At least two years before we left our fathers' farms, Howard and I used to write letters to the Norristown papers, some of which the editors had the grace and kindness to publish. The letters I wrote, I am sure, exhibited a callowness and shallowness that ought to have consigned them to the waste basket. Howard wrote much better. He had a great gift of expression, even when a boy, and became not only a successful editor, but a distinguished historian. But by keeping in touch with the Norristown editors we opened the way for one of them to sell his paper to us at a price which seemed reasonable. Later the reader will hear about our entrance into the publishing business in our county town.

Upper Dublin Days Draw to a Close

My boyhood on our Upper Dublin farm is, on the whole, pleasantly remembered. It lasted thirteen years. There was no thought of marriage until several years thereafter, because there was no visible means of supporting a wife. After the original purchase of the farm, father had bought adjacent land, so that he owned one hundred and thirty-six acres in all.

CHILDREN OF THOMAS AND HANNAH ATKINSON
At left, sitting: Emma E. (Mrs. J. Heston Smith), Albert, Mary Anna (Mrs. Howard M. Jenkins). Standing, at left, Wilmer; James Q.

This being divided, James first rented, afterwards purchased eighty acres, and Albert rented and afterwards bought the fifty-six acres containing the original farm buildings. Father and mother lived with him the remainder of their lives.

May I here speak of that rare woman, my mother? She possessed great personal pride; she was self-respecting; in many ways she was unusual. When things were all at sixes and sevens I never heard her scold any one. She was provoked sometimes, of course, but did not bring forth harsh words. When about her work, she talked a great deal and continually made humorous remarks. She saw the funny side of things and that helped her to bear her burdens. She was busy from morning till night. She read the papers when she had time, but seldom books. She was a friend to the slave, to the poor, and to everybody. She must have suffered pain sometimes, but she never let it be known. She had an attack of smallpox, but it was a light one. She never had neuritis, rheumatism, headache, or backache; and to the last she could walk without any marked evidence of great age except feebleness. She was twenty-seven years old when she married; she lived to celebrate her golden wedding anniversary and sixteen years longer. She died in her ninety-fourth year.

"The most wonderful thing in all nature is a mother. Most of all the other beautiful things in life come by twos and threes, by dozens and hundreds; plenty of roses, stars and sunsets, rainbows, brothers and sisters, aunts and cousins, but only one mother in all the wide world."

My father did not belong to a race of such long livers as mother, yet he passed to his reward in his eightieth year. His health was uniformly good up to

the age of seventy-five. He was a hard worker, a great reader, a deep thinker, and a forceful writer. His benevolence was a marked characteristic. He was a good farmer who got along amicably with his hired help. Like his father, he was opposed to all dram-drinking; he never smoked; met his financial obligations with fidelity. He was opposed to slavery, voted the Whig ticket until the party disappeared below the horizon; then he became a Republican, voting for Fremont, then for Abraham Lincoln. He was a good father.

MYSELF AT ABOUT FIFTEEN YEARS OF AGE

MY WIFE—TO BE

CHAPTER IX

BUYING A WEEKLY PAPER, AND CIVIL WAR MEMORIES

My sisters having married and gone away, my brothers settled on the farms. Since teaching school was not a career that I cared to follow, I was ready for something to turn up that would suit my yearnings and give scope to my energies and ambition. That something did turn up.

I learned that a Norristown paper could be purchased for one thousand dollars; and it developed that my friend, Howard M. Jenkins, of the neighboring township of Gwynedd, had a yearning similar to my own. So we each borrowed five hundred dollars of our good fathers and bought the *Norristown Republican* for that sum. This was in the summer of 1862. I remember well with what trepidation I went out to the strawberry patch where father was hoeing to ask him if he would lend me the amount needed. He was evidently surprised, but seemed not unfriendly to the project. The result was that he furnished the money. How he did it I do not know, but he probably borrowed most of it. Howard's father also came to time with the other five hundred dollars. It was June when we conceived this fine idea; but though we were anxious to be off, we could not in fairness leave our homes until the crops were harvested. It was a sizzling hot day in early August when I did my last stunt at farming until many years afterwards. The oats crop was yet to be harvested. Back of the woods I bound sheaves all day and I was nearly overcome with the

heat. The next day I rode up to Howard's, four miles away, and after dinner we started for our new field of endeavor.

I remember that, on reaching a high point overlooking the town, we paused for observation. We could see the roofs of the houses, the steeples of the churches, the tall chimneys of the factories and the shining surface of the Schuylkill river moving below us on its way southward. It was indeed a moment to be remembered—our boyhood life behind us, before us we knew not what. We could not know. The brief time spent on that hill in contemplating the past and wondering about the future was one of the most portentous moments of my life. We entered the town, sought our boarding places, dined, and proceeded to our publishing plant. The weekly edition of the *Republican* was on press and was being printed.

Our printing plant was on the second floor of a grocery store kept by Daniel Longacre, a kindly old gentleman intent on earning and getting all the trade he could. (When a young man of twenty-two speaks of an old gentleman, it does not mean that the gentleman alluded to is really old, but only that he seems so, while, in fact, he may not be over forty-five.) We were well located in one of the best business corners in town, but our entrance was a small door on the side street. The office was in the room where the paper was printed. The furniture of the office was meagre—a couple of desks and three or four chairs. There was no sofa to rest on when we grew tired; weariness was not provided for. In looking around the room I saw a few bundles of paper, a month's supply, which could have been carried up the narrow stairs by the express messenger in one load. There was a large stone on a stand in the

centre of the room used for holding the four-page type forms. When the forms were on the press, the stone was used to hold the papers which were being folded. By the front windows there were cases holding small type for the paper, and there was a lot of large type, some of it wood, for job printing, especially for the printing of posters for farmers' auction sales which we hoped would come our way. Pulling at the hand press such as Franklin used (I really could not tell whether it was or was not the one that the philosopher used) stood John H. Williams, the foreman of the shop. At the cases were Ad. Shrack, who soon joined Lincoln's army, where he was to render heroic service, Dave Markley, red haired and jovial, beyond the military age, and young Munshower, full of energy and gabble. We never had a first-hand view of what this quartette of printers thought of the two farm boys, one of them under age, who had just come to town to show them and the town how a weekly paper ought to be run. It was well we did not. Williams, the foreman, was a brilliant man who became well known as a humorous writer, and later burgess of the borough. He was also the most artistic job printer in the town. Thus equipped, we started as publishers of the *Norristown Republican,* fifty-eight years ago. Including exchanges and copies sent to advertisers, the number of our paper printed was about five hundred.

Before we became well initiated into the work the tocsin of war sounded. The Confederates, having circled around our army, were on a rapid march north. Great excitement prevailed, amounting almost to a panic, among the people everywhere, for there was fear that our state would be invaded. Governor Curtin issued a call for volunteers to in-

tercept the Confederates and make them face the other way. I do not remember how many volunteers answered the call; but I know they made quite a large army, if it could be justly so designated. The new proprietors of the *Republican* joined the ranks, and inside of two weeks were facing the enemy at Hagerstown, Maryland, and were smelling the smoke and listening to the roar of cannon and rifle fire of the great battle of Antietam. But we were ten miles away and got no closer to the conflict. We had been mustered in to defend the state and no provision was made in the governor's call for crossing the line into Maryland. Some members of our regiment were ready, I can hardly say anxious, to obey the colonel's order to march down the pike in the direction of the battle sounds. This willingness to risk the dangers of the combat was far from general in the regiment.

The night following the battle we of the Eleventh Regiment slept on our arms in a clover field on the outskirts of Hagerstown. By next morning the firing down the road had ceased; yet word came to our colonel to have the regiment ready to march at a moment's notice, as McClellan had sent for us. In the afternoon we learned that the danger was over and our services would not immediately be needed. It was then that we hired vehicles, such as were available in the town, and drove post haste to the scene of the great battle. Arriving there we wandered around among the boys in blue who were still living and writing letters to home folks, and among those who had fallen in battle. I have not the figures before me, but as I remember, there were over twelve thousand casualties on the Union side. The tide of invasion was turned back and the Confederates hurried across the Potomac to return the next

summer to create another alarm in our state, and to be turned back once again, and finally, from the rocky ramparts of Gettysburg.

I never knew how much the presence of our regiment at Hagerstown had to do with the decision of General Lee not to venture any further towards Harrisburg and Philadelphia, but to hurry back home. If he had seen the martial fire in our eyes, especially after the battle was over, he certainly would have been dismayed, if not paralyzed. To be sure, we were never drilled in the arts of war, but we were strong for the Union and the honor of our state. In our regiment were a number of Quakers, among them my brother James. Two of my cousins, sons of my aunt Martha and my uncle James, were somewhere in the ranks. Two of my cousins, one aunt Martha's son and the other aunt Mary's, were in the army of the Potomac following the Confederates north. One of them was killed the next summer at Gettysburg and the other died of wounds in an army hospital. Though all of them were members of the Society of Friends, and knew its testimony against war, they were not found wanting when the Union needed defenders.

My cousin Thaddeus Kenderdine was with us in the clover field at Hagerstown, and wrote an interesting account of our experience there as follows: "It was on the afternoon following the battle of Antietam that three Pennsylvania boys of the emergency militia, who had not hesitated to cross the line, were enjoying for a while the hospitality of a Mrs. Kennedy, a loyal woman, in her home in Hagerstown. The lady's kindness was soon well known to Union soldiers. I was one of the trio resting on the Kennedy porch, the other two being young journalists—Wilmer Atkinson and Howard M. Jenkins—

all of us full of discussion, mainly concerning the recent victory and the effect it would have on the pending war. While we were there, the front door opened and a somewhat tall, slender young man came out among us. He had a small, dark mustache and his neck was swathed around with a cloth as if he was being treated for diphtheria. He wore the shoulder straps of a captain, and his home name was Oliver Wendell Holmes, Jr. He was the wounded soldier for whom Doctor Holmes had been looking for days. He was nonchalantly smoking one of the cigars of the country, but how he performed that function, according to the law of pneumatics, with a hole through his neck, was past finding out. I only know that the leaden perforation came near depriving the United States Supreme Court of a valued member, and the Union army of a soldier who further distinguished himself before the war was over. The next day after the battle we had sight of the wounded who could bear transportation in ambulances, and in rude farm wagons. Those whose wounds would admit came on foot. Holmes came in a milk wagon. The wounded came to Hagerstown by hundreds in the early and late morning and lay along the roadside awaiting transportation. The humble dead on the battlefield were being buried where they fell, while those of rank were lying in a sort of state in public buildings."

I well remember meeting and conversing with Holmes at Kennedy's. He was a vivacious chap, twenty-one years old. He was not a small man like his famous father. The New England accent was marked in his speech; he talked freely and had a fine flow of spirits. He had been previously wounded in the breast at Balls Bluff, and the next year, at Fredericksburg, in the foot. He served through the

war in the Twentieth Massachusetts Regiment. He has been judge of the Supreme Court of the United States since 1902, and is as grave and dignified as the rest of them. It would be interesting to see his scars, but it is not supposed that he wears them for show. Young Holmes's father received this dispatch at midnight after the carnage was over at Antietam: "Captain H. wounded, shot through the neck; thought not mortal." At once he started for the front and, a little later, the account of his search, entitled "My Hunt for the Captain," was printed in the *Atlantic Monthly*. The captain was in no hurry to leave Mrs. Kennedy's, so he stayed there for a week until his daddy found him and took him home to be patched up. Mrs. Kennedy was a widow with two sprightly, grown-up daughters, which fact may have induced the captain to linger. It was here father and son met with the salutations: "How are you, boy?" "How are you, Dad?"

On the way home they stopped over in Philadelphia and went to hear Carncross and Dixie's Minstrels. They enjoyed the show, although the night was hot.

The danger of further invasion being averted now, we were ordered home and in due time honorably discharged. Thus we became again "young journalists" ready to support the cause of the Union with the pen instead of the sword. We were soon settled in our new environment and went to work to build up the circulation of the paper. Howard, though not yet of age, was fully competent for the task of editing the paper. It was my duty to get subscribers, to collect arrearages from old ones, and to secure advertisements. For these purposes I travelled over the county persuading those I met to become patrons of the *Republican*. There were no

Henry Fords then, no trolley lines, and we could not afford a horse and carriage. So I went by train to towns and villages and then footed it through the surrounding country. Ours was not the leading paper of the county, being more or less of a novelty in some sections. But I brought in a list of subscribers and some cash every day. At other times I went to Philadelphia and solicited advertising; but as the merchants were so much pestered with solicitations from newspaper men of every degree, there was not much doing for me in that field. However, if I did not receive many orders, I was gaining valuable experience.

The circulation soon began to climb up, I had better say creep up, so that our Franklin press became inadequate for our work—that is, it seemed inadequate, but, in fact, would have answered very well a year or two longer. With the impatience of youth we thought we must have a new press, if we had to borrow the money to pay for it. We did borrow three thousand dollars for the purpose. I cannot remember when the borrowed money was paid back, but we kept the interest settled up somehow. Personally, we lived economically, Howard paying ten dollars a week for board at a hotel, and I six dollars at a friend's house. It made us hop, skip, and jump to meet our paper bills and our payrolls, but we usually came to time on them.

One of the happiest moments of the first year of our new enterprise came to us one day on opening the morning mail. We found, enclosed with a letter, a check for one hundred dollars, signed by Jay Cooke, the banker and financial agent of the government. Jay Cooke owed us nothing, we had done no business with him, and he did not personally know us nor we him. He lived in our county, though,

and doubtless heard that we were upholding the Union cause, and wished to encourage us. We thanked him. Had he known how badly we needed a financial boost, he might have made out his check for one thousand dollars. He never sent us another except in payment for advertising government loans. Jay Cooke did great work in helping Uncle Sam to raise money when he sorely needed it, as Robert Morris did in the Revolution, and as Jacob Barker did in the War of 1812. At the close of the war the Cooke firm failed in financing the Northern Pacific Railroad. I remember reading the brief notice of inability to meet obligations, posted on the front door of Cooke's office on Third Street below Chestnut. One of the finest things Cooke ever did, from the standpoint of the firm of Atkinson and Jenkins, was to mail that one hundred dollar check, which fell like manna upon a famished land. It was a welcome recognition of the strenuous work the *Republican* was doing to help hold Montgomery firm for the Union. Copperheads abounded in the county and had to be watched and scotched. A Copperhead was the name applied to the numerous persons who were more pleased at hearing of Confederate than of Union victories. It was Jay Cooke's grandson of the same name who did such fine work as Food Administrator for Philadelphia and vicinity in 1917–1918, during the stress of the World War.

The firm of Atkinson and Jenkins was getting along very well in the spring of 1863, having largely increased the subscription and advertising patronage —and debts. By June something occurred of a disconcerting nature. Robert E. Lee and his followers had broken loose again and were marching north into Maryland and on into Pennsylvania. Lee had forgotten about our Eleventh Regiment that stood

across his path at Hagerstown the summer before. Governor Curtin made another urgent call for volunteers to defend our threatened commonwealth and drive back the invaders before they should reach Philadelphia.

Again the *Republican* was turned over to the compositors, both members of the firm of Atkinson and Jenkins volunteering, this time in the cavalry branch of the service. Since father had no horse to spare from the farm suitable for military purposes, a neighbor of his offered to lend me his tall, gawky, knock-kneed, four-year-old roan colt. I forget the colt's name, but he and I became close companions and good friends. I shipped him to Harrisburg as quickly as I could obtain transportation and followed by train. I became a private in the ranks of the Wissahickon Cavalry commanded by Captain Samuel Comly, a brother of Frank A. Comly, long president of the North Penn Railroad Company. Captain Comly never had any military training, but we felt that he would get some and were content with that.

I have a letter before me now written by Howard from Camp Curtin, Harrisburg, to his father in Gwynedd, and dated June nineteenth, 1863. Among other things it says: "We shall select our officers this evening and be mustered into the United States service for the emergency some time in the morning. Very soon after that I expect we shall be sent down the Cumberland valley to the scene of our former campaigns, marches, and victories. You can gather a better idea from the daily papers of the condition here than I can write. Besides I shall send a letter to the *Republican* for next week. Wilmer came up last night with six or seven men, but I have persuaded him to go back in the morning to take care

of the paper and this will relieve me of a load of care and trouble. Elijah Thomas brought up with him twenty negroes from Norristown, but General Couch refused to receive them and sent them back the next morning. I must say that you must make some allowances for a slight enlargement and high coloring when the papers speak of our enthusiasm and anxiety for a fight. The militia are not now, as they never have been in times past, anxious for the dangers of the field, though there is no doubt that the most of these men will fight to redeem the state from the enemy's grasp. Last night it rained and our enjoyment was not particularly enhanced thereby. Though we kept reasonably dry in our tents, yet it makes everything so damp and cold that it is impossible to sleep comfortably. I shall have to close this up as I wish to send it down by Wilmer."

There was some mistake about having persuaded me to return to the *Republican* office, for I did not return and I do not remember any conversation with Howard on the subject, though, of course, something must have been said. But since I had taken up several men, and my steed was on the way, I could not very well comply with Howard's wish in the matter. I remember I was eager to remain and share the lot of the others. The Elijah Thomas spoken of was a lawyer with offices both in Philadelphia and Norristown. He was pretty well known as publisher of *Watson's Annals.* It was with his family that I boarded while in Norristown.

Our company was part of the Nineteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry, commanded by Colonel Wynkoop. Besides the commissioned officers, there were in it fifty-eight privates, five sergeants, and eight corporals. We were raw troops, if it is fair, under the circumstances, to call us "troops." We had our

horses, our saddles, our carbines, our sabres, and our spunk, but we were never drilled until we reached the front. We broke camp at Harrisburg and followed a plundering party of the enemy, who had reached Carlisle and shot up part of the town, down the Cumberland valley towards Chambersburg. When we reached Chambersburg we found the enemy had done their work there. This was Colonel Alexander McClure's home town, and we met the colonel amidst the smoking ruins of his beautiful home and had a long chat with him.

After a few days spent at Chambersburg, we pushed on south, spending some days at Greencastle. This was still disputed ground; and when we marched into the place about midnight the citizens were sure that their town was still under rebel rule, but upon discovering their mistake in the morning, they very promptly provided us with a most excellent breakfast. The chief trouble was in procuring forage for our horses, the country having been completely drained of corn and oats by the Confederates. Farmers not only had their grain taken from them but saw it hauled away by their own teams. During the time we were at Greencastle we were on duty scouting, picketing, and foraging. We occasionally came in contact with Confederate pickets which were posted on all of the roads leading to the South. On the sixteenth we passed through Williamsport, halting on the Potomac at Falling Waters. Here the greater part of the Confederate army had crossed two days before, and had left numbers of muskets, broken wagons, and disabled gun carriages, some of them covered with the water of the river into which they had fallen from the pontoons. The Confederates had probably heard that we were coming. The road was still strewed with carcasses of many

horses. On the nineteenth, we went into camp not far from Clear Spring and it was here that we had our first opportunity to drill.

On the twenty-second we were sent on picket duty on the Potomac. I remember having been placed on guard one morning with my knock-kneed colt tethered to a tree. I had to keep watch all day and all night expecting to be relieved in the morning as usual, but I was not. Twenty-four hours was too long for me to keep awake and it was hard work. No relief came until afternoon, but I must not sleep on my post and must watch until relief came. I remember climbing up on a fence so that if I could not keep awake I would fall off and be aroused by the fall. Some owl-eyed member of our troop ought to have been put on such a long watch. However, nothing serious happened, and no enemy appeared.

When we were not doing guard duty, we galloped about the country and did a great deal of riding up long lanes to farmhouses in quest of something to eat, for we were always hungry. The people, both in our state and over the border, were very friendly and never failed to bring out some pie or bread and butter and apple butter. The hard tack Uncle Sam fed us on was something of a joke. We could utilize it for food only when softened in a cup of hot coffee.

While our Wissahickon Cavalry boys were guarding the valley, my cousin Robert Kenderdine was lying wounded, having been shot in the hip in the second day's fight at Gettysburg. As stated by Thaddeus, Robert's father searched several days for his wounded son before hearing of his whereabouts. As soon as he could, the anguished father reached the scene of carnage, travelling in a rude conveyance, in the darkness, on an early July morning,

accompanied by a strange and mysterious dog who left him as strangely as he came when the mission seemed to be over. After another long three miles, the father reached the Third Corps Hospital, where he went from ward to ward every day. Silently but openly, those who, after life's fitful fever was over, slept well, were now and then borne away. At last a voice came across the cot-lined aisles of sick and wounded to the travel-wearied seeker of his son: "Here I am, father!" There was then further recognition, next a wandering of the mind of the wounded soldier towards his home scenes, then a repetition of the words of command and advance which preceded his mortal wound, and then a merciful death. The wound was not necessarily a fatal one, but did not receive attention in time to prevent a fatal issue. Robert was a youth of uncommon talent and wrote poetry of no common order. His father was the man who in 1823, in the upper room of a hotel at the Crooked Billet, stood guard over the kidnappers who stole the black man John, that they might not escape justice for the offense committed (as related in an earlier chapter). He was at that time about the age of his son Robert when the latter surrendered his young life that the Union might be saved and the slaves set free.

After Lee and his legions had gone back to Virginia, followed by General Meade and his army, and all was quiet along the Potomac, our services were no longer needed; and, as we volunteered for the emergency only, we marched back to Harrisburg and were mustered out. By this time we were anxious to get back to business. We loaded our horses on a long freight train bound for Philadelphia. We had the felicity, my companions and myself, of occupying one end of the car in which our

horses were. The weather being very hot and sultry, we were much oppressed inside the car and so climbed up on the roof to rest and sleep. It was much cooler on top, though very dusty, and we became covered with cinders. We had not thought of there being any danger, but it turned out that there was. Before daylight as the long train of freight cars was passing Christiana, an axle of the very car on which we were riding broke. This slanted the roof of the car to one side and nearly pitched us to the ground. We were dozing at the time, but because the train was bumping pretty badly over the sleepers, we were aroused and at once began to scramble down the front end of the car. I do not know how my companions reached *terra firma,* but I tumbled down just outside the track and between the cars, and fortunately escaped with nothing more than some bruises over the ribs. The lunge of the car threw some of the horses against the door and burst it open. Down the horses went over a high embankment into a grassy meadow, where, in the morning, they were seen placidly grazing as if nothing had happened. My knock-kneed colt remained in the car, showing his good sense. Matters were soon fixed up and we went on our way to Philadelphia where we arrived at noon. Then I took the train to my Upper Dublin home and walked over from the station. I nursed my bruises for a week, and then went back to the *Republican* office much refreshed from my military picnic.

I have not much to recall for the next nine months that would be of interest to the reader, not until there came another insistent call for volunteers for the army. During this period I joined the Union League, a secret organization that became quite widespread throughout the North and the border

states and, to some extent, in sections where rebellion prevailed. There were pass words, grips, countersigns, and pledges of fidelity to the Union. Members were sworn in but I, being a Friend, joined by affirmation. Friends are enjoined "to swear not at all." People of this generation have a meagre knowledge of this powerful organization. It never had any connection with the Union Leagues—the social clubs—with which we are now familiar. The membership numbered several hundred thousand. It helped to differentiate Union-loving men in the North from those who were secessionists openly or secretly; but its greatest service was rendered in the border states in enabling Union men to know each other, to stand together, protect their persons and homes, and effectively to defend the Union cause in the most trying period of the war. It supported measures to strengthen the Union army, uphold the draft, elect loyal governors and insure Abraham Lincoln a second term.

It was not hard to pull off our editions on the old Franklin press, but it was weary work to turn the handle of our new press for several hours at a time. It was difficult to find a strong and steady man who would come in twice a week and measure up to requirements. If he was steady he lacked strength; if strong, he was unsteady. Howard and I sidetracked taking turns; we might have run off one week's paper, though for personal reasons we did not even do that.

During the winter of 1863–1864 a German mechanic (whose name I forget, but whom I will call Otto) did some work about our press, and, noticing the dilemma we were in for lack of power, asked me why we did not put in a wheel to be driven by water, the water to be supplied from the city reservoir. He

assured me that a scheme like that was practicable and he knew how it could be done. As we knew him to be a man of ingenuity, we placed confidence in him and engaged him to make a wheel and install machinery that would afford sufficient power to drive our press. So he went to work and by the following spring his wheel and likewise the necessary machinery were ready to be installed. I had some trouble in obtaining permission from the city council to use the water for our purpose, but finally permission was granted. The contraption was set up by the side of the stairway over which we entered the building. The machinery was adjusted and oiled, with belts extending to the press, and the water turned on, and sure enough, Otto was right—the thing would go and it did run the press. But there is a sequel to this.

The spring and summer of 1863 was an anxious one for Union men, though there was much to encourage them. From July first to third, the battle of Gettysburg was fought and won, and on July fourth General Grant sent us the joyous intelligence that Vicksburg had been taken. This meant that the Mississippi river would soon "flow unfettered to the sea." On February first, 1864, a draft for five hundred thousand men was ordered. On March second Grant was appointed to command all the armies of the Union. This act of the President inspired universal confidence. Then soon came, as expected, a forward march on Richmond and the terrific "Battle of the Wilderness." By June fifth Grant's army was before Petersburg, and Sherman's in Georgia, near Atlanta, was preparing for the march to the sea. In July the Confederates, under Early, raided Maryland and Pennsylvania, and a little later set fire to Chambersburg.

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Not being quite satisfied with the way things were going and wishing to do my part, I again relinquished the printing office with the idea that it was about time to give secession its quietus. I was hit by the draft, but employed a substitute, which cost six hundred dollars. Then I brought to Norristown a squad of Upper Dublin farm boys full of martial ardor. We all enlisted and were mustered into the service of the United States, ready to obey the orders of our superior officers. We formed part of Company G, One Hundred and Ninety-seventh Volunteer Infantry, and went into camp near Ridge Avenue in an open space belonging to Colonel Singerly of the *Philadelphia Record*. In a few weeks we were on our way south. From the fact that I had been in the service before and from the partiality of my recruits, I was elected a commissioned officer and, thereafter until mustered out, wore the shoulder straps of a second lieutenant.

I fail to remember the precise route we took to reach the place where we were to meet the Confederates, but I think we went by the P. W. & B. Railroad to Baltimore. I know we stopped in that city for one or two nights. The first night was spent in the open street market house; the floor on which we tried to sleep was of brick, damp and cold, and a shrill wind whistled over our heads. The night was long, but squealing rats made music for us. They pranced around all through the night and seemed to have a more joyful time than we had. The next day we went into camp a few miles out in the country and here we remained for, I think, about two weeks. We spent much of this time in drilling.

Of course, we had no idea what our destination was to be, but we wanted to get away and do something. The order at last came. We believed it to be

CIVIL WAR RELICS

The author rode the saddle in the Gettysburg campaign, but was not in the battle; he wore the sword and carried the knapsack in 1864, affording an opportunity for Sherman to march safely through Georgia; the cap is the G. A. R. headpiece such as Union soldiers wore from Bull Run to Appomattox.

the desire of General Grant that our regiment should take part in the contemplated general forward march aimed at the destruction of the military power of the Confederacy. But the general's plans seemed to have failed this time, and we were instead ordered to go at once to Rock Island, Illinois, on the Mississippi river, opposite Davenport, Iowa, to take command of a prison camp. We gave nearly all our time until mustered out to this service.

We went from Baltimore on freight cars direct to Chicago. In these cars there were no mattresses, nor feather beds, nor down pillows to sleep on, but we had soft, pine boards and were thankful they were not hard oak. The trip took two days and it was irksome. The track was not so smooth as it is now, and we were jostled about a good deal. On arriving at Chicago we camped out on the lake front for one or two days and then took a train for Rock Island before we had time to purchase any lake-front lots. Among my recruits in Company G was my brother Albert, then eighteen years of age.

The camp of Confederate prisoners which we were to guard was on a wooded island, a portion of which was covered with a thick mass of underbrush. I had heard that if one attempted to go through, he would be apt to go around in a circle and get lost. The prisoners were in a pen about eight hundred feet square, surrounded by an elevated platform on which our soldiers kept guard, walking up and down day and night. The prisoners were housed in barracks in the centre of the enclosure and were given plenty of excellent food. They were getting fat. A few feet inside of our platform was a slight fence called the dead line. No prisoner was permitted to cross that line. While our regiment was on guard no prisoner escaped, none made the attempt to do

so, and none was shot. It is a fact to be noted that prisoners are more afraid of boys than they are of men. Boys will shoot on less provocation and with less judgment.

As I look back, it seems probable that we were recruited and mustered into the service for the express purpose of relieving seasoned veterans from guard duty that they might go to the support of the armies fighting under Sherman and Thomas in Tennessee and Georgia, and might help to set the stage for the famous march to the sea. Lincoln knew his business.

Rock Island was not a healthful place when we were there. Malaria prevailed among the boys and about nine o'clock each morning the quinine squad would meander along, with blankets over their shoulders, towards the doctor's office. Later they would return at the same slow rate of speed. My brother Albert was one of the victims of the prevailing malady, and was so sick that I wrote to father that he had better come and take him home. This father did.

Mosquitoes abounded throughout the island and also wood-ticks—other insects, too. There was a small, brown insect, quite plentiful, not visible in the daytime, but much in evidence at night. Speaking correctly it was *cimex lectularius*. It is told that some of these insects have been known to live for six years without food, so it would be just to conclude that, after we left the island in November, they stayed right on to this day and remained alive—I am judging from the amount of food they obtained from us while we were boarding with them. They were pretty thick in the officers' barracks and were even found in our soup and our pie. This I did not like. It was more or less nauseating. Another in-

sect abounded of the genus *pediculum* which was wingless, had a flattened, almost transparent body, and short legs which terminated in claws adapted for taking hold of hair or feathers. These insects were very numerous and very industrious. We did not call them cooties. They probably invaded our soup and pies, too, but I am not sure of that.

While at Rock Island I voted for Abraham Lincoln for a second term.

During our stay at Rock Island, in the early days of October, I received a letter from Howard saying that an offer had been made by our competitors of the *Herald* and *Free Press* that we combine the papers. Howard further offered to buy my interest in the *Republican*. It seemed that our estimable contemporaries had taken notice of our efforts to push the *Republican* to the front, and had wisely determined to invite my partner into their concern so as to render his rare editorial ability available in their enterprise. I fully recognized the fact that the field could more economically be occupied by one paper than two. As I was offered twenty-five hundred dollars for my interest in the *Republican* I wrote an acceptance. I was not willing to stand in the way of this wholesome change. Under date of October seventh three notices appeared simultaneously in both papers, in substance as follows: "The partnership, heretofore existing between Wills and Iredell, is hereafter dissolved by mutual consent, signed, Morgan R. Wills and Robert Iredell, Jr. Also the partnership, heretofore existing in the publication of the *Republican*, under the name of Atkinson and Jenkins, is hereafter dissolved by mutual consent, signed: Wilmer Atkinson and Howard M. Jenkins. Also the undersigned have associated together under the name of Wills, Iredell, and Jenkins for the purpose of con-

tinuing the publication of the *Herald* and *Free Press* and the *Norristown Republican,* this association to take effect on and after October eighth, 1864, signed, Morgan R. Wills, Robert Iredell, Jr., and Howard M. Jenkins." Young Iredell was with us in the Antietam campaign and wanted to be ordered down to the battle in order to give Lee's army a knockout blow. He and I slept under the same blanket in the clover field.

There was other startling intelligence conveyed in Howard's letter—that Otto's wonderful water power had come to grief. When it was turned on and the press began to grind out the first issue, it made a terrific racket that so startled the customers below in the grocery store of Daniel Longacre, our landlord, that they fled in terror fearing the building was tumbling down. Longacre's nerves were so shattered in consequence that he begged Howard to take the thing out and never start it up again. Of course there was nothing to do but to comply. It had cost over three hundred dollars.

Our term of enlistment being up in November, we were ordered home and went into camp on a hill overlooking the Schuylkill river opposite the spot where Lafayette crossed in his hurried retreat from Barren Hill in 1777 with a large part of the British army trying to surround and trap him. Here on November nineteenth we were mustered out. Thus ended my military service, such as it was, in the war for the Union. I have always been glad that I never killed anybody or even had occasion to aim at anyone with an intent to kill or wound. This killing of human beings is a horrible business. The thought of it is revolting to me. In due time I became a member of the G. A. R. and I have a feeling of pride in wearing the button. A pension was granted me,

but I have never felt that I could receive it for myself, so I have never kept a dollar of it, but have given it to my family with the stipulation that it all be given to some worthy cause.

Now that I have finished my narrative of my inconsequential connection with the army of the Union and have made mention of the fact that I was then, as I am now, a member of the Society of Friends that has, from the time of its founder George Fox, borne a testimony against war, I deem it proper to explain what seems to be an inconsistent attitude. The Friends' Book of Discipline exhorts all its members: "To uphold and adhere faithfully to our ancient testimony against wars and fightings and in no way to unite with any war-like measures, either defensive or offensive." It further recommends to "the deep attention of its members that they be religiously guarded against approving of, or participating in, military operations or paying taxes levied for the express purpose of war."

I am deeply impressed with the truths of this testimony against war, and yet there are times when it seems necessary to engage in a forceful defense of sacred rights, when such rights are imperilled—as they were from 1861 to 1865 by those who would extend the system of human slavery throughout all the nation. That was indeed a time of trial. Elderly Friends had been for years helping slaves to escape from their masters; they held a militant attitude towards the system of slavery, vehemently condemning slaveholders in season and out of season; and, when war was forced upon the free states and Lincoln's Proclamation of Emancipation was issued, what else could they do but invest in Chase's Five-twenty and Seven-thirty Bonds for financing the war, and at least not discourage their sons from

going to fight? Friends in the World War did not find it so compelling to engage in actual war, for there was a call for peaceable service in binding up the wounds of stricken Europe and helping to restore the homes of the victims of the most cruel war of history. That was a noble service nobly performed.

As to the part taken by me in the Civil War, I may say that I regret that I was compelled to act contrary to the Friends' Book of Discipline. I would gladly have arbitrated the questions in dispute with Jefferson Davis, but he was not disposed to this method of settling the differences. The most I can say in the way of apology and in extenuation is that I will never go to war again.

CHAPTER X

DAILY JOURNALISM IN DELAWARE

THE removal to Wilmington to start a daily paper in a community which was wholly new to us and to which we were strangers marks a distinct epoch in the lives of two ambitious journalists, four years from their fathers' farms in another state. At the time we had definitely decided upon the enterprise, I was twenty-six years old and my partner two years my junior. We had no capital except what we borrowed, and not much of that, but we seemed to have plenty of ginger. Neither of us knew an individual in Wilmington. As early as convenient we went down to find boarding places, to look over the field, and to give our enterprise a start. I think this was in August.

We rented the second floor of a building next door to the city hall, in which councils met and where magistrates sat to dispense and disperse justice. The location was desirable and as good as any that was available. There we installed a new steam-power press capable of running off our daily editions. We made provision for a future large gain in circulation.

The next thing was to canvass the town for subscribers. It was my province to do this. Even before I had fairly started, I learned that a canvass for subscribers to a new daily paper had been made by a Yankee man whose name was Senter. I never knew who sent him nor why he was sent. He had been at work for three months, and had obtained about one thousand names. We had never counted

on such competition and had made no provision for it. It was our plan to introduce daily journalism into the State of Delaware, and here was a man who had got three months' start of us with the idea. Have you never noticed that, whenever a bright idea comes into your head, some other fellow has the same thought burrowing in his cranium? How many an inventor has worked out an idea (which was to revolutionize the world and make the inventor rich), and presented it to mankind only to find that some other ingenious fellow had gone a few lengths ahead?

The news that Senter occupied the field ahead of us was indeed disconcerting. While there was room in Wilmington for one daily paper there was not room for two. We soon learned that the Yankee man had no money of his own with which to found a daily journal, nor could he obtain capital from any source. In fact, while the people of the town were anxious to have a daily started, few believed that Senter was the right man for the enterprise, because he did not inspire confidence as a person of capacity in that line. This proposal to establish a daily had been for many weeks the talk of the town, and when it was learned that two young journalists had come down from Philadelphia bent on that mission, the way opened for our procedure. But we did not think it fair to crowd the man out after all his labor in canvassing, so we proposed to buy his subscription list. We offered him one thousand dollars to vacate and turn over his lists to us; and this, I think, he was glad to do. I took him up to Philadelphia and handed him one thousand dollars at the Farmers' and Mechanics' Bank on Chestnut Street below Fifth and bade him good-bye. We never saw or heard of him more. Had we ignored him and ruthlessly tried to freeze him out without any compensation, we

should have felt that our enterprise had started under a cloud, and this we could not afford or allow. If not always just, I always try to be.

We had other troubles and plenty of them. For one thing we were pinched for capital and the only financial aid we could count on at that time was that of the same generous parents whose credit enabled us to engage in business in Norristown. We tried to get along with as little financial help as possible. The business men of the city showed their friendliness from the first. Everybody seemed interested in our enterprise. The people wanted a daily paper and stood ready to support one. We, for our part, soon got Delawarized and felt at home. We decided to call our paper the *Wilmington Daily Commercial*, and made preparations to issue the first number on October first, 1866.

On that day, in the afternoon, the first daily ever published in the State of Delaware was printed on our new press, sold at two cents a copy on the streets of Wilmington and delivered to subscribers at twelve cents a week all over the city. Any good guesser would not go far afield in guessing that about that time the new firm of Jenkins and Atkinson was very busy. It continued to be so for the next ten years.

Following are the brief words which appeared on the editorial page of the first issue of the first daily newspaper ever published in the State of Delaware:

"We commence, this day, the publication of the *Wilmington Daily Commercial*. We thereby fill what we believe to have been a long-existing deficiency, and supply a demand which the great interests of this growing city have now made imperative.

"We enter upon the field with the intention to

spare no pains nor labor in doing full justice to its requirements. We aim to publish

"1. A Newspaper;

"2. A Live Newspaper;

"3. An outspoken and honest Newspaper, independent of trammels or influence which would impair our efficiency as public journalists, or injure our value as faithful laborers in the cause of Human Progress.

"Wherever there is work to be performed in advancing the business enterprises of our fellow citizens, and pushing forward the common interests of the community, we ask to be called upon. Our hand and voice shall not be withheld.

"To the many friends who have so cordially patronized the outset of our undertaking, we return our sincere thanks, trusting that the future will justify their action."

At the time we went into the business in Wilmington, the city had a population of thirty thousand, or said it had. It is a curious fact that the people of a town nearly always exaggerate when they speak of its population. Why, I don't know. We were told also that Philadelphia was twenty-eight miles away. I think this was correct then, but Philadelphia is considerably nearer now. Both cities have expanded their outskirts and thus have come closer to each other. Wilmington for the most part is located between the Christiana and the Brandywine creeks, just before they unite and flow into the Delaware river. The principal railroad is the P. W. & B. which extends from Philadelphia to Baltimore. The Delaware Railroad, extending south from end to end of the little state and into Maryland, connects with the P. W. & B. at Wilmington. Both roads now belong to the Pennsylvania system. In the Civil War the

P. W. & B. was the great artery of travel between New England, New York, and eastern Pennsylvania and the South. Over this line the Union soldiers poured in a constant stream on their mission to save the Union from those who would destroy it.

A Word About Wilmington

The main street of the city is called Market Street and, in 1866 and for several years thereafter, the farmers came into town on Tuesday and Friday mornings and lined their wagons up for half a mile along this street, with the rear of the wagons at the curb. By one or two o'clock they would open out their tempting loads of produce fresh from the farm. This produce-bazaar remained open until night-fall and then in the morning reopened, and the farmers continued selling until noon or a little later. Usually the wagons were manned by women; sometimes the husbands would come along to sell and to care for the teams. They sold eggs for twenty cents a dozen, none of which came from cold storage, and they sold butter at about thirty cents a pound. The butter was just as good as that which is now being sold at one dollar. There was nothing in the eating line, produced on farms within ten miles of the city, that was not displayed in this market and sold at a price that would make a present-day housewife dance for joy.

There were also two market houses, one extending for a block on Second Street, the other for three or four blocks along Fourth Street. They were much frequented by a well-known magistrate, remarkable for his great physical corporation and genial disposition. He was an old-timer. I don't know what his weight was, but it may have been over two hundred and fifty pounds. He adminis-

tered the law with fairness, and many cases were brought to him for adjudication. He was wonderful as a banqueter, for he could dispose of as much food as any other citizen, though it was said and believed by some, that a very slender man of about the same age could go him some better at the banquet table. The question would sometimes be put to a test and the victory, as likely as not, would be declared in favor of the slim man, of whom it was said that he began at his boots to fill up and continued as long as it was necessary to vanquish his rival. Both of these were well-known characters in the town. They are long since dead. Peace to their ashes!

Wilmington was at that time a great manufacturing centre. Ships, railroad cars, locomotives, car wheels, shoes, paper, carriages and leather were manufactured there. A few miles up the Brandywine stream were located du Pont's great powder works, established before the Revolutionary War. There were in the city five national banks and several trust companies, but there was no good hotel. To-day there is one hotel, the du Pont, than which there is no larger or finer in any city of equal size in the country. It is owned by the powder men. Many of the offices of professional and business men occupy a section of the vast structure.

There was a daily line of steamboats to Philadelphia all through the spring, summer and fall. In winter, the Christiana being frozen over, the boats were laid by. I do not remember the names of all the boats, but I recall that one, the *Eliza Hancock,* sometimes favored us with reduced fares. When the *Hancock* was put on, the round-trip tickets to Philadelphia were reduced from fifty cents to twenty-five cents. Then it was that the women of the town were full of joy. They filled both boats every day

going to Philadelphia to shop, and going for a day's ride on the river. Many Philadelphians, on the other hand, would come down for an outing in one of the boats and return in the evening by train. But the merchants of Wilmington did not favor low fares that would carry their customers to a neighboring city. It was an interesting sight—the women coming off the boats in the evenings loaded down with goods bought in the Philadelphia stores. It is said that sometimes a wash-boiler formed part of the exhibit.

At the time we located in Wilmington, the famous abolitionist, Thomas Garrett, still lived there. He was on the main line of the underground railroad, and was its most active and enterprising agent. He was directly instrumental in helping hundreds of fugitive slaves on the way to freedom. He carried on with the utmost fearlessness, and several times got into the clutches of the law. He was often fined large sums, but these did not budge him. It is said of him that he lost his fortune when sixty years old, started again in business and continued until he had acquired another fortune, and died well off.

As I went to Wilmington in the summer of 1866, one year after the close of the Civil War, the city was full of returned soldiers. There were hundreds of privates and a number of officers—colonels, majors, captains, lieutenants and non-coms. They were settling themselves in business and in the professions and came to do a full share, if not more than a full share, in ruling the town.

There was a negro quarter where most of the negroes lived, many of whom were intelligent, industrious and worthy citizens. When it came to election time, after the vote was granted them, they

only knew one party to vote for, and that was the one to which Abraham Lincoln had belonged. One year I was nominated and elected to the school board of my district, and this was accomplished by the aid of the colored vote. I served one term only, for I was never a success either in climbing into office or staying in. Delaware had two United States senators and one congressman, and one governor; Wilmington had a mayor. No one ever suggested me for any one of these offices, or if they did I never heard of it. My partner attended to the politics of the firm, and was quite active, always on the side of those who wanted to improve conditions. This side was usually in the minority.

There were a great many Quakers in Wilmington and they formed probably one of the most influential classes in the town. They were leaders in manufacturing and in mercantile lines, and predominated in the banking business. Of course, being members of the sect, we were soon enabled to feel at home in our new environment.

No more intelligent, progressive and sociably agreeable people than the citizens of Wilmington, when we went there, could be found anywhere in America. After ten years of contact with the young journalists from Philadelphia they may have deteriorated. I forbear expressing any opinion as to that.

Marriage

After the urge of getting our enterprise well started, I found that there was something lacking. I had a feeling of loneliness. My thoughts often turned to the gentle lady I had left in Philadelphia. I now occasionally visited at grandmother Ellis's, but that was not like going six or seven times a week. Especially on Sunday, when not busy at the office,

FOUR GENERATIONS

Reading from left to right, Anna Allen, my future wife, at five years of age; "Grandmother Ellis," Elizabeth J. Allen, Elizabeth J. Woolley.

I missed those visits. I had not inquired of the lady's parents whether I might have her for keeps or not, but simply assumed that they were willing. Anxious I knew they were not, for she was the only child left at home, both boys having gone away several months before. Besides, she was the only daughter. There must be a streak of meanness somewhere in any man who will take away an only daughter to a distant city with the intention of retaining her and abiding with her indefinitely.

I braced up and resolved to know the worst or the best and to ask father and mother Allen if Anna and I might soon be married. Father assured me that I was acceptable, but asked whether we had not better wait long enough to see how our new enterprise turned out. I inwardly felt that that was a sensible inquiry. But, nevertheless, without delay we fixed the time for our wedding in the following month of November. Sometimes one can hear words spoken that make no impression, and this was one of the times. Could there be any doubt of the success of the *Wilmington Daily Commercial?* Oh, no! So cards and invitations were engraved and sent out to our near relatives announcing that the proposed wedding would take place on November twenty-eighth, 1866, less than two months after the first copy of the *Commercial* had been issued.

The ceremony was to take place in the evening at seven-thirty o'clock. The morning was wet, but towards evening the weather cleared and grew cold. Before noon I went to the barber's and had my hair cut. At that time I had more hair on my head than I have now, and it was not of so light a shade. The ceremony was to be performed according to the order of the Society of Friends. We had passed Meeting before that. I mean that at our request a

committee of the Meeting had been appointed to inquire into our freedom from other engagements, as to whether we were of suitable age and had our parents' consent, and as to whether our characters were such as would justify the proposed union. The committee reported favorably to the Meeting, the proposal was approved and a clerk wrote a minute to that effect. All proposals for the marriage of Friends are subject to such searching inquiries. We had no minister nor mayor nor magistrate present, that not being deemed necessary in marriages of Friends. Instead, four members of our Meeting, two of each sex, called overseers, were present to see that all went off according to the good order of the Society. They were to make a report to the Meeting, of which report a minute was made. Besides the overseers, there were six aides who were then called waiters. The overseers, the waiters, the relatives and the bride and bridegroom being present, the reading of the Certificate of Marriage was next in order. I give the above details because many readers of my narrative may not know how Quakers are married and the account may, therefore, be of interest.

CERTIFICATE OF MARRIAGE

OF

WILMER ATKINSON AND ANNA ALLEN

WHEREAS WILMER ATKINSON of the City of Wilmington in the State of Delaware, Son of Thomas Atkinson of Upper Dublin Township, Montgomery County, and State of Pennsylvania, and Hannah his wife: And ANNA ALLEN, Daughter of Samuel Allen of Philadelphia, in the State of Pennsylvania, and Elizabeth J. his wife, having proposed Marriage with each other before a Monthly Meeting of the

Religious Society of Friends held at Green Street in the City of Philadelphia, aforesaid, and having consent of parents their said proposal of Marriage was allowed of by said Meeting.

NOW THESE ARE TO CERTIFY whom it may concern, That for the full accomplishment of their said proposal this Twenty-eighth day of the Eleventh month, in the year of our Lord One thousand eight hundred and Sixty-six they, the said WILMER ATKINSON & ANNA ALLEN, appeared in a Meeting of relatives and friends at the house of Samuel Allen, aforesaid, and the said WILMER ATKINSON taking the said ANNA ALLEN by the hand, did, on this solemn occasion, openly declare, that he took her, the said ANNA ALLEN, to be his Wife, promising, with DIVINE ASSISTANCE, to be unto her a loving and faithful HUSBAND until death should separate them, and then, the said ANNA ALLEN did in like manner declare that she took him, the said WILMER ATKINSON, to be her Husband, promising with DIVINE ASSISTANCE to be unto him a loving and faithful Wife until death should separate them. AND MOREOVER they, the said WILMER ATKINSON & ANNA ALLEN (she according to the custom of Marriage assuming the name of her Husband), did, as a further confirmation thereof, then and there to these present set their hands.

WILMER ATKINSON,
ANNA A. ATKINSON.

AND WE whose names are also hereunto subscribed, being present at the solemnization of the said Marriage and subscription, have as Witnesses thereto, set our hands, the day and year above written.

(Signed by all present.)

I think my readers will agree with me that the knot was in this way effectually tied—not simply a bow knot, but a knot meant never to come loose.

The proceedings as described above were prescribed by the founders of the Society two hundred and fifty years ago, and are substantially the same now as in the beginning. It must not be inferred that I consider this method of procedure better than that where ministers in churches officiate; I am only giving information. Marriage services in churches are impressive and most beautiful and beyond just criticism.

It is the custom in these days to punish the bride with costly presents in which many articles are duplicated several times over. It was not so then. Anna was favored in receiving only a few inexpensive, useful gifts, all of which could be placed at one time on a moderate-sized table. All were such as she could use, and all but four have been in use for over fifty years. That seems better than to have nine presents out of every ten never used, or sent to a storage house for safe keeping, or stolen by burglars.

We had no extensive wedding journey planned but remained at the house until next day. Then we went, with grandmother Ellis, father and mother Allen and the waiters, to Upper Dublin to visit my parents. We stayed there until next morning. This was all the wedding journey we had until two or three years later when we paid a flying visit to Washington.

Anna and I proceeded the second day after our marriage to Wilmington where we took up our residence for ten years. Howard had married my sister, Mary Anna, a year earlier, and at this time was keeping house on Market Street, in a dwelling which stood on the spot where now is the du Pont Hotel.

The house was of brick of the Philadelphia pattern, but its walls had been badly shattered by the famous powder wagon explosion which occurred a few years before. Enormous cracks had been made in the walls which let in vast volumes of cold air, for it was now winter, and a cold winter. Our room was on the second floor front. The biggest crack was in our room and we had only a little wood stove. When the weather was warm we had no trouble, but when it was cold we shivered. Just who started the fires on early, cold mornings I forget, but I do know that Anna had her feet frosted that winter. It has never been authoritatively decided whose place it is to get up first on chilly mornings; but until such decision is rendered it is well to let the wife perform that function, especially if she insists upon doing so. It is so cozy and warm in bed that it is hard for a husband to have to get out on the cold floor before he has to. Woman is the queen of the home.

I was not long in finding out that I had made a good selection of a partner. In fact, I knew what I was about from the start. I have always felicitated myself on my good judgment in this matter, if the reader will pardon my vanity. I confess that the other sex has no monopoly of this vice, notwithstanding that ribbons, laces, feathers, face powders, silk stockings, mirrors and high-heeled shoes are so much in evidence in their case.

I may mention here that Charles F. Jenkins, my nephew, my sister Mary Anna's oldest son, and my successor as editor of the *Farm Journal,* learned to walk in this powder-shattered house. When he found out for the first time that he could do it, he had made a wonderful discovery, and Anna saw him take that first step. Rising to his feet and seizing a blue tumbler containing water, he marched across

the room and poured the water into a scrap basket. That was the first time he walked and the first time he poured water into a scrap basket. Now he has beside his desk in the *Farm Journal* office a very large scrap basket into which he dumps all anonymous and watery contributions.

Later I will tell about our going to housekeeping and of our wedding journey to Washington.

Back Again to Work

Our Wilmington enterprise was started at an unfavorable time, for the trade of the country was far from being on a specie basis. I do not remember what the discount on paper money was, but, two years before, a gold dollar had been worth two paper dollars. So in October, 1866, we were facing a gradual but very slow and wearing return to specie payment. This process of getting down upon solid ground continued during all the ten years that I did business in Wilmington. The Black Friday panic in Wall Street, New York, took place in September, 1869; this was followed by a general financial panic in September, 1873; and it was not until January first, 1879, two years after I left Wilmington, that specie payment was resumed. Fortunes in business were not easily made during that period. It required steady nerves to stand up cheerfully against falling prices and restricted business, but I do not recall that we were worried about conditions. We must have been always hoping and expecting that the next year would show a change for the better.

In two years we were compelled to seek other quarters for our publication; and, after some search, we found a corner property than which there was none in the city better for our purpose. This we bought for twelve thousand dollars, but I cannot

remember that we paid cash for it; indeed, we could not have done so, for there was a large mortgage against it when we returned to Philadelphia. After moving, we considerably enlarged our job-printing facilities. We were then prepared to do as prompt and artistic printing as any other office in town. This branch of the business expanded rapidly, and there was profit in it. We soon began to publish a city directory, the only one, and we continued this until the end of our term at Wilmington. There was profit in the directory, too. I remember that I did the first convassing of the city myself in order to learn how it could best be done so I might instruct others. Following the city directory, we published a state directory, showing the places of residence and the post office addresses of all inhabitants of the state.

In order to extend our daily circulation down the state we bought the right to sell newspapers on the trains of the Delaware Railroad. This concession included the privilege of selling magazines, books, confections and peanuts from Wilmington down to the tip end of the state. There was more profit in the peanut trade than in all the others combined. Our boy sold a bushel or two on every trip. By this method we introduced the *Commercial* into all the towns along the line, but we could not reach the country people with our daily, so we soon began the publication of a weekly which we called the *Delaware Tribune*. I put canvassers all over the state and soon obtained a fair circulation. I have before me a receipt given to H. C. Larned, dated November twenty-seventh, 1868, "for six months' subscription to the *Delaware Tribune*, $1." At the top of the billhead I read:

"The *Daily Commercial*, the only daily in this city and state."

"The *Delaware Tribune* will soon reach a circulation of 5000 copies."

"One of the best appointed printing offices in the county."

The promise that the *Delaware Tribune's* circulation would soon reach five thousand was too highly colored. It never did.

Our printing office, however, remained at the head of the printing business in Wilmington. Sometime in the sixties a grand opera house was built in Wilmington, and thereafter we had plays and operas almost every night during the winter season. The foreman of our printing office, Frank C. Ferris, obtained a diagram of the seats of the house, and the printing of numbered tickets for entertainments of all kinds then came our way. So satisfactory was this service to theatre managers that they urged us to obtain diagrams of theatres all over the country and promised to send orders for tickets wherever they went. This did result as promised and there was large profit in the work. In order to do this work economically, Ferris—a very ingenious fellow—invented a special numbering press for the purpose. Ferris later became a member of our firm, purchasing part or all of my interest, and giving a life insurance policy as security. Most of the cash he had was needed in the further development of the business.

Our new office was at the corner of Fifth and Market Streets. There was a large store on the Market Street front which we rented out. We occupied the corner with frontage of about ten feet on Market Street. The presses were in the cellar around on Fifth Street. Soon after we moved there I had an enormous sign painted with the legend "*Wilmington*

Daily Commercial." It must have been five feet wide and forty feet long and was fastened along at the top of the building where it was exposed to tornadoes that passed over our city, so that I was always afraid it would blow down. It was well braced when put up, but every once in a while I would have it newly anchored, so as to quiet apprehension as to its safety and as to the security of the crowd of humanity passing below. I never knew of its blowing down, but as it was put up over fifty years ago I suppose it has gone the way most big signs go.

If the reader supposes that we had an easy time floating our enterprise through all financial breakers between 1866 and 1877 he has the privilege of another guess. To start with we had scarcely any capital except what we had borrowed, and there was constant demand for increased funds to carry on, to meet competition, and to push forward our enterprise. Having become well known to the leading business men of the town, who wanted their one daily paper to prosper, we never asked for financial assistance without its being obtained from some friendly source. There were five national banks in the town and I had notes running in every one of them, more than one in some. Our company's promises to pay were always made good; no note the firm signed ever went to protest, but we did not depend on the Wilmington banks. I borrowed money from the Consolidation National Bank of Philadelphia and the National Bank of Germantown; nor was this all the borrowing I did, for a number of merchants on Market Street from Second to Ninth loaned us cash to meet our obligations in banks, and to pay salaries and paper bills. I had not fewer than twenty of these generous friends on my list. Looking back to those borrowing times it

seems almost a miracle that the credit of the firm of Jenkins and Atkinson remained sound during the ten years we were in Wilmington. Yet it did. We were never near the breaking point or, if we were, we did not know it. We had lots of good fun as we went along. Why need we worry?

I recall that the *Commercial,* soon after its inception, began to print editorials against that archaic Delaware institution, the whipping-post, for at every session of the county court held at Newcastle, extending as far back as the memory of the oldest inhabitant goes, the jail yard was the scene of a public whipping of convicted criminals. The sheriff with the cat-o'-nine-tails did the whipping. I saw this performance once, when the victims were negroes. Their backs were bared and the number of strokes were laid on as the law required and the court ordered. The strokes seemed to be very light, yet they made visible welts in the skin and sometimes blood flowed. Preceding an occasion of this kind, Howard invited a number of reporters down from Philadelphia to witness the spectacle. Several came; among them, I remember, was Charles Heber Clark, who became quite famous as tariff champion and author of humorous books. The Philadelphia scribes came to our office for a chat, and then we all went over to Newcastle together. This whipping was fully written up in our paper and in all the Philadelphia dailies represented. We were in hopes that the barbaric custom would give way under these assaults. When it did not, we kept on pounding. But the people of Delaware are deeply impressed with the idea that, being so near large cities, the state might be invaded and overrun by criminals were it not for the terror the cat-o'-nine-tails inspires. The whipping-post remains an institution of

the "Blue Hen's Chicken" (a pet name for Delaware), of which many of the people are proud. Not all citizens approve, but enough do to insure its continuance.

Besides the two railroads which received earlier mention—the P. W. & B. and the Delaware—two new ones were built; one, the Wilmington and Reading, running northeast to Reading, Pennsylvania, and the other, the Wilmington and Western, extending to Landenburg on the Pennsylvania Railroad. The *Commercial* was an active, and I believe an effective, factor in helping to put through these undertakings. We wanted the roads built. The lines stretched out through a rich farming country and joined with the Pennsylvania and Reading systems, and we knew that our city needed them for full development. It was fine to be able to help as we did in all such enterprises that would benefit our adopted city.

In my youth I was not infrequently afflicted with boils and carbuncles. I never enjoyed them, although I was told that they were useful as blood purifiers. I had a pretty bad one after we moved over to Fifth and Market Streets. It was on my face, and visible to callers and passers-by even at a distance. As I stuck to my office work and as I was on a very public corner, I had many inquiries about my affliction—some serious, some jocose, but all to be answered in some way. "What's the matter?" was fired at me forty times in the course of the morning and as many times in the afternoon. Business men on the way down town in the mornings would stop and talk about my carbuncle and stop again in the evening to take a look at me and ascertain how I was faring, and perhaps crack a few jokes by way of alleviating my pain. Bank clerks would stop on the way to bank and converse on the topic.

One person would tell his own experience with a similar face decoration, another would tell of a cousin who died from a facial excrescence like mine. I was many times warned to be careful, was many times advised to go see Doctor Blank, and to go home and go to bed. In the meantime, I was suffering more than I was willing to admit. That carbuncle of mine became the sensation of the town and to add to the public interest I wrote about it in the *Commercial,* telling my experiences with those who called on me and the things they said, both of a soothing and of an alarming nature. I recounted humorous remarks made to me and the variety of admonition extended. I enjoyed being the centre of so much public concern, and I said that when the next carbuncle should invade my person, no matter where located, I would issue an invitation for all citizens to drop in for a talk. The abscess healed and the excitement died down shortly after that.

I never took any part in the political end of the *Commercial's* business. Howard attended to that. In all American cities there exist political cliques, concerned sometimes for the advancement of wholesome public measures, but always interested in the division of public offices after the turnover at an election. Delawareans seemed to be thus interested in political affairs, and naturally the only daily paper was often plunged into the boiling political pot. Howard was honest, fearless and strenuous; so, of course, the *Commercial* did not hesitate to act with one of the factions. *Life's* noted writer, "E. S. M.," designates those who are trying to secure improvements in the body politic as Celestials, and those who are principally after the loaves and fishes as Carnals. Howard naturally belonged with the Celestial group, and for this reason was brought

into frequent political conflicts. The rows always eventuated when nominations were to be made for public offices, and grew fiercer still as soon as the election was over. We had more interest in the nomination and election of sheriff than of any other official, because of the patronage at his disposal, but there was nothing of real benefit in it; even when we had landed our man the advertising went to the weekly papers where it had always gone from time immemorial.

Whenever there was a turnover at Washington and at Dover there would be occasion for committees of both "Celestials" and "Carnals" to proceed to the seat of power in the hope of securing men of their stripe for the federal and state offices. The "Celestials" usually got left, since the "Carnals" were more numerous, more sly, had greater experience, and they were better posted in the game. There was a man down at Dover named Fisher who seemed to have more influence than anybody else. I suppose he was the state boss, holding, or having held, the office of judge. His Wilmington counterpart was a foxy man, without education or polish, who usually controlled the game of politics in the north end of the state. Conflict with him was an exhibition of courage of a high order, and of unflinching purpose to serve the cause of progress on the part of the editor of the *Commercial,* but it was not a good way to get business, for it interfered with the patronage that otherwise would have come our way and gave it to our neighbors, the old semi-weekly *Press.*

It is related that, before our appearance at Wilmington, a delegation of Wilmington politicians went down to Washington to see Lincoln about some offices that were supposed to be at the President's disposal. Introducing the delegation to the Presi-

dent, the leader of the delegation said: "Mr. President, these gentlemen are from Wilmington and they are the heavy men of the state, I trust you will favor them by the appointment of ———." Lincoln asked: "Did you say that these gentlemen are the heavy men of your state? If so, are you not afraid that while they are here the lower end of the state will tilt up?" All saw the humor of Lincoln's question; but the answer to the appeal of the "heavy" men from Wilmington was: "Better go and see Chase."

After we had been in Wilmington five years, and had placed our enterprise on what seemed to us to be a sure basis of future prosperity, something happened. It was at this point that our financial troubles and anxieties described above began. For the five years our business had developed according to our design and our hopes, and we looked for smoother sailing ahead. What happened was this: the young man, who had been our city editor from the start, informed Howard that he intended to resign and establish another paper in the city. His name was William T. Croasdale. When Senter was canvassing the town for subscribers, as heretofore related, Croasdale stood by and waited until the Yankee man should accomplish his purpose of starting a daily. He himself did no canvassing, but a good deal of talking around town in favor of the enterprise. He was to edit Senter's paper. As soon as Jenkins and Atkinson appeared on the scene, Croasdale perceived that here was a better opportunity of becoming an editor, so he turned in his support to us. He was at this time not over twenty-one years of age. His hair was red and curly, his complexion rosy, and his intellect keen. He was a vivacious talker and everybody knew him. He had

a quick temper, and made enemies as well as friends. He was frank and said what he thought under all circumstances. He developed into a first-class reporter, and during the five years while he was our city editor he made his mark.

The fact that he had no money with which to start a daily paper didn't bother him. There are always many wealthy men in every city as large as Wilmington who like to have a share in the ownership of newspapers; always some who like better to own one outright, the object being to increase and bulwark their personal, social and political influences in the community. It was so in Wilmington. It was not difficult, therefore, for Croasdale to obtain money for his enterprise. In due time the paper came out. The *Commercial,* like most dailies in cities of the size of Wilmington, at that time was sold at two cents a copy; the price of Croasdale's paper, the *Every Evening,* was one cent. To complicate the situation further, each of the old twice-a-week papers which had not cut a very large figure after the *Commercial* came to town, started penny papers. Thus Wilmington instead of having no daily as in 1865, now had five. Of course, we had to put our price down with the others to meet the suddenly developed competition. At that time, considering the price of paper, ink and labor, two cents a copy was none too much. The *Every Evening* was able to print more matter than we could; in fact, almost as much as all the three other new penny papers combined. Its ability to do this was founded upon the fact that all financial deficiencies could be made up by further drafts upon the exchequer of a millionaire manufacturer who backed the enterprise. Now we entered into a period of five years in which strenuous work was necessary to maintain our posi-

tion against such competition. Besides the hatching out of a whole brood of penny dailies, there came to town a cut-price job-printer, a mason, and "a hail-fellow-well-met," who established a large printing plant and pushed for business, which he obtained to a great extent, and in which he took some of our best customers. He, like Croasdale, was backed by some friends who had plenty of money. While the other new dailies were financially well established, the owners of the *Commercial* were not. We had borrowed money at the start on which we were paying interest, and we were bound in honor to protect from loss those who loaned us the money. Thus, the *Commercial,* after five years sailing in smooth waters, was to encounter for the next five years rough seas, but we went ahead as though nothing had happened. We made the best of it. I suppose if we had been in the fifties instead of the early thirties we would have felt like quitting and seeking other openings elsewhere for business. As a matter of fact, that is what I finally did, moving to Philadelphia in 1877 and founding the *Farm Journal* in the same year. It is said that competition is the life of trade, and maybe it is; but we would have preferred to continue the publication of the *Commercial* without any competition whatever.

Croasdale finally retired from the *Every Evening,* and the paper went, of course, to the millionaire who pumped cash into the project at the start. At the end of five years the *Every Evening* and *Commercial* were consolidated, Jenkins and Atkinson selling out and retiring from the field. Croasdale left Wilmington for New York, where he joined Henry George's propaganda, and after George's death became the leader of the single tax movement. He soon followed George to the "bourne from which

no traveler returns." His millionaire Wilmington backer also has passed over. With a population now of seventy-five thousand, three times what it had fifty years ago, Wilmington now has but two evening papers and they fully cover the field.

I seem to have had the reputation, when a boy on our Upper Dublin farm, of being afflicted with a multiplicity of notions peculiar to myself. I judge this from the fact that I often heard the remark "that's one of Wilmer's notions." It may be a fine thing for a boy to have that kind of reputation, for at least it shows that he thinks and is alive. I remember that my notions were often squelched by my family. I suppose the proposal to leave the farm and go into the publication of a county newspaper was a notion, also the later resolution to go down to Wilmington and start a daily, also to go back to Philadelphia and found a farm paper. These, I suppose, might be correctly designated as three of "Wilmer's peculiar notions." I confess that I was a person whose head was full of notions of one kind or another.

An important part of my function as business manager of the *Commercial* was to secure advertisements from business houses in Philadelphia, so I frequently went up for the day to solicit contracts. I was sometimes successful, sometimes not. It was work that went against the grain. I might say I heartily disliked it, yet it seemed necessary, at least my partner thought so, and I wished to please him in the matter. One of the most valuable lessons I learned at Wilmington was that such work was contrary to my constitution, so that, when I came to found the *Farm Journal,* I cut it out altogether. Later I will have more to say on this subject.

When I went to work on the *Wilmington Daily Commercial,* I soon discovered that I had the habit

of starting something and, before finishing it, starting something else which, too, might be laid aside in order to begin another task. Upon reflection I concluded that my habit was not a good one, and I set about correcting it. To do this I wrote a short motto and tacked it up on my desk where I could not fail to see it every time I looked up. It was this: *"Finish what you have on hand."* For me it turned out to be an excellent motto which eventually cured me of the habit of starting too many things and leaving them all unfinished, while I undertook something else. To the rigid adherence to the simple motto, I owe much of my success in my business life. I offer it to any reader who needs to be taught the habit of not having numerous irons in the fire at one time, and none of them quite hot enough to weld into something worth while.

We Begin Housekeeping

On an earlier page I informed the reader that Anna and I, when we went to Wilmington the second day after our marriage, began to board with my sister, Mary Anna, wife of Howard, my partner. We lived with them through the winter, and in the spring we rented a lovely two-story cottage on Third Street near Washington. The cottage was owned by Captain Tom Johnson, foreman of the great shipbuilding plant of Harlan Hollingsworth Company. The captain with his wife and daughter lived in the house adjoining. They were good neighbors.

When Anna and I set up housekeeping, we did not have very much furniture; and when father Atkinson came down to visit us a few days after we moved and to look us over, he found that our dining-room table was a packing box. He could not stand

OUR WEDDING GIFTS

for that, so he slipped off down town and bought a table for us which we still have as a memento of his kindness. What became of the packing box deponent sayeth not. Here we brought our wedding presents. When we came to have our Golden Wedding anniversary in 1916, in our Philadelphia home, the wedding presents were spread out on father Atkinson's table to the view of guests.

After one year in the Johnson cottage we had to leave, because Captain Johnson wanted it for his daughter who had become a bride. We then rented a three-story house on the other side of the town, opposite a cemetery. We always liked cheerful views. Here we remained for a year, and then were persuaded to buy a two-story house on Tatnall Street, a new part of the town for us. We were sampling locations to see which we would like best. The family of Stones lived next door. You would have to travel far to find more agreeable and congenial neighbors than the Stones. Kate, the wife, was Boston born, and accordingly, true to form, sent us in a pot of beans about once a week. Both she and her husband proved to be wholesome and progressive, and an inspiration to every high and honorable endeavor.

George W. Stone, who came to Wilmington at the close of the Civil War, was an asset of the first order. He had been in the navy. He was of about my age, and there was not a handsomer man in Wilmington. He had a mind of no common order. He was remarkable for his frankness. Indeed, he blurted out what he thought on any question that came up; and there was no deception in him. We all knew where he stood. He was interested in politics, and in clean politics. He was also greatly interested in the advancement of Wilmington in a

business way. He came to Wilmington as a breath of fresh mountain air on a sultry day in the valley. We sometimes hear of the "grand old man" of a town; Stone was the "grand young man" of the town. His influence was thrown on the right side of every question that came up. For a time he was secretary of the Wilmington Board of Trade. He had a fault—it was the same as mine—his mind was replete with numerous notions. He ought to have been sent to Congress or the Senate in place of much inferior men who were sent there.

He and his good wife, Kate, had three lusty sons, Seymour, Ralph and Frederick. Seymour is now engaged in social service in Boston; Ralph, an old schoolmate and chum of Governor Sproul, of Pennsylvania, is at the head of a large trust company in Detroit, Michigan; and Frederick is president of one of the leading trust companies of Wilmington. All are making good.

The father and mother removed to California several years ago; and Kate recently passed away at about the age of eighty. George is now one of five members of the State Board of Education of California.

While we were still living in the Third Street house, Anna came to the office one afternoon, as she often did, to walk home with me. It was then she first met this George W. Stone, who was soon to become our neighbor, and one of the best friends we ever had in Wilmington. The *Commercial* had not then moved, but was still next door to the city hall. On this occasion George asked: "How proud are you?" This was to introduce a real estate proposition in which he, being a member of the real estate firm of M. M. Child and Company, was interested. The company had built a row of houses on Tatnall Street above Twelfth. He and his wife, Kate, had

taken an end house and wanted us to buy the house next door which was part of the same structure. Our number was 1205 Tatnall Street. Here we lived for three years. When our friends, the Stones, moved away we soon flitted to Greenbank, not because we were "too proud" to stay where we were, but because we wanted to get out into the country.

Anna recalls going with Mrs. Stone to make a call on Frank Webb's wife. On that occasion Kate wore a Dolly Varden dress, an unique affair, which was then just coming into vogue. Just how much sensation was created by the couple I do not know, but I know it was considerable. After we moved to Greenbank we invited the Stones out to spend two or three weeks with us one summer. I do not remember how long they stayed, but they brought their beds with them. I suppose they sized us up and concluded that we had not beds enough. I remember playing a game of croquet with George during the visit, but probably we played more than one game. Modesty forbids me ever to tell who won. It is a great thing to have good neighbors with whom you cannot quarrel, even if you are so inclined. The Stones and Atkinsons never quarreled; they had no need to. Only kindness and good will were practised towards each other. The women were true models to be patterned after. The only thing our next door neighbors ever did that was not strictly proper was to move away from Tatnall Street before we did.

Charles, the eldest son of Howard, recalls that there was a newsboys' strike, and that his father sent him out to sell *Commercials*. He went and did the best he could, which was not very well, since he was scared at his own voice when he called out. He was a little fellow then. In due time he passed

Stone's store on Water Street. George Stone, who was standing at the front door, not knowing who the boy was, said: "Say, boy! Why don't you call out?" Then he said: "I want a paper." I guess this was the only paper that Charles sold, though he doesn't remember—the one thing he is sure of is that he was much encouraged and cheered by selling that one paper.

About the time when we moved to Tatnall Street, we went on a wedding journey to Washington. Among the things we did there was to call on General Grant at the War Department. He had not yet been elected President, but he had been made Lieutenant-General of the army. In an outer room was Secretary Stanton who shook hands with us, kindly directing us into the room where General Grant was. We entered and found the great general smoking in one corner of the room. Seeing us at the door he arose and came forward, greeting us cordially, then he turned and introduced us to General Sherman, who was smoking in another corner of the room. It was quite a treat for us to see these three great men, Stanton, Grant and Sherman. In the evening we went to the theatre, and there was General Grant, who nodded to us—or at least we thought he did. I don't remember other incidents of our Washington trip. We stayed only a few days.

We lived in the Tatnall Street house about three years, and then sold out, purchasing a lot at Greenbank, three miles from Wilmington upon the Wilmington and Western railroad. On this lot we built a frame cottage, and planted all the available land with pears, peaches and small fruits, and set out a big grass lawn. We started to build in March, and after we got the frame up a high March wind came along from over the hill and blew the frame-work

OUR FIRST HOME AT GREENBANK, DELAWARE

down. We lived in the new house for two or three years, but we hungered for more land, so that we might be able to keep a cow, pigs and chickens and have a larger lawn. Therefore, we sold the place and bought three adjoining acres on which we built a house with a tower. We called our new home Maple Hill. We had a cow stable built on the new place a couple of hundred yards away, where we installed a fresh cow so we could have an abundance of milk for the family and some to give to our neighbors who had none.

It was wife's function not only to prepare breakfast and supper, but to see that the cow, pigs and chickens were fed at noon, while I was in town. Sometimes the snow drifts were deep and the wind howled on that hill between the cottage and the stable, and then there was trouble, as wife well remembers.

I, myself, attended to the milking; Anna, being city bred, had never learned the art. Likewise I attended to the care of the cow, watering and feeding her before breakfast and again at night after my return from Wilmington. Anna fed her at noon. In the winter season—for we lived out there all the year round—I would not get home until after dark, and it was quite a task under the circumstances to care for the cow and extract the lacteal fluid from her udder before I got my supper. I recall that one evening I started out for the stable on my customary errand, with a lantern in one hand and a milk pail in the other. I wore a hunting shirt, of course, which Anna had made. Between the two places there was a wire fence through which I had to creep. I readily accomplished this when going over, but coming back with the pail full of milk was not so easy. On this occasion, in pushing my way through the fence, I

got caught in the wire and upset my pail and spilled the milk, not altogether on the ground, but a considerable portion on my clothing. The exhibit I made of myself before my wife was something not easily forgotten. I can remember only one such occasion, but there may have been others.

At Greenbank lived a carpenter who did odd jobs for us. For one thing he put a new leg in father Atkinson's table. His customary expletive was "bejings," so he came to be called "Bejings," and the name clung as long as we knew him.

As we had plenty of milk it was in order to have cream not only for our cereals, gravies and for ice cream, but for butter also, so I bought a churn and a full outfit for making the finest grade of butter. We were novices in the business. At home mother attended to setting the milk, skimming it, and having the cream just the right temperature for churning. Anna, having been brought up in town, had never been taught the art of buttermaking. However, we usually made out pretty well, the butter would "come" just about as soon as it should for the best results. But on one occasion the temperature of the cream could not have been quite right, and this meant that no amount of churning would cause the cream to change to butter. Cream it was when put in the churn and cream it remained. This time I stayed at home from the office to churn. I churned for hours, wife occasionally taking a try at it, then in desperation I would make another effort, still in vain. We sent for our neighbor Pyle to come to our assistance. He came, looked into the churn, sized up conditions, and showed a strong inclination to disregard our request for aid. Noting his reluctance to assume any responsibility for that cream, and having had enough myself, I said to him: "Pyle, go

MAPLE HILL

ahead and churn until the butter comes and you may have the butter." The man declined, leaving us with the remark: "No, bejings. I can't undertake that job." After this fiasco we sold our churn and bought our butter at the Wilmington curb market for thirty cents a pound.

Out at Greenbank there lived at that time most kindly neighbors, William G. Philips and his wife, Hannah, and their daughter, Allie. Hannah was the first subscriber the *Farm Journal* ever had. Those folks were among our dear friends, and we little thought of moving away so long as they remained our neighbors. But in the fall of 1876 they decided they must go to Wilmington to live. This was a great shock to us, and was a factor in inducing me to sell out my interest in the *Commercial* and return to Philadelphia. Accordingly, my old partner, Howard, and my new partner, Ferris, agreed to purchase my share in the paper, printing plant, and office building. No cash was required in the transaction, and none was available if it had been required. Some months later the millionaire manufacturer who then owned the *Every Evening* bought out Jenkins & Ferris, and combined the two papers, thus also ending Howard's career as publisher in Wilmington. I proceeded to sell my house at Greenbank as soon as I could and returned to Philadelphia, again taking up my residence in the City of Brotherly Love.

For ten years we lived in Delaware, making many friends, charming people whom we are still glad to know and sometimes meet, and it goes without saying that Anna was greatly beloved by all, and this made easy going and coming for me.

I never had an illness while I was a resident of Wilmington more serious than that caused by the

carbuncle on my face. I had, though, two or three other similar pets located on other parts of my anatomy. From those I had when a boy and since I left Wilmington I am pretty well scarred over, but nothing could be more harmless than scars. I do not have carbuncles now; I am unable to decide whether it is because I have outgrown them or have been punished enough. But I suspect rather it is because my doctor pumped some variety of antitoxin into my arm, and called the performance inoculation, since which time that kind of ailments has shied off and let me alone.

Our Tatnall Street house, next door to the Stones, had lead water pipes conveying our water supply. We used the city water derived from the Brandywine creek for both drinking and cooking purposes. The water had been turned on several days before our entrance and was lying in the pipes. In consequence of which it was affected deleteriously; in fact, it was poisoned. So it soon developed that we were victims of lead poisoning and we didn't know what ailed us. People at that period, as now, were often advised to drink plenty of water, especially when ill, and that is what we did. We kept on drinking the water until we were almost too sick to send for a doctor. But when the doctor did come, he shut off our lead water intake, and we soon recovered. We had been really quite ill. The lead pipes are not used nowadays, being replaced by such as do not poison the water.

I would be omitting something that ought to be mentioned if I failed to tell that I was a convert to vegetarianism, and followed the fad with my usual persistency. It was, of course, one of my notions, of the value of which Anna was never fully convinced. We had in the town a water cure estab-

lishment under the ownership and direction of two graduates of Jackson's famous sanitarium, husband and wife. It was through the heads of this institution that I became a convert. My health had been good on an ordinary mixed diet, and remained so under a regimen of cereals, eggs, milk, fruit, nuts and vegetables. I learned much that has been of use to my family and myself from reading books on the subject of water cure, and the error of overmuch drug medication. I now take a more thoughtful view than I did then of the subject, for I believe that drugs are sometimes useful and often necessary in the treatment of diseases. I have seen this demonstrated many times. I believe there is no more useful personage in any community than a family doctor, who is gifted with sound common sense, and who has learned to rely more on nature's cure than on any medicine he can prescribe, and who knows that cheerful talk to his patients, with rest and sleep in bed, and hot and cold fomentations as indicated, goes a long way towards effecting cures. Of course, every doctor ought to have a thorough education at a regular medical college before he begins to write prescriptions for people's ailments or to offer advice.

It is customary in this generation for children in schools, at least in city schools, to have surgical examinations for certain obstructions in the nostrils, called adenoids, for defective teeth and for imperfect vision. It was not so in the time of my youth. I was near-sighted and did not realize it until one day I tried on a pair of glasses at an optician's in Wilmington. Turning my gaze up Market Street "I could see things," which I had never seen before. I could see the clear outline of every object within range, of vehicles moving far up the street,

and I could read signs several blocks away. This was a revelation to me. A new world had opened. In fact, I never before had had any satisfaction in looking at objects more than fifty feet away, as my vision was so indistinct. I could not recognize a friend across the street. It was a great day when I had glasses fitted. They enabled me really to see. I have been happier ever since. I was then about twenty-seven years old.

Wilmington people of means during the period I was among them patronized Cape May as a health resort during the summer months. It was not the fashion then to go to Palm Beach for the winter as it is now, for the Florida and East Coast Railroad had not been thought of then. Some visited the White mountains in the summer. A steamboat line to Cape May from Wilmington made the trip easy. As I remember, wife and I went once or twice to this resort, and indulged in a little sea-bathing, but I could not afford much of a vacation, the exactions of our business being such that we could not be away for more than a few days at a time. What exercise and recreation I obtained was in playing the game of croquet on Saturday afternoons whenever I could get somebody to help make up a game. I could not always do that. There were few suitable grounds within reach, and not many people had the skill to make a game interesting for me. In lieu of a game of croquet, I sometimes went out with Tom de Normandie, a little bit of a man who kept a crockery store, to some open lot where we batted a ball back and forth. There was not very much fun in that, but Tom was very fond of it, and as he was one of the kind gentlemen who occasionally loaned me money to meet our notes in bank, it was all right to have this game with him. I have always been

ONE OF MY FAVORITE GAMES

QUAKER CITY ROQUE COURTS IN FAIRMOUNT PARK

passionately fond of outdoor sports, and never fail to indulge in them on every suitable occasion. At this present time, one of my favorite sports is golf, and it is said that I play a good game "considering your age." I never like people to express their views in just that way. What is the use of bringing in the question of age, anyhow? We didn't have golf at Wilmington in the sixties, but they have a fine club there now.

I have heretofore mentioned that I built a small cottage at Greenbank and moved out to it, that we lived there two years, and then, finding we had not enough land, bought an adjoining lot and built a house on it with a tower. I was enabled to build these houses by making contracts for advertising in the *Commercial* with builders of every class. A firm of carpenters gave us a yearly card to be paid for in work; a similar arrangement was made with a roofer, a plasterer, a lumberman, a plumber, a mason, a painter and even with a lightning-rod man. There would be some cash coming to each one after he had settled his advertising bill. This was an easy way for them to obtain the publicity which the *Commercial* could give them, and it made it convenient for me to pay for the houses. The advertising was charged up against me on the books of the firm. We did considerable advertising in this way for dry goods and grocery men. We needed the goods and they needed the advertising. We even got railroad transportation in the same way.

A feature of the *Daily Commercial,* during nearly all the ten years Howard and I published it, was a Saturday letter from Philadelphia from the pen of Anna's brother George. It was a very popular correspondence, and our readers awaited its appearance on Saturday evenings with pleasure. Wil-

mington was almost like a suburb of Philadelphia, connections between the two cities being made by numerous swift trains at all hours of the day and far into the night. George kept our readers posted on what was going on in our big neighbor, especially in musical, art or political lines. He was well informed on all topics of interest, and wrote graceful letters, his style being distinctly Addisonian. In all that time he was an editorial writer on the *Evening Telegraph*, then the most popular evening paper in Philadelphia. He was the paper's music and art critic. He was a handsome, gentle-natured man, possessing the manners of the old school. The office of the *Telegraph* then was close by the banking house of Jay Cooke and Company on South Third Street. The paper belonged to Charles E. Warburton, and after his death to Barclay, his son, who married a daughter of John Wanamaker. Later it was bought by the Curtis Publishing Company and merged with the *Evening Public Ledger*. Philadelphia, with a population of more than one and one-half million inhabitants, has now but two evening papers, the *Evening Public Ledger* and the *Evening Bulletin*, each selling at two cents a copy.

Is it any wonder that I became restive as one of the publishers of the *Wilmington Daily Commercial*, when our little city of twenty-five thousand inhabitants was asked to support five one-cent evening dailies, and that I secretly pondered the question whether it would be wise to continue in that unenviable situation? I did become restive.

I have been giving in this book my impression of Wilmington when we went there in 1866. I thought it would be of interest to the reader if I could obtain the sentiments of the people of Wilmington in regard to the *Wilmington Daily Commer-*

cial. I had a desire to know what people thought of the paper, and whether it was worthy of the support of the city and state. Very few people that we knew at the time are now living. I could think of only George W. Stone as one who was there and was able to give expression on the subject in question. I told him that I was writing an autobiography, in the course of which I had reached Wilmington, and that it seemed to me that it might add to the interest of the work if some Wilmington person or persons, who were there when we lived in the town, would give their impression of our newspaper enterprise at the time, and also would tell to what extent the young Philadelphia journalists accomplished their purpose.

I wrote: "You were in Wilmington and know better than any other person now living how nearly Jenkins and Atkinson made good, and also what was the view of the town of our performances. I am not seeking praise for myself, but it would be a pleasure to me to have Howard's rare ability as a writer recognized, and the absolutely honest and fearless adherence to high ideals that characterized him. I believe our paper held to a high standard both in a material and altruistic sense."

To this letter I received a prompt reply, as follows:

Santa Cruz, California,
February 12, 1920.

DEAR WILMER:

I am glad you are going to leave your tracks on earth and wish you much comfort in going over your triumphs and tribulations. I often recall the days when we were neighbors, when you ran the *Commercial,* which, by the way, was a good, clean,

strong paper, one that would be welcomed in every home, even if the reader did not agree with all it advocated. Howard was a very capable writer and had a keen vision for truth, even at the expense of more or less popularity. I would like to have such a paper to-day, but I am sorry to say they are few and far between. Howard was a good fighter, as those with whom he came in contact soon learned. His loss was a loss to the newspaper fraternity that has not been filled, at least among the every-day journals we now have. Those were lively days for us, but those that followed were much more lively. Politics then and now were much the same. But we may now, under the stress of wars and debts, develop some new political aspirations, even if they are not immediately realized. The trend towards freedom from narrow-minded partisanship seems to be growing. In our old Wilmington days the bitter hatreds that grew out of the Civil War politics became almost a feud. In this struggle the *Commercial* was always loyal to the best things going on in the political world. No one ever suspected that journal of corrupt practices of any kind. Howard was capable of taking care of himself without submitting to "caretakers" of any description. This may sound a little strange in this time of owned papers, and editorial submission to the publishing department. But this is, let us hope, only a temporary condition. Maybe the people will rise in their wrath and smite "hip and thigh" these pestiferous newspapers that cater to personal interests at the expense of the public.

As ever

Sincerely yours,

GEORGE W. STONE.

I am in full accord with my friend's aspiration for independent, fearless journalism. Entirely too many newspapers, in city and in country, are either owned by or are under the sinister control of some influential business men or political bosses. The ostensible ownership plays second fiddle when it ought, and could, if it would, play first. It used to be that country papers, read by farmers, were owned and edited by free men who dared to say what they pleased without leave or license from any overlord. There are still some such papers left—all honor to them—may their tribe increase.

Miss Emma Worrell is another Wilmingtonian (she confirms the truth of the theory that the fittest survive) who remembers the advent of the first daily newspaper in the State of Delaware, was familiar with its career during the decade beginning October, 1866, and who adds her testimony as to the able and honorable part performed by H. M. Jenkins, editor of the *Daily Commercial* and senior partner of the firm of Jenkins and Atkinson. She writes:

"The *Daily Commercial* was a well-printed paper, a clean, forward-looking journal that was never smirched by bad politics, and that upheld a high standard of journalism. I remember very well the launching of the *Commercial* and the cordial hopefulness of the liberal Republicans and friends of clean politics, as well as of a higher literary standard in our public press, that it would open a new era in journalism here and be the mouthpiece of justice, fairness and progress. Its brave moral position and its use of good English were welcomed and appreciated. Such a paper was much needed. I think it accomplished a great deal and set a higher goal than we had ever had before. If it made enemies, that

was to be expected. Criticism of it, even in the house of its friends sometimes, was not remarkable. This was a politics-ridden country, or else a careless, lethargic one, and the pioneer in new ways of thinking and doing had to have a hard time. But you did your work with high intentions and with as much success as might be looked for. Many of us missed you personally when you left and missed the free, high-toned paper.

"I have high regards for Howard M. Jenkins's literary ability which united with force and clearness an imagination and a sprightly wit which made his writing not only readable but informing. His historical sketches were really charming and I wish he had written more in that vein while he was in Delaware."

It is needless to say I am much gratified that, after a lapse of more than half a century, there should appear two such discriminating witnesses as George W. Stone and Emma Worrell to testify regarding the worthiness of the effort of Howard M. Jenkins and myself to establish at Wilmington the first daily newspaper ever printed in the State of Delaware. Both of these friends were there at the time and knew what we were trying to do and how well we succeeded in bearing aloft the standard of free, independent and honorable journalism.

CHAPTER XI

THE TRAGEDY OF A POWDER WAGON EXPLOSION

THE last day of May, in the year 1854, at ten-forty o'clock in the morning, three heavy wagons were moving quietly along Fourteenth Street, near Orange Street, in the city of Wilmington, Delaware. Two of the wagons were driven by five horses each, the other wagon by four. The teams were attended and directed by five men, one of them undersized; the wagons were loaded with gunpowder which was being conveyed from the du Pont Powder Mills on the Brandywine to a storage house a few miles up the Delaware shore.

In each wagon there were one hundred and fifty kegs of powder, twenty-five pounds in a keg. That was not a very heavy load for the teams had the roads been good, but there had been heavy rains which caused the highways to be deep with mud, for the streets were not paved.

Usually, the powder wagons were taken by a more direct route to their destination; but the bad condition of the roads made it advisable, it was thought, to have them pass through the outskirts of Wilmington. This part of the street was not closely built up, but there were many fine dwellings not far away and some rows of smaller houses. In one of the larger houses dwelt the venerable Bishop Lee of the Episcopal Church.

At the hour mentioned above something happened, something unusual, something not anticipated, except by the numerous citizens who had

foreseen danger in having gunpowder taken through a populous city. These citizens were right —there was danger—and proof was at hand, for the powder in the middle or forward wagon, it is not known which, had in some mysterious way caught fire and exploded with a most terrific noise. The first explosion was followed on the instant by the explosion of the powder in the rear wagon. Persons at some distance away could not clearly distinguish that there was any interregnum between the explosions.

The whole city was shaken as if by an earthquake, and the people were alarmed. One person relates that it seemed as if a great number of houses had been lifted up and then dashed to the earth. Emma Worrell, now living in Wilmington, who was teaching school at Concord, Chester county, heard the explosion—one explosion—and immediately after saw a great volume of smoke rising from the direction of Wilmington. The noise of the explosion was heard as far as Elkton, Maryland.

Hundreds of the people of the town hurried to the spot and a little later the country people came thronging in. The houses within several blocks were badly shattered, ceilings fell, window glass was broken, sashes were forced in or out, and the contents of china closets were in some cases broken.

The good bishop's house, one of the nearest to the scene of the disaster, was so badly damaged that it had in some parts to be rebuilt. It was fortunate that both the bishop and his family were not at home, the former being in attendance upon a convention of the church. A piece of scantling was torn from some building, flung across the Brandywine creek, and driven into the ground where it was found standing upright.

A house a few blocks away contained two closets

separated from each other by a tongued and grooved partition. The concussion separated the boards of the partition, opened the cracks which, when they closed again, locked the clothing fast in both closets. A row of houses four hundred feet away from the explosion was wrecked and a man writing at a desk was thrown to the floor he hardly knew how. The tops of the tall pines and spruces were broken off. Every building in the city trembled as though it would fall.

A colored coachman standing near a stable was found dead; the stable was demolished and set on fire.

Mrs. Price was canning cherries and had a glass bowl on a chair beside her. The bowl was lifted from the chair to the floor without harm, and the woman received no serious injury.

Where were the wagons? Where? In fragments scattered to the four winds; a piece of tire weighing ten pounds was blown through a board fence and lodged in a house on the other side of the fence, tearing out some bricks where it struck. Another piece of tire weighing one hundred and fifty pounds was found five hundred yards distant. Another smaller one was picked up three-quarters of a mile away.

Where were the horses? Where? Lying on either side fifteen or twenty feet away, one disemboweled, two literally blown to pieces and distributed over a distance of three or four hundred yards. I have no information about the other ten horses, but it is doubtful if any of them survived.

And what was the fate of the drivers? Four were stone dead and one, mortally hurt, soon died. A hand and arm were picked up, small like a woman's, supposed to be those of the undersized

driver. Some mutilated fragments of the other drivers were found one hundred yards away. A child was discovered buried in the débris of a demolished house with its feet sticking out; it was rescued without having been much injured.

The ground under the wagons was torn out to a space the size of the wagons, and from one to two feet deep.

How did it happen? How was the powder ignited? One of the drivers had been seen smoking a cigar. It was conjectured that some of the kegs had leaked, or that there might have been some loose powder in a wagon which filtered through and fell to the ground; that these grains of powder were ignited from a spark struck against a stone by a wagon wheel, or a horse's hoof; and that a flame was in some such way carried to the stores of powder in the kegs.

While no one knew just how it happened, all Wilmington knew that it did happen and remembered it for many a year. Few are living who heard the noise of the explosion. The story is often told and repeated over and over again.

Such was the Tragedy of the Powder Wagon Explosion that startled and shattered Wilmington on that sultry morning in May, in the year 1854.

CHAPTER XII

FOUNDING THE FARM JOURNAL

THE reader may recall the conversation in which father Allen asked me if we had not better wait and see how the new enterprise turned out before getting married. My answer, the reader may also remember, was the indirect one of fixing the date of our wedding and issuing our wedding invitations. I can only say that if I had it to do over again the answer would not have been different, but it would have been accompanied by an apology to father Allen.

As wife and I moved back to Philadelphia with our household goods and our three jewels, Elizabeth, Emily, and Gertrude, there was not the slightest feeling of regret on my wife's part nor on mine that we had married, nor that we had had the wonderful experience of our really great business adventure. I might have concluded, not unreasonably, that upon returning to Philadelphia, after ten years of arduous labor, with nothing in the way of worldly goods more than we had at the outset, I should have felt a sense of discouragement and have wanted to give up any further contest. I was thirty-seven years old then, and had to make an entirely new beginning. We had acquired so many true friends in Wilmington, had such a grand, good time throughout our stay there, and we had gained so much valuable knowledge, that I returned feeling as if I had won a victory, rather than suffered defeat. I never for one moment doubted that success would crown my future efforts in the new enterprise in which I was about to engage, that of publishing a farm paper.

I had been reared at the plow handles, had performed all the tasks required in the cultivation of the soil, had taught school, had published a weekly paper, the *Norristown Republican,* for two years, the *Delaware Tribune* for seven years, and the *Wilmington Daily Commercial* for ten years. What better education and equipment could I have had for succeeding in the publication of a farm paper? I might have gone back to farming, sought an opportunity as a book or insurance agent, or have accepted the dignified and honorable position of floor-walker in a dry-goods store. As a boy on my father's farm I dreamed dreams of attaining some marked success, somewhere, somehow, and those dreams must now be made realities. So, after getting my family settled in a comfortable home, I set about organizing my new business.

When Jenkins and Atkinson went to Wilmington in 1866 to publish a daily paper it was an unfavorable time to start a new enterprise. The currency was inflated and we were tobogganing down to a gold basis. We did not land there while I was at Wilmington, nor did we get down to bed-rock until two years after the *Farm Journal* was started. I now often wonder why I was not a bit discouraged and ready to yield to what appeared to be a hard fate. I had a wife and three daughters to support, I was without any capital worth speaking of, and was near the age of forty. Yet if I was not rich, my health was good, my experience was a valuable asset, my family and myself rejoiced in the regard of hundreds of friends we had made in Delaware, I had the love of a true and helpful wife, the affection of our children, each one a pattern of her mother—why should I feel discouraged, why should I hesitate, why should I not go forward and make my boy-

GERTRUDE

ELIZABETH

EMILY

OUR THREE JEWELS—ALSO MYSELF AT ABOUT EIGHT YEARS OF AGE

hood's dreams come true? I was not discouraged; I did not hesitate; and I proceeded to carry out my design of establishing a monthly paper for farmers. For a person with a stout heart, a clear head, an honest purpose, a good wife, and three daughters, there is no such word as fail.

Father and mother Allen became welcome inmates of our new home where happily they lived to celebrate their Golden Wedding anniversary.

I had some acquaintance with John Wanamaker, the rising young merchant who was about my age, having, in both our Norristown and Wilmington papers, done some advertising for him, then the founder of Wanamaker and Brown's clothing store. I called to see him at the old Pennsylvania Railroad Station at Market and Thirteenth Streets, where he was laying the foundations of his great department store, which now stands as a monument to his wonderful business genius. I informed him of my plans to start a farm paper to circulate in all the counties surrounding Philadelphia. We had several interviews and made arrangements for a page advertising the new store in the new journal. The Wanamaker store and the *Farm Journal* were born in the same month and the same year—March, 1877.

My first newspaper was a weekly, the second a daily, and now I made up my mind that the new journal must be a monthly. This would give time for a little rest between issues. (I always had a strong inclination to rest.) I also made up my mind that I would never solicit advertisements, nor ever employ a solicitor. I had had enough of that experience while conducting the other papers. All the solicitation for advertisements I did by circulars sent through the mails. I had no objection to that method of letting business men know how many copies I

printed. It was personal begging for advertisements that I would have none of. I also resolved that I would do a strictly cash business, that all subscriptions must be paid for in advance, and that all advertisements must be placed upon a cash basis. All these resolutions were kept while I was at the helm, for a period of forty years.

Realizing that if I obtained a large circulation advertisers would find me out, I resolved to bend my energies towards building up the circulation. For several years, therefore, I did not have many advertisements, my income being mainly from subscriptions. As I only charged twenty-five cents a year it required a big subscription list to make the wheels go round. Of the first issue I printed twenty-five thousand copies; and, if my memory is not at fault, I never printed fewer than that.

Besides circularizing for subscribers, I attended agricultural fairs in the counties around Philadelphia in order to make the acquaintance of farmers and to book their names as subscribers at twenty-five cents a year. I did not like this work, but I must do it in order to build up a circulation, and my thoughts and energies were concentrated upon this effort.

In the ways above mentioned I was taking a distinct departure from all methods for establishing a farm paper, or any other paper, heretofore adopted by any publisher. I entertained a theory that it was a bad policy to secure and print advertisements without a backing of circulation, for if an advertiser finds he is not getting results he condemns the paper, "sours on" it, and will refuse to renew. It may take years after the paper has obtained a circulation, before he is convinced that he might safely make another trial. This might be termed lost motion, and this is what I wanted to avoid.

It seems to me strange that this fact, being so obvious to me, is not appreciated or even understood by many publishers. It is a common thing for publishers to push the advertising department of their business with the utmost energy and persistence, crowding space that belongs to reading matter, and all the time knowing that the circulation does not warrant the prodigious efforts made. Such a system will, in time, undermine confidence and deprive the publication of the success it otherwise might attain. Many a publication has expired from an attack of pernicious anæmia caused by disregarding this obvious truth.

Hon. Josephus Daniels, Secretary of the Navy during the World War, but, before he went to Washington, one of the leading newspaper publishers of the South, gave expression in a recent interview to just such sentiments as above on the supreme importance of circulation as a factor in a publisher's success. He said: "It is an old saying, but a true one, that if a man's circulation is poor, he is in a bad way. The same thing holds true of a paper. It must have circulation. You can never get circulation for the paper whose editorial policy is run from the business office. If you get a circulation of character, the advertising is bound to come. By circulation of character I mean home circulation; I mean you must have your paper a part of the family life, so that if it should fail to come it will be missed. The paper which lets its advertisers direct its policy is doomed. I am strong for circulation. I would rather have my business manager bring in a year's subscription from some subscriber whom I wanted to have read my paper than to bring in a hundred dollar advertising contract, for with circulation the advertising is bound to come."

The foregoing are some of the original bed-rock principles on which my new paper was founded, and which were never disregarded. Others of equal, and some of much greater importance were adopted later.

Up to this time I had never been an editor, and did not consider myself a writer. I fully believed that I was not cut out for that kind of work. I had been business manager and felt at home in that field, but I was founding a paper that must be edited by somebody, and I knew not where to look for a person for the job. Had I found a competent person, I was not able to pay him a salary. In fact, I did not believe I could find anyone who would edit the paper to suit me, so I did not look for anyone. There was nothing to do, therefore, but to buckle down to that job myself. From the start, and for many years thereafter, I wore a hat that fitted at the same time the head of both editor and business manager.

After getting well under way, I found to my surprise that my readers liked my crisp, clear, practical way of putting things, and the spice of humor thrown in. This was indeed a revelation to me, and opened a new vista wherein I saw promise of my farm-boy dreams coming true. By my compact style of expression I could put a great many things in a small space and this saved the cost of a larger sheet. I knew what to leave out as well as what to put in. And I knew how not to be solemn.

The circulation of the *Farm Journal* is now widespread throughout the United States, as is well known, but I did not originally conceive of anything more than a local circulation. I have before me a circular which I sent out in advance of the first issue. It is dated March, 1877. In it I said: "The *Farm Journal* will be issued monthly. It will contain eight pages printed upon fine paper with new and beauti-

ful type. It will be devoted to the interest of cultivators of the soil residing in the middle states. It does not desire and will not seek readers outside of those states. The *Farm Journal* conceives that much of the contents of the large agricultural monthlies and weeklies, published in distant states that undertake to reflect the condition and progress of husbandry of every section of the Union, is not of value to the people of this section; hence the journal will regard alone that which will entertain, instruct, and benefit those whom it seeks as readers in its local field."

The *Farm Journal,* however, soon outgrew that idea and began to reach out towards distant states. I found it possible to make my paper interesting far from the city of its publication. There was a way of doing that and I found it out. I also declared in this initial circular "that while the *Farm Journal* is not so large as some of its contemporaries, there is room for growth, and if sufficient encouragement be received it will be enlarged." It then consisted of eight pages; the issue of the same month forty-three years later contained one hundred and seventy-two pages.

Even before the appearance of the first number of the *Farm Journal,* I said in my circular: "The *Farm Journal* will devote moderate space to advertisements of interest to rural people, but will exclude all advertisements of a doubtful character. It will not insert quack medical advertisements at any price." Orange Judd in his paper, the *American Agriculturist,* was in advance of the *Farm Journal* in a promise to exclude advertisements of a doubtful character; but the *Farm Journal* was, as far as I know, the first to exclude all quack medical advertisements. Father was a subscriber to the *American Agriculturist* while I was at home on the Upper

Dublin farm, and the paper was a great favorite with the whole family. It is not unlikely that, had I not been a reader of Orange Judd's paper in my youth, I never should have been inspired to found the *Farm Journal.*

The *Farm Journal,* when it first appeared late in February, 1877, did not greatly excite the populace. There was no general scramble for a copy. The Statehouse bell was not rung. I probably was more excited than anyone else. I read the issue with interest and reread it several times over. It was like a comet when first seen a long way off and only those can see who have a telescope handy. Even they have to scan the heavens closely on a clear night. It was in a nebulous state and shone dimly. Did it at its approach shine more brightly and come so close to the earth that it could be seen by the careless observer without the aid of a telescope? That remains to be seen.

I take down from our files now volume one of the *Farm Journal,* dated March, 1877. I have not examined a copy in recent years, probably not for a quarter of a century. I note that the pages were larger then than they are now. There are eight pages; and of these, advertisements fill rather more than one. John Wanamaker has a double-column display telling the readers that: "A great event is near at hand," and " The door of the Grand Depot at 13th and Market will swing open to welcome the ladies." The enterprising merchant further informed my readers that he " had countered and shelved two-thirds of over two acres and filled them with hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of the choicest dry goods, all under one roof and all on one floor." There were nine other advertisements, and the

W. A.

FIRST SUBSCRIBER

FIRST ADVERTISER

FIRST OFFICE

editor in several places spoke kindly of the new paper. It was published on Sansom Street, two blocks away from the present location.

I believe it will not be inappropriate for me to present to the reader some of the editorial items which appeared, since they were of a novel type and from the pen of the author of this autobiography. The editor says: "I will insert advertisements of an unobjectionable character at 40 cents a line; no lottery swindlers, cheap jewelry announcements, quack medical advertisements, nor Wall Street speculators' cards will ever find admittance at any price. I do not intend to occupy much space with puffs of the *Farm Journal,* leaving it for the intelligence of the reader to discern its merit, if any exists. Enough said. Send along the 25 cents."

On the first page there is a picture of a large strawberry recommended by William Parry. On the second page there is a wood-cut of a chicken run, under glass, and a picture of a lady with a steaming pot of coffee in her hand, under which is the legend: "A pint of coffee and a roll, 5 cents." The text described Joshua L. Bailey's Model Coffee House, 31 South Fourth Street. Mr. Bailey was a philanthropist who conceived the idea that, if we ask men to abandon their beer and whiskey, we must furnish them a substitute better in every way. The editor was interested and went to the coffee house sometimes for his mid-day lunch. The description of the coffee house occupied nearly a column, but I made no charge for it because I wanted to help a good cause.

I turn to the editorial page and find a very brief introductory article. After stating that the paper would not seek circulation outside of Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and Delaware, I said that "while ap-

preciating the difficulties that are sure to beset an enterprise of this kind, we enter upon our task cheerfully and with hope, but knowing well that in this field of labor, as in most others, no one can attain success without earning it. The future will determine the question of our success. More than that at present we need not say, but will let our paper speak for itself month by month, as it shall appear."

Under *Topics in Season* I discover these lines:

"Give me, ye gods, the product of one field
So that I never may be rich nor poor,
And having just enough, not covet more."
Dryden.

Under *The Garden:*

"Well must the ground be digg'd and dress'd
New soil to make and ameliorate the rest."

An offer of ten dollars was made to the one who should send us the best five essays on each of the following topics, *viz.:*

"How to manage the baby."

"How to manage children without scolding or whipping them."

"What shall a farmer's wife read and when?"

"How shall the mother of five or more healthy children maintain a sweet temper?"

"Name ten of the most desirable flowers for the embellishment of the lawn or garden. Tell how to manage them."

A full column is devoted to the Grange (of which the editor was a member). There are some city items such as:

"The Philadelphia Almshouse has 4300 occupants."

"The statue of William Penn is to crown the

dome of the new public buildings. It is to be 450 feet high."

"About March first the Market Street Passenger Railway will run steam cars, and street-car horses will soon be among the animals 'that were.'"

"The new bell goes up on Independence Hall about March first."

Nearly a whole column appears under the head of "Humorous." When a boy I enjoyed the humorous columns more than any other. Here are some of the items:

"Why is old age like a dog's tail? Because it is infirm."

"A peanut dealer states business is at a stand still."

"An old Scotch woman recommended a preacher who arrived at the kirk wet through, to go at once into the pulpit, saying: 'Ye'll be dry enough there.'"

"A man recently knocked down an elephant, a lion and a rhinoceros. He was an auctioneer."

"A white boy met a colored lad the other day and asked him what he had such a short nose for? 'I 'spect so it won't poke itself into other people's business.'"

"Said a clerk to a young lady who bluntly asked for stockings instead of hose: 'What number do you wear, miss?' She looked at him for an instant with ineffable scorn. 'I wear two, sir. Do you think I am a centipede?'"

"A grave-digger, who buried a Mr. Button, put the following item in the bill which he sent to Mrs. Button: To making one Button hole, $5."

The office from which the *Farm Journal* first appeared was not so large as its present home. I occupied a room on the second floor back of 726 Sansom Street. The *Saturday Evening Post* occupied the front room and all the rooms down stairs. My room by actual measurement was fifteen and

three-quarters feet by sixteen feet, nearly square, and it may be noted that the shape was appropriate, for it was my intention to issue a paper that would always act on the square towards its readers, or quit.

There were two small windows opening to the south, which let in the light. Within this space were the type cases and the editorial sanctum. The furniture consisted of a desk and chair used by me, two imposing stones, one of which had been brought from the Wilmington office, and a small book-rack with some books and magazines.

In June Charles F. Githens came to me to act as foreman of the mechanical part of the business. He says in a recent letter to me that he left a twenty-dollar position to come for twelve dollars, for he "had an intuition that his life work was to be with the *Farm Journal*." He was correct in this; it was. He says that I asked him to take charge of my printing department, and that I said in reply to his application that "I shall need a man capable of setting type, make and attend to the fires, sweep out the office, and in his spare time help with clerical work." When the pages each month were locked up ready to go to the printer they were carried down stairs by Githens and myself, and Githens took them away in a push-cart to the printing house. Githens tells of being sent to collect a bill of one dollar for advertising a force pump, taking a copy of the paper to prove that the contract had been fulfilled. He returned to me with the dollar and was sent at once with the money to the postoffice to buy one hundred post cards, on which he was to print a card advertising the *Farm Journal*. That is the way the money went. Such extravagance! It was a wonder the *Farm Journal* did not die abornin'. Githens, who was an artist in type, remained with the paper until

his health failed a few years ago, after a long period of faithful service.

Since I have undertaken to give the reader the genesis of the *Farm Journal,* we may together browse a while through the pages comprising volume one. I made up my mind early in the progress of the enterprise not to speak ill of my rivals in business and not to pick quarrels with them, and to pay no attention to any criticisms they might pass upon the *Farm Journal.* Before I had fully decided upon this, however, a local competitor had the gall to say after seeing my first issue that "farmers do not care to read agricultural papers. They esteem only such journals as succeed in amusing them and diverting their minds from their occupation." The inference was that the *Farm Journal* had better retire to the peaceful shades of oblivion. Replying to this fling I said in my paper for April—my second number—that "I do not hesitate to dissent from the views of my rival, but when a single issue of his paper which is published in a farming community sets out a bill of fare like this:

"The Game of Love
"Mr. Kingan Murdered
"A Disappointed Husband
"Capturing a Desperado
"Escaped from a Snare
"Catching Smallpox at a Masquerade
"The Tragedy of Errors
"Doctor Easton's Infatuation

"and when with each succeeding issue the fire and smoke becomes more intense and the brimstone and blood more profuse, it is foolish for us to try to please rural readers, if they are inclined to feed on such raw stuff as that. We shall still hope, how-

ever, that the bill of fare we shall offer will be approved by the agricultural public."

This was about the last time in all my experience as editor of the *Farm Journal* that I ever had a scrap with another paper. I thought it was in bad taste to have bickerings aired in public.

The June number records the disposal of the *Saturday Evening Post* at sheriff's sale. I said: "We own that this is coming close to the sheriff's hammer (we being on the same floor), but if our country friends will continue to punish us with remittance of their spare quarters we shall escape the trouble that has afflicted our neighbor. Now as we are the only occupants of the building we think we will call the structure the Farm Journal Building." But as we were cramped for space in our one square room, we decided to move to some building where we would have a better opportunity for expansion. After a time the *Saturday Evening Post* was bought by the Curtis Publishing Company.

Under *Topics in Season* in the June issue I said: "Somebody writes to ask how long cows should be milked. Why the same as short cows, of course." Also in the same issue I said: "The *Farm Journal* had a distinguished visitor a few days ago in the person of an aged potato beetle, who was found half way up the office steps, and was slowly ascending when he met with an accident that terminated his life. His errand, therefore, is not known, whether he came to get intelligence in regard to the potato crop, bring a club from Beetleville, or to order the paper stopped will never be ascertained." Such little pleasantries were thought to be useful in differentiating the *Farm Journal* from the papers that are mournful and solemn throughout.

In the September number we offered to do job

printing, and we assured our customers of artistic work, terms cash on or before delivery.

In October I said: "The *American Agriculturist* was never better than now, and that, as our readers know, is saying a good deal. In fact, it is the best agricultural paper in the world." This was a little hard on the *Farm Journal.*

The December number hailed from 914 Arch Street, Philadelphia. I had moved into larger quarters, my growing business requiring it. Here, on the second floor, I had a room three times as large as the old square room. Here also I started a Farmers' Exchange and had all sorts of farm and household machinery on exhibition. This was not much of a success. The exhibits got covered with dust, and few came to look them over.

By this time I had the Household Department going in fine shape. Here is a stanza from that department for June:

> This is the baby I love!
> The baby that cannot talk!
> The baby that cannot walk!
> The baby that has begun to creep;
> The baby that's cradled and rocked asleep;
> Oh, this is the baby I love!
>
> *The Mother of the Child.*

What mother amongst our subscribers could not say "Amen" to that? I was after the mothers, and the daughters, too.

The veteran editor of the *Germantown Telegraph* in a brief note said: "Thank you, neighbor, for your words of cheer and kindliness."

In the February number I had an editorial advising that foreigners should not be indiscriminately

admitted into the country. I said: "Against foreign immigration of the right sort we have nothing to say; we welcome it and bid it come. Every intelligent, virtuous, industrious foreigner, whatever his nationality, if he seek our shores to better his condition, with a purpose also to become a good citizen, we make way for; though we may not particularly need him, we will divide our inheritance with him and grant him room to work out a better destiny than any afforded by any of the monarchies of the Old World. We give him the right hand of fellowship and bid him go to work in the virgin fields of our great country. But let us stop here; the vicious, the ignorant, the idle, must no longer come. We have more of these elements now than we can control; they control us. The standard of morality in this country is none too high, nor is it likely to be raised until our policy in respect to foreign immigration undergoes a change. We must establish a quarantine at every seaport for testing the moral health of every immigrant and require him to show wherein he is worthy, by reason of virtue, intelligence, and good past conduct, to become a fit subject for our hospitality. If there is any that cannot stand the test, let him be turned back; we have no room for him. While we might possibly better his condition, we would do so at the expense of our own, and this we can no longer afford."

I wrote this advice forty-two years ago and it ought to have been taken. I gave it to the public at the modest cost of less than three cents a copy. This proves that nations as well as individuals fail to profit by the well-meant admonition of those who have their interests at heart.

In the May number I offered one hundred dollars for the largest yield of corn per acre. The offer

was made to the farmers of seven states. Anyone who succeeded in raising one hundred bushels per acre must tell the *Farm Journal* how he did it. Also in this issue I folded a four-page sheet full of what subscribers say of my paper. This is what I said by way of introduction: "As we do not require the subscriber to pay any of the expense of this extra sheet, no one can justly complain that we have encroached upon his rights."

I present here a few of the many messages received:

I am highly pleased with it.—B. L. Barlow, Bayou Sara, La.

It is truly *multum in parvo*.—J. Warren Harn, Shaker Village, N. H.

It is just what I want and what every farmer ought to have.—W. H. Simpson, Moscow, Pa.

We get more for our money than from any other agricultural paper published.—Thomas Shallcross, Byberry, Pa.

Wilmer Atkinson's *Farm Journal* is a decidedly fresh sheet and a miracle of cheapness.—*Norristown* (Pa.) *Herald.*

Wilmer Atkinson's *Farm Journal* is rapidly gaining in public favor.—*Newtown* (Pa.) *Enterprise.*

You are issuing a bright, lively paper, and I hope it is paying you well.—D. D. T. Moore, founder of *Rural New Yorker,* and agricultural editor of the *New York World.*

Send your spicy paper to me.—George Jackson, Indianapolis, Ind.

It is bright and sparkling, bristling all over with useful articles.—*Delaware* (Pa.) *Republican.*

I pronounce it good sense in small doses.—G. B. Pickering, Fishers, Ontario County, N. Y.

I am pleased with general get-up and contributions.—S. S. Grubb, Baraboo, Wis.

I consider it the best paper for the money I have ever seen.—Nelson P. Payne, New Britain, Conn.

It is the juiciest sheet I know of, and is as full of good things as an egg is of meat.—Samuel Pennock, Ithaca, N. Y.

Its literary quality is A No. 1. The paper is good and the typographic impress faultless.—*Lancaster Farmer.*

I am going to do my best to get subscribers in my neighborhood.—Webb Charles, Mt. Healthy, Ohio.

I must say that it contains more practical matter and good sense than any paper I have ever read.—S. B. Wells, Atkins, Vt.

We do not know of an agricultural paper we were more pleased with than Wilmer Atkinson's *Farm Journal.—North Wales Record.*

I have just read it through, and find it is so well boiled down that it gives as much as many of the big papers.—Ed. G. Underhill, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

My father, an old farmer, who has taken farm papers for fifty years, says it is one of the most useful he ever saw.—John McCoy, Franklin, W. Va.

There is a good reason for placing these encomiums before the reader of this book, and it is this: I wish to show how it came to pass that the *Farm Journal* developed into a journal of national circulation after I had so often declared its purpose to be simply that of a local paper published solely for the farmers of the Middle States. It will be observed that many of these pleasant messages came from distant states, indicating to me that a wider field was opening for the *Farm Journal,* that the whole country was eventually to become my stamp-

ing ground. I will not acknowledge that these are presented because of an exaggerated ego on my part. I print these extracts for the reason given above. They made me think that possibly I might become a successful editor of a national farm paper; at any rate, they were an inspiration to me and bade me proceed.

In June, 1878, I announced that the *Farm Journal* would soon be enlarged, that several new features would be added, and that the paper would be greatly improved in every particular. The enlarged paper was to be fifty cents a year, but those who would have their names enrolled now and those who would renew would receive the paper one year at the present price—twenty-five cents a year and no chromos.

In July I wrote a short article entitled "Bother," in which I said: "Wanted, a chap to cut the firewood in harvest time. Somehow or other the fellow is hard to find. And so the good farmer's wife goes out in search of chips, corn-cobs, old broom handles, broken buckets, and anything else that may fall in her way. Sometimes in her journey she stops and seizing the axe gives some knotty chunk of wood a few prodigious whacks and then goes on her way, often with a black eye, for sticks will fly up when a woman lowers an axe. Oh, for a man about this time! But there is no man outside of the harvest field. Good wife, have patience, and stick to the cobs and chips until the last sheaf of oats goes to the barn."

In October the promised enlargement to sixteen pages took place. In my announcement I said that "the pages will be somewhat reduced in size, with slightly narrower columns, making a form more suitable for binding than the old, and affording nearly double the amount of reading matter hereto-

fore presented. Of the proposed improvements we prefer not to speak at length, only declaring that we retain our purpose of treating matters in season, and concisely; of being practical instead of theoretical; of presenting a cold shoulder to fancy farming; of offering the reader cream instead of skim-milk; of giving no chromos; of puffing no humbugs; of printing no patent or other swindling advertisements; and of not filling one-half of the paper with praise of the other half. Those who like our platform we shall retain as readers; those who do not, may leave us."

I have before me volume two opening with October, 1878. There are now sixteen pages instead of eight, the pages a little larger than at first, but just the size they are now in 1920. At this time I placed on the editorial page the head of a dog—a mastiff—

THE FARM JOURNAL MASTIFF

and I said: "Under this head the *Farm Journal* will do its growling. It will, however, be careful to growl at nobody that is worthy of better treatment. Our dog will keep a sharp lookout for tramps, all kinds of travelling humbugs and humbugs that do not travel, but proper persons and things will not be molested. When any of our readers come across persons or objects entitled to our dog's wrath we hope they will send us immediate word. Whenever the occasion demands it we will unchain the animal." For over forty years our watchdog has been on duty.

The household department was much enlarged and developed. I early saw that one of the fields to cultivate comprised the firesides of America; women

and children—as well as the men—must come within the fold. It was in the October number that I first printed the legend: "The Homes of a Nation Are Its Strongest Forts." Under this line I placed a lighted candle, and below the candle I said: "Our grandmothers' homes were lighted by tallow dips. Our Revolutionary fathers, all the great men who have honorably figured in American history, when little boys, were put to bed either in the dark or by the light of candles. No one should despise candles, but should regard them with feelings of veneration, and even of affection. We so regard them. Even now no home is perfect without them. The light they give forth, though not brilliant, is pure and constant (use snuffers), and those on whom it shines may be sure that there will be no explosion that will raise the roof off the house and burn up the family. And it is in honor of the peaceful 'light of other days,' that we have set a candle at the head of the Household Department, where we intend it shall remain—until we alter our present purpose—as a reminder to our readers of those good old times in which our forefathers lived."

In the November number I said: "We have received a large pile of letters speaking in warm terms of praise of our enlarged paper. We like those people who like our paper, but our affection is stronger for those better folks who are always stirring up their neighbors and urging them to subscribe."

In another column I said: "Agents wanted at every post office in the United States for the *Farm Journal*. Send for particulars." In this issue I also said: "While Uncle Sam is rich enough to give us all a farm, as the song goes, is he rich enough to set up in unprofitable business all the rest of creation? Does it not behoove us to restrain the old gentleman

a little as he squanders his benediction on the whole world? A reckless and indiscriminate disposal of bounties upon strangers (foreigners) without proper credentials is not wise, and had better be abandoned, before it is too late to save enough of the estate to keep the rightful heirs out of the almshouse."

I printed in the January number of 1879 this item from Indiana: "From your style I think you must be a funny fellow, and I shall go and have a good stare at you when I come to Philadelphia." Not so very funny; but we never did think that a farm paper to be useful must be dull. Also I printed this in the January number: "If you like our paper, say so; it cheers us. If you don't like it, say so; it checks our vanity. In either case the effect will be beneficial."

The February number, 1879, marks the close of the second year, a fact which led me to print the following: "With the present number closes the second year of the life of the *Farm Journal.* Having cut several eye-teeth and passed safely through its second summer, it deems itself a pretty vigorous and healthy infant as it steps into its third year. Our readers, who fell in love with the baby in the beginning and yet maintain an unabated affection, we hope will stand fast friends to the coming season of whips, pockets, breeches and boots, and so on to a full and robust maturity."

"Advertisements have increased very little; we never go out to beg for them nor send anybody. We are after circulation."

In looking over the volume covering the first three years I note a lot of atrociously bad house plans that I seemed to be trying to palm off on my readers. I am sorry. If there be a man alive who copied any of them I ask his forgiveness.

I note in the Publishing Department for March

this: "Mr. Wilmer Atkinson: If I am correct in my count the three subscriptions forwarded you today make 60 for the *Farm Journal* that I have sent you. As they are all in my immediate neighborhood I made it my business to inquire of them when we met what they thought of it, and without an exception they are pleased with it. They say they get more useful information from the journal on the subject on which it treats than any other paper at any price. (Signed) A. Hughes, Elk Mills, Pa."

By this time I was becoming cramped for space at 914 and was getting ready to move. The next number was published from 144 North Seventh Street. Here I had the entire building, but it was not long before I had to move again to a more spacious building.

In the following number I explained why I removed from Arch Street, my two reasons being that my new location cost fifteen dollars a month less, and that I had more room. I said: "The office is now on the first floor, so our friends can find us without mounting a high flight of stairs, a task often complained of by our stout and elderly visitors to the old place." My attempt to establish the Farmers' Exchange proved a failure, partly because of the rapid growth of my publishing business, but mainly because I was not qualified for that kind of undertaking. I said: "My paper does not yet come up to my high ideal by a long way, but I promise that encouragement from you will be a stimulus that will surely make the paper better month by month until it shall stand in the high rank in which I hope to place it."

The June number contained the name of Jacob Biggle for the first time. There was a simple announcement that probably the next issue would contain an article from his pen. My readers might

prepare, therefore, for an addition to their knowledge. True to the promise, the July number did contain an article from Jacob Biggle. Only a few issues since have appeared without such an article. We call him Judge Biggle; his wife is Harriet. Husband and wife had long nursed the idea that some day they would go back to the country and spend there, in quietness, peace, and plenty, the remainder of their lives. They bought a farm of one hundred and eleven acres and paid one hundred and forty-six dollars per acre for it. The experience acquired on this farm has been freely given to our readers from month to month. The judge had been a farm boy before going into business in the city.

It was in the July number, 1879, that I announced new terms for the paper. "One subscription, fifty cents; two for sixty cents; four for one dollar." I said that I would adhere to these rates and would give no chromos, no microscopes, no wash-boilers, jack-knives, thermometers, Alderney cows, brass watches nor dictionaries; that I required cash, but only a little—one dollar for four subscriptions. Right along I offered to take postage stamps instead of cash for subscriptions. In consequence I received many stamps, to count and assort, and I had to call to my aid my wife and daughters who kept them counted, placed in envelopes and labelled. I never asked my family to help in anything without receiving a ready acquiescence.

I was then getting quite a number of city subscriptions without any effort, and the two older children delivered some of them near our home. On one occasion they called to leave a paper at a physician's house, and the older one, seeing a speaking tube which was meant for night calls, blew through it much to the surprise of the whole family inside,

who, with the doctor, came rushing down to the door to see what was the urgency. On another occasion they got their heads turned, being strangers to the streets, and took a car going to the Navy Yard, while their errand was in the opposite direction. Fearing that they were going too far, they alighted from the car and inquired of a gentleman where Green Street was, and were told: "Well, the Green Street I know is two miles in the other direction from where you are going." After that wife and I thought they were rather small for the business, and had better be relieved from further deliveries.

In the September number I said: "What this country needs is fewer lawyers and more working farmers in the halls of legislation; fewer politicians and more mules in the country."

It was in the December number, 1879, that I first declared the *Farm Journal* to be "Unlike Any Other Paper." This slogan, being true, has been maintained and constantly used down to this day. This month I was sending out many sample copies to persons whose names and addresses I had obtained through the summer and fall, saying to them that my platform was: "The *Farm Journal* is devoted to the interest of practical and profitable agriculture. The editor was reared upon a farm; the paper treats upon matters that are in season; it avoids political and religious topics; it boils things down, putting nothing into its columns only to fill up, and it gets practical farmers and farmers' wives to tell each other, through the *Farm Journal,* how to do things the easiest and best way on the farm and in the home. Moreover, the *Farm Journal* is about the only paper in this country that absolutely rejects all patent medicine advertisements and makes war upon lottery swindlers, Wall Street operators, and hum-

bugs generally. The above claims are put forth in the most emphatic manner, and any person who likes our platform is cordially invited to send for the paper, and anybody that does not like it had better not subscribe."

In the June number, 1880, I said: "It is obviously impossible to assist all our many thousands of subscribers this year in their hay and harvest fields. The editor is reluctantly compelled to decline all invitations of that kind coming from any quarter whatsoever. To help some and not others might give offence, and this we would avoid. Please excuse us this time."

Now I come to the October number, 1880. Here for the first time appeared my Fair Play notice, which formed a conspicuous part in the paper's history in all the years following, and which was to contribute greatly to the success of the paper, and eventually to change the attitude of all publishers in the United States towards their readers in respect to protecting them from fraudulent adventurers. This is the notice: "We believe through careful inquiry that all the advertisements in this paper are signed by trustworthy persons, and to prove our faith by works we will make good to subscribers any loss sustained by trusting advertisers that prove to be deliberate swindlers. Rogues shall not ply their trade at the expense of our readers who are our friends, through the medium of these columns. Let this be understood by everybody now and henceforth."

No publisher in the United States had ever made such an offer. No matter, I meant it. I was shouldering great responsibilities. No matter, I had been doing that all my life. There might be risk in it. No matter, it was right.

Besides the appearance of the Fair Play notice

in the October number, the paper was dressed up in tinted paper and had a new heading. The same with slight changes we have now. The dignified old stone mansion in the center is a true picture of the home of General Anthony Wayne of the Revolutionary army, built about one hundred and fifty years ago.

In October I said in regard to the above changes: "Our readers may take the improvements as a manifestation of a determined purpose to excel in our vocation, and to print not only the most practical, most useful and the cheapest, but the handsomest agricultural and household paper in this or any other country. They will observe that we take high aim, that our arm is steady, that our finger is on the trigger, and that we expect to hit the mark."

In the November number I announced new subscription rates, saying: "The *Farm Journal* is fifty cents a year or eight copies for two dollars. We do not send two copies for sixty cents as formerly."

Under the heading "Buttermilk," I said:

"A beehive is the poorest thing in the world to fall back on."

"A short-tailed dog is unable to express his feelings without great exertion."

"After a young man pops the question he then must question the pop."

"A man out west was offered a plate of macaroni soup, but declined it, declaring they couldn't play off any boiled pipe-stems on him."

"'Sleep on, loved one'—this is the language of the first four months; after that: 'Get up, Sallie, and get the breakfast; I am hungrier than a bear.'"

In the December number I said: "Our paper this month will have fully two hundred thousand new (sample copy) readers in the great West." This

means that I was reaching out for a large increase in circulation. I continued to push for subscriptions, letting advertising take care of itself. In the next issue I said. "We aim to build up a circulation of 100,000 copies, and shall not stop trying until we succeed. Give us a lift." In this number I also said: "One great pressing need of the American farmer is a bottle of free-flowing black ink, a quire or two of fine letter or note paper, and a good pen that will not splutter." Thus equipped they were more apt to take the *Farm Journal.*

During the winter of '80 and '81, I had twenty-five clerks employed, and they were kept busy. Up to this time I did my own letter writing, having, of course, no stenographer or typewriter, as they were not available then. I had not even a longhand amanuensis. I advertised for the latter and obtained a young lady who gave me a fictitious name because she did not want her friends to hear that she was taking a clerical position. It was not in the fashion then. What a change since that time! A few years later, when typewriting came in, I employed my first stenographer, and she was the only one I had for a year or two. One day she showed me a piece of leather she was carrying, made, she said, out of human skin. After that I soon let her go, fearing she had a factory somewhere for tanning leather, and as an adjunct thereto a place where men were taken to be denuded to supply hide for her tannery. The *Farm Journal* could then get along with one stenographer and typewriter; now we have over twenty and cannot keep up with our work.

The great drive for circulation during the months of December and January resulted in the addition of twenty thousand additional names to my subscription list. So I said: "In appreciation of the friends

who have so kindly contributed to this gratifying result I would, were I a woman, 'go upstairs and have a good cry.'" In the March number, 1881, I said: "The *Farm Journal* is in its fifth year; it is a healthy, sprightly youngster with pockets, boots, a drum and a whip. Aprons have been put aside. Look out for a racket now!"

My office was very busy in March at the advent of the sixth year of publication, and this led me to say: "If any person thinks it quite an easy job to edit a paper single handed, and at the same time direct the details of publication, as we do, let him try it. Yet we must confess that we like it as well as weeding onions or plowing stumpy land with a pair of skittish horses."

In answer to a two-line advertisement in a city paper for a lady clerk, in December of this year, there came to my office a young girl fresh from high school, who ultimately developed into an expert manager of the clerical department of the *Farm Journal.* By reason of the quick intelligence with which she grasped the work assigned her, her common sense, her sound judgment, her lady-like manners, and her beautiful penmanship, she soon took high rank in the office. When the person then in charge left me to be married, this lady, Miss S. Alverda Westerman, was given the position which she holds after thirty-nine years of devoted service.

On the editorial page I called attention to our method of protecting our readers from the tricks of dishonest advertisers, saying: "Our advertisers are the very cream of the land, selected and sifted with the greatest care, personally, by the publisher, and known to be doing a legitimate business. Subscribers are protected from the wiles of scoundrels, for we give our bottom dollar to save from loss any

subscriber who is deliberately swindled by any dishonest advertiser who may manage by some device to creep into our columns. No other agricultural paper in the world does this, but we intend to do it as long as we print a paper. Over twenty-five hundred dollars' worth of advertising of a doubtful character was refused admission to these columns through 1880 and 1881, and we think this ought to be a pretty good endorsement of those who are now in. And here let us say to advertisers: 'Don't ask for puffs; we haven't room for them; our first duty is to our readers; we shall be faithful to them; and being so we can be of the greatest possible service to you.'"

We were so cramped with our work during the winter of '81 and '82 that it was necessary to find larger quarters, so I made this announcement: "On or about the 15th of the month I will remove to 125 North Ninth Street, where I will have room from which to send out with punctuality our monthly messenger to our promised 100,000 subscribers." I needed the whole building for my clerical work, the printing still being done outside. At the head of the first page of the May number appeared the new address, also on the first page this big talk of the editor: "We ought to have that 100,000 subscribers within the next thirty days. There appears to be no good reason why we may not. If our readers should guess that we now have 80,000 they would be pretty close to the mark. Now about that other 20,000! Good friends, let us have your answer, and let it be prompt and conclusive. Shall we have our 100,000 sure?"

There was always something spicy under "Buttermilk"; for instance:

"A touch of humor makes the whole world chin."

"Sallie Jenkins says when she was in love she felt as if she was in a railway tunnel with a train of cars coming both ways."

"Most of the cucumbers now in the city markets come from the South; they are the cause of a great deal of sectional feeling."

"A western paper says that a child was run over by a wagon three years old, cross-eyed, with pantalettes on, which never spoke afterwards."

In the June number the editor stated that he would undertake a tour of the West, so preparation of the August number might be delayed, and he hoped that readers would not mind a little delay. He said in the July number: "While this paper is being scanned by its 400,000 readers, the editor will be on his western journey and beyond the Mississippi. He travels in search of knowledge to be used for the entertainment and instruction of all the subscribers of the paper."

The mention of four hundred thousand readers does not mean that we had so many subscribers. We sent out a vast number of sample copies, and supposed most of them were being read.

In the August number I said: "Our pencil and tongue were very busy from the time we started on our travels until the home roof sheltered our head. We visited St. Louis, Kansas City, Topeka, Omaha, Des Moines, Chicago, Milwaukee, Detroit, Toledo, and Cleveland. We called on many subscribers on our route. Our hand felt the western grip of friendship; our heart has rejoiced under the influence of western hospitality."

This was the beginning of a series of visits to the various states of the Union. I took my summer vacations in going all over the country for the purpose of broadening my outlook. For many years I

did this. I had never travelled before, so I greatly enjoyed the novelty of the experience and the feeling that I was becoming better fitted to edit a paper of a national circulation.

I hunted up subscribers, visiting them and receiving a hearty welcome wherever I went. The September number told of some of my experiences in Ohio and Illinois. One result of my visit was the establishment of a western office in Chicago, at 42 LaSalle Street. In the October number I said: "Our western friends should drop in and see our Chicago office when in town. It is not a big affair, but large enough for the present, and whoever calls will receive a cordial and kindly welcome."

I established the Chicago office so as to be in closer touch with the western farmers. I put the office in charge of a very capable young woman who within a few years was so popular that she went off and got married. I had accomplished my purpose in giving the *Farm Journal* an introduction to the West, and after a time withdrew, ascertaining by the experiment that I could just as well have but one office and that in my home city.

In the December number of this year I wrote a few plain words to my people. I said: "The *Farm Journal* will enter its seventh year in March next. Beginning with one subscriber, it now has a magnificent circulation, extending all over the United States. It is, therefore, not an experiment, but a solidly established institution. Gumption, grit, and hard work are believed to be the secrets of its marvellous success. We have worked hard; by prudence and the strictest economy we have always had enough cash to pay all bills promptly; it has taken the grittiest kind of grit to push the machine along upon a new and unworn path; as for the gump-

tion we will keep quiet about that. The *Farm Journal* avoids all bitter newspaper and other controversies, and emphatically insists upon seating farmers and their wives down at the first table that they may fill themselves with the good things, while grasping monopolists and lazy and useless people in general wait for the second table and the crumbs that are left. How does this suit you; and what are you going to do about it?"

It was in the December number that I placed in the paper a picture of a wee chap blowing bubbles.

THE BUBBLE BOY OF THE FARM JOURNAL

This was a feature which pleased our youngest readers for many years. The text underneath was suitable for such a heading, as, for instance: "What is it that a cat has, but no other animal? Kittens."

"If a tree were to break a window, what would the window say? Tre-mend-us."

"When a boy falls into the water, what is the first thing he does? He gets wet."

"What is the difference between a hungry man and a glutton? One longs to eat and the other eats too long."

"How big a club are you going to send us? If you send 20 names we will not feel hurt."

Now I come to May, 1883. I said editorially in that number: "Ought a farmer be taxed for that proportion of his farm which is covered by a mortgage? Why should he? He is not the owner." I

have never found out to this day why he should.

In the June number I said: "The 100,000 are in. That job is finished. We shall not boast of it, we simply thank the many friends who contributed in the most unselfish manner to the result. We shall endeavor to be worthy of such a large subscription list. Now that we have 100,000 we shall try to keep them. To accomplish this, we must continue to make the paper useful to its readers, and we shall do it if we can. We rejoice, and we are proud to know that our readers rejoice with us."

In July the editor was off again on his travels. This time he visited the Shenandoah valley and the truck region about Norfolk, Va.

In August I said: "They all say the *Farm Journal* ought to have 200,000 subscribers. Ought it? We'll see about it."

My Nephew, Charles F. Jenkins, Enters the Business

Sometime during the summer Howard M. Jenkins, my former partner, with his wife who was my sister, Mary Anna, paid a visit to us in our home in Germantown. In the course of the visit I made inquiry with reference to their eldest son, Charles, and their plans concerning him. Should they enter him for college or have him engage in business? The boy was in his eighteenth year. I had noticed that he was an energetic youth, that he stepped around lively, and that, when asked to do anything, he jumped up and did it. I said that I should like to have him to help me on the *Farm Journal* and grow up with the paper. The decision was not made at this interview, but later it was agreed that he should come to help me. I needed the help with one hundred thousand subscribers already on my hands, and

HOWARD M. JENKINS
One time partner and lifelong friend

a plan to enter upon a campaign for one hundred thousand more. So on September third, 1883, the lad came to the *Farm Journal* office at 125 North Ninth Street, and began work there at six dollars a week.

I knew the Jenkins family well. I had some acquaintance with Charles F. Jenkins, the lad's great-grandfather; I knew well his grandfather Algernon S. Jenkins, and, of course, his father Howard, my partner in my early publishing enterprises. These men were of high character, and enjoyed the esteem and confidence of all who knew them. Honesty of purpose and conduct were marked characteristics of each one of them. If all the tribes had been like this tribe, locks would never have been needed in the world nor ever thought of. As things are now, locks are necessary to prevent one-half of mankind from appropriating the property of the other half.

In due course Charles's brother, Arthur, now treasurer, and his son, Sidney, now secretary of Wilmer Atkinson Company, came to join the ranks of *Farm Journal* workers. Later I suppose David, Newlin, and John, Charles's grandsons, lusty youngsters, will join the staff of the *Farm Journal* and help push the enterprise along to greater success than it has yet achieved.

In the selection of a business helper in 1883, as in the choice of a domestic partner in 1866, I felicitate myself on my skill. What is the use of one's doing things in a proper manner unless one gets credit for it?

On the last page of the December number I made this announcement: "This paper has now 100,000 subscribers; I want 200,000; Providence permitting, I am bound to get them. You will help, and I know it."

Closing my talks to my readers for the year I advised them thus: "Keep apples in a damp, cool place; grapes in a dry, cool one, and sweet potatoes in a dry, warm one; keep a shotgun loaded for sheep-dogs and tramps; keep your head cool, your feet dry, your back warm, and your conscience clear, your hands busy with your own affairs; keep the boys at home nights, by making it so pleasant for them that they'll be glad to stay; keep the surface drain in the wheat fields open and free from leaves and weeds; keep out of other people's business; keep your tongue from evil and your lips from speaking guile; keep up with your work—if you can; keep out of law-suits and whiskey shops; keep your insect-eating friends, the birds, in safety, by keeping marauding gunners off your premises; keep the peace—if you have to fight for it; keep fresh, cool water in the watering-trough; keep your mouth shut when you are angry and when you are asleep; keep your own courage and health by moderate eating and careful living; keep to the right on all your ways; keep your wife's temper sunny by a nice pile of dry wood away ahead of her needs; keep out of debt; keep your skin clean; keep off the railroad track; and keep all the commandments."

In the January number of 1884 I report some of my travelling experiences. I had visited John A. Warder, a celebrated pomologist of South Bend, Ohio, and called on several small fruit growers in New York and New Jersey. They told me things I did not know which I passed on to my readers.

At the head of the editorial page appeared the claim that the *Farm Journal* had a larger circulation than any other agricultural paper in the East or in the West or in the world, offering, in proof, "open subscription books."

CHARLES FRANCIS JENKINS
Vice-President of Wilmer Atkinson Company

The Bubble Boy tells of a self-acting sofa just large enough for two. "If properly wound up it would begin to ring a warning bell just before ten o'clock. At 10.00 it would split apart, and while one-half carried the daughter of the house upstairs, the other half would show the young man to the door."

"A kitchen joke: the flour of the family—that which turns out the best bread."

"It makes a great difference whether glasses are used over or under the nose."

"When a woman wants to be pretty she bangs her hair, and when she wants to be ugly she bangs the door."

I had to enlarge the February number to twenty pages, so as to make room for more than the usual advertisements. My policy of pushing for circulation and letting advertisers find us out was being justified.

Now it was March, the beginning of the eighth year of the *Farm Journal.* I told more of my travels among the stock farmers in two states. Four extra pages were added so as to accommodate additional advertisements without crowding space devoted to reading matter.

In looking over my pages of a few years back, I find many portraits of leading farmers, stock breeders, gardeners, and prominent agricultural writers, few of whom are now living. Moreover, there are only a few of my contributors of that time with us now, nearly all having passed over. The list includes Benjamin R. Black, Colonel F. D. Curtis, and Mary Sidney.

Peter Tumbledown was introduced to my readers in the May number. Peter is with us yet. In July I reported visits to a sheep ranch in Kansas, and a small fruit farm in Illinois, and another in Massachusetts.

I Buy a Farm

Though brought up at the plow handles, and having performed in my youth every kind of work done on a Pennsylvania farm until I went into the publishing business in 1862, I was so deeply impressed with the truth that an agricultural editor ought, at the same time, to be engaged in practical farming in order that he may be up-to-date in what he hands out to his subscribers, that towards the close of 1884 I went out to my old neighborhood in Upper Dublin and bought a farm of over one hundred acres adjoining my old home.

I set about preparations for moving thereto as soon as possible. I planned a fruit farm, and in the spring set out orchards of apples, pears, peaches, and cherries covering fully fifty acres. On this farm we lived, planned, and worked for nearly thirty years. I built a summer residence on one end of the farm in the village of Three Tuns, where was located the library which played such an important part in my early education. We selected the name of North View, because from the north porch we had a fine view to the north over a long stretch of beautiful rolling country. I was not ready with my plans for building until the spring of 1887. The reader will, if he follow my narrative, learn much of our family life at North View, and of my farming operations there.

This was a political year. I gave some advice thus: "Some farmers will vote for Blaine, some will vote for Cleveland, but all will vote for the *Farm Journal*." In the December number I announced my policy for the year 1886. In it I said: "All our promises for 1885 are boiled down into these: 'That the *Farm Journal* will be better than ever before, worth more to its readers; and that all our energies

ARTHUR H. JENKINS
Treasurer of Wilmer Atkinson Company

A. SIDNEY JENKINS
Secretary of Wilmer Atkinson Company

and all our expenditures shall be turned in this direction. We offer no chromos, no prizes, no premiums, no seed packages, no loans, no lottery tickets, no dictionaries, no anything but the paper itself. All these things require large expenditures of labor, thought, time, and money, which we believe may be far better applied to the paper, both in its editorial and publication departments, making it worth more and more to its hosts of friends and readers—so much that they cannot afford to do without it. This is what we are going to do for the little paper for the next year.' Now what are you going to do? That's the important question for you to decide now. We are going to do our level best to make it all it should be, but cannot do this without your help. We know this, and so do you. Will you give it? And will you give it now?"

January, 1886. This year opened auspiciously for the *Farm Journal*. New subscriptions were coming in freely.

In the March number I announced the removal of the Chicago office from 42 LaSalle Street to 183 Dearborn Street, in order to be nearer the post office and the business centre of the city. It was during the occupancy of the former office that the circulation increased to over one hundred thousand.

In June, at the invitation of a woman small-fruit grower of Vineland, I went with my wife to visit her and to attend a fruit and flower fair in that pleasant borough. We had an unusual experience, for we found our hospitable friend wore bifurcated nether garments, much as men do. We had not expected this. Nevertheless, we assumed that she knew what she wanted to wear, and everything went off pleasantly. After dinner she took us to the fair, pointed out the exhibits and introduced us to many

of the inhabitants of the place, most of whom were subscribers.

At a later period, by invitation, I visited the peach king of America, J. H. Hale, of South Glastonbury, Connecticut. Our daughter, Gertrude, was with me on this trip. I was greatly edified during the visit at what I saw, and what my host told me. He drove me through his large orchards at quite a rapid pace, rather faster than I liked when he went down steep hills.

Hale was an early friend of the *Farm Journal*, and advertised in the paper almost from the first issue. After a time he requested his advertisement withdrawn, as financial difficulties arose which rendered it doubtful if he could pay me. I sent him word to keep on, as money would not be considered essential. He did keep on, and after a time he was amply able to pay me on all new insertions. His death a few years ago was a great loss to the country, his good deeds and attractive personality were widely known and appreciated. Once he visited us at North View, and took part in the proceedings of our farmers' club which met at our house. He was a very entertaining speaker, and he told this anecdote very much to the amusement of his audience. He said: "My little girl told me that somebody said I was a great man, and daughter said: 'You aren't, are you, papa?'"

In the September number I thanked William Parry, nurseryman, for presenting me with a few specimen trees of the new Lawson pear of Asiatic extraction, which was said to ripen very early, earlier than any other sort. I came to regret that he ever presented them to me, for it turned out that they were infested with San José scale of sorrowful memory, whose destructive nature was then un-

known. Near the Lawson trees stood my six-acre orchard of Lawrence, Seckel, and Anjou trees which, to my utter detestation, soon became infested. Following the attack of the lice upon my pear orchard, there was a more serious one upon my fifty acres of splendid young apple trees. I had counted upon my orchard's becoming very profitable in a few years, but it cost more to keep the pest in check than the fruit was worth. If I could have given personal oversight to the fight against the insect, I probably could have succeeded in protecting my trees from harm, but I was busy in the city every day and had to rely on others to do the spraying.

It was my belief then, as it is now, that the English sparrows are the chief disseminators of the San José scale louse. In the fall when they congregate in flocks they fly from orchard to orchard and from tree to tree, leaving hundreds of colonies wherever they alight.

It riles me to this day to contemplate how I was vanquished in my effort to grow fruit profitably on my Upper Dublin farm, and that by insects no larger than a pin-head. Of course, the pests that infested my Lawson trees were not altogether to blame, for in a few years they were found on all neighboring orchards.

In the December number I urged my friends to help me along with my two hundred thousand. Up to that time and for a year thereafter, I must have had those figures imbedded in my brain, I called attention to them so often. After I obtained them I was no better satisfied, but clamored like Oliver Twist for more.

My First Trip Abroad

Late in November I must have felt pretty well used up with my fall work, for I bought passage on

the *S. S. Alaska,* bound for Liverpool, and sailed, according to Emily's diary, on the twenty-fourth, arriving at Queenstown in eight days. I had a rough passage, but did not have to pay tribute to Old Neptune. I went to London, scouted all over the city for a week with a guide; and, without taking a run over to Paris as I had intended, took ship on the same steamer for home, where I arrived after a stormy passage, on December twenty-first, in time to enjoy a happy Christmas with my family.

I bought a high silk hat in London, such as was and still is in vogue there, and boldly wore it right in the presence of the family. I never wore it again. The form of my head is such that when I put the hat on it leaned forward and to one side a little, like the hats worn by the Irishmen at the Donnybrook Fair; and, if I straightened it up, it would fall off to the ground. I suppose it finally went to the rummage sale. I told about my London trip in the January number, and said I should have stayed longer perhaps, but felt I must return to receive the two hundred thousand as they came in. I said, too, that I had a jolly good time, which I surely had.

I began the publication of the Experimental Farm on the last page of the number closing the first decade in the life of the *Farm Journal;* and this is the way I introduced it to my large family of readers: "Near the head of the list of things we expect to get when we start that Experimental Farm stands muscle, as you see it developed in this arm. It will be useful in many ways. A mere editor has a small muscle, nor has he great need of a large one. But a farmer has. To guide the plow, handle the spade and fork, hold the reins of a

THE MUSCLE NEEDED ON THAT "EXPERIMENTAL FARM"

skittish team, swing the axe and maul, pump the water, shoulder the bag of wheat or corn, fork the hay, milk the cows, punch the lightning rod agent and club the tramp out the front gate, and for many other purposes, a large, tough, hard muscle comes into good service and is almost indispensable on a farm. We shall not stop at an ordinary development, but shall cultivate a real stunner—one that we shall be proud of, and a terror to all evil-disposed and envious persons."

CHAPTER XIII

PROGRESS OF THE FARM JOURNAL

JANUARY, 1888. I now took a forward step by offering to take two-year subscriptions for thirty cents each. I endeavored to eliminate annual subscriptions so as to get rid of so much clerical labor and other expenses of renewals. If all subscribed for two years, then the appeal for renewals need not be made so often. In this I found I took a step that proved to be of great value to me. In this issue I told my readers the importance of renewing and getting up clubs for the *Farm Journal,* and this is what I said: "Do you experience a loss of appetite at this season? Do you have headache in the morning and backache at night? Are you restless and uneasy after eating a full meal? Have you darting pains in any part of the body? Have you a strange foreboding that something ought to happen that does not, or that something will happen that ought not? Do specks float before your eyes when they are closed? Have you trembling of the limbs? Do you feel poor, as if things financially were going wrong? Do you imagine that the neighbors are circulating scandals about you? Does your wife droop as if possessed by some grave malady? Do the children have bad colds and irritable tempers? Do things generally go wrong with you, and are you daily oppressed with a sorrowful feeling that nothing can allay? If these miseries and others afflict you, it is probably because you have neglected or forgotten to renew your subscription to the *Farm Journal.* Take this hint, therefore, and be comforted. Brush such things all away

by getting up a club and be happy all the remainder of the year."

I should now say that those promises were rather exuberant.

In the July number I said: "At this writing the editor is strapping his knapsack for a fortnight's journey through Dakota, Montana, and the Red river country to Winnipeg, in Manitoba. He hopes to meet some of his subscribers out that way. He will be in search of information, and hopes to have a good time."

Recalling the trip now, I can say that I found information, and I did have a good time. The famous agricultural editor, Orange Judd, was one of a large party of agricultural editors who, with me, made the journey at the invitation and expense of the Great Northern Railway Company. Mr. Judd was not then connected with the *American Agriculturist,* but with the *Prairie Farmer.* Norman J. Colman, then recently Secretary of Agriculture, was with us. I came in contact with "Jim" Hill, the great railroad king of the northwest, whom we met at Great Falls.

Several of the party were induced to buy building lots in that cataract city and I was one of the number. I own one of the lots yet. It is of little value because it is far up town. Those in the business section no longer belong to me. On its way home the party stopped at a post village on Hill's road and bought a tract of land for the purpose of making a town site of it for speculation. We were expected, of course, to boom it in our papers. I joined with the others and paid down a few hundred dollars; but not long after I reached home I turned my lots over to the company without asking any compensation, for I found I could not use the edi-

torial influence of the *Farm Journal* to promote an enterprise in which I had a pecuniary interest. There was no money made in that transaction.

I was unable to keep the *Farm Journal* from mixing in politics, as appears from the following brief editorial: "The *Farm Journal* has heretofore refrained from taking part in politics, but the time has now come when it can no longer stand aloof from the great contest that is now pending; we therefore call upon our readers in thunder tones to rally to the polls next fall and elect—the best ticket."

I closed the volume for 1888 thus: "Good luck to everybody who reads the *Farm Journal* for 1889."

January, 1889. Opening the first issue for this year I find this notice on the editorial page: "With the new year Charles F. Jenkins becomes associate publisher of the *Farm Journal.* Brought up in the office, bright-minded, industrious, willing, energetic and faithful, he has become a valuable adjunct to the establishment. He is always at his post and is doing his full share in making the paper the success that it is. We take pleasure in introducing him to our readers."

Our readers may recall that he came to me in September, 1883. During the intervening years he relieved me of much of the responsibility of the business, largely in the advertising department. The editorship remained with me until my retirement in February, 1917, at the end of forty years.

In the August number I said: "A good many people are crowding in to get seats at the first table, seats that belong to the farmer and his wife. This won't do. Those who produce the bread and meat must not wait for the crumbs and bare bones. Clear the way for the farmer and his wife." This advice is just as good in 1920 as it was in 1889.

Also in the August number I said: "We will

give the *Farm Journal,* two years, free, to the youngest grandmother among our readers. Send along the proof, not the baby."

February, 1890. On the first page of this number I said: "The grippe delayed us in getting out our paper for January. The majority of our force has been down with the disease. Our readers will excuse us we know."

Not only our working force became afflicted with the malady, but members of my family were stricken, as I was myself. One of the daughters was so ill in consequence of an attack that she was ordered south by her physician. She went and I accompanied her. The editorial work of the *Farm Journal,* however, was not neglected. The two hundred thousand were not all in, and I kept up effort without abatement. All through the year I kept up the racket for the two-year subscriptions, and I was winning out on that track.

During this year, Hale, the peach king, furnished us a series of papers on growing peaches.

In the December number I said: "It is the mission of the *Farm Journal* to make people think. Thinkers are in demand." It was in this number that a page advertisement was taken by the Curtis Publishing Company for the *Ladies' Home Journal.* In the same number I made this announcement for the coming year: "The old year goes out; 1891 will soon step in. We will welcome the coming as we speed the parting guest. We wish all our readers a larger measure of prosperity for the coming year than they have experienced during the past one; comfort in their environment; success in their undertakings, and the peace that cometh from industry, high aims, and righteous living. The *Farm Journal* will be a better paper next year than it has

ever been if we can make it so—more suggestive, more entertaining, and more helpful. Our ambition is to print a clean, wholesome, and useful paper each issue, which will be read by 1,000,000 people, and thus do something for the betterment of mankind. We will never grow weary of doing our best as long as our friends stand by us."

January, 1891. On the first page appeared this modest announcement: "We printed over 600,000 copies of the *Farm Journal* last month, using over 24,000 pounds of paper. The sheets if placed end to end would stretch over 336 miles, and if made in one sheet would nearly cover the whole state of Pennsylvania, mountains and all. Our readers may well imagine our office is a busy place. Nearly 100 printers, folders, editors, and clerks are employed at our busiest time." That was going some. It meant business. On the editorial page I first mentioned one million subscribers in this way as our goal: "It is a big job to get 1,000,000 subscribers for the *Farm Journal,* but it can be done; must be done. It was a big job to get 200,000 friendly patrons scattered all over this broad country. This we have accomplished. This is addressed to every reader of the paper, whether paid ahead or those whose time has expired, for all are invited to help the *Farm Journal* at this time. All lift now, and let somebody else do the grunting. Now!"

In the November number I declared that I was in earnest about obtaining one million subscribers. I said: "Everybody says I ought to have them. I have set to work to get them, and they are now coming in. The signs all point to success in my great endeavor. If only you will stick to it yourself, and talk to your neighbors about it."

It seems by this time that I was not satisfied

with a paltry two hundred thousand, but must have a million. It was many days, and several years, in fact, before I obtained them, but I knew I could not fail, and I did not.

In the December number I gave some good advice to young men as follows: "Young man, beware of starting out in the world with too much capital. Better go slow in the start. Better earn the capital you begin with. If your father or rich uncle sets you up, or you marry a rich woman and are boosted by her, look out for a tumble later on. Self-reliance, young man, and the grit to set yourself up are far better than help from anybody. Dare, work, stick!"

January, 1893. This was the panic year. There were many business failures, and general trade was at a low ebb. I remember visiting Chicago at that time and saw long lines of men and women before banks trying to get in to draw out their money. But in the whole history of the *Farm Journal* I never paid the slightest attention to the general business of the country. I kept pegging away just the same in good times as in times of depression.

In February of this year I published what purported to be a telephone message as follows:

"Hello! Is that Atkinson?"

"Just so."

"I see a good many things advertised in the *Farm Journal* that I want. Will it be safe to send cash for them?"

"Why, certainly."

"Do you guarantee square dealing with every advertiser in your paper?"

"Of course, I do."

"Will you refund the money in any case where I am treated dishonestly?"

"I undertake to do that and will do it as long as my bank account holds out. I only accept advertisements from honorable men—don't be afraid."

"That's the way to talk."

"One thing, be sure to say when you write to an advertiser: 'I saw your advertisement in the *Farm Journal.*' My subscribers are favored with the cream of everything, as they ought to be."

"All right. Good-bye."

"Call again. Good-bye."

In the May number I made an offer to *Farm Journal* boys as follows. I said: "Young man, do you smoke? Better quit now before the habit gets fixed. If you will quit for a year I will send you the *Farm Journal* the next year free. Come now, begin; send me the proof, and also say how much money you will have saved by the operation."

I said in the December number: "The one feature that marks this paper in contrast to all others is that it knows what to leave out. The art of leaving out we will not forget in the coming year."

In the July number I made this announcement: "The *Farm Journal* hereafter will be conducted by Wilmer Atkinson Company, a chartered corporation of the state of Pennsylvania. Of this company Wilmer Atkinson is President and Charles F. Jenkins, Secretary and Treasurer. All of the stock of the corporation belongs to them. The paper will be conducted in the same spirit, on the same lines, and by the same persons as heretofore. There will be no change in the business or editorial methods, except that we are going to do better." This change took place just ten years after Charles came, as a lad of eighteen, to help me on the *Farm Journal.*

In the November number I remarked: "The *Farm Journal* is pie; the crust is short and crisp; the filling

is your favorite kind; dinner is a failure without it, and life is woe. Go tell the neighbors."

January, 1894. At this time I made it a rule for all subscriptions to expire with December, the reason being that that was the best season of the year to obtain renewals. The wisdom of this rule was fully justified in results. I know of no other paper that did this.

In the March number I said: "What this country needs is an epidemic of lockjaw in Congress," and "It is a poor mule that won't work both ways." I found these playful remarks were just what folks liked.

In the April number I said: "Anybody who thinks Wilmer Atkinson writes all the good things in the *Farm Journal* is very much mistaken; he only does his share."

In the May number I said: "Our appetite is never better than after grubbing at white oak stumps; that is the only way we can digest salt pork;" also: "What is defeat? Nothing but education; and nothing but the first step to something better." I said further: "What is the use of getting drunk, anyhow?"

"An eel held by the tail is not yet caught."

"The *Farm Journal* stopped is a hole in the pocket."

In the August number I said: "Our heartfelt sympathy goes out to everyone of Our Folks who is pressed by hard times and is not getting ahead. May a brighter day soon dawn for him."

In the November number I said:

"Man, when the woman talks you keep still!"

"Washington was a farmer and made a good president, didn't he?"

"The brave soul wins in the end."

April, 1895. I said: "It required 45 tons of paper for last month's *Farm Journal*. Extended out length-

wise the pages would make a paper path from Philadelphia to Mankato, Minnesota, a distance of 1100 miles; and we intend to go clear across the continent next winter." In the same number I said: "Nobody ever made a farm pay by stopping the *Farm Journal*."

In the May number, 1895, I said: "We have been so cramped for room at 125 North Ninth Street that we have to move." In further reference to this I said: "The building, which we now occupy, and which has been our business home for more than a dozen years, is not now ample enough for the convenient and economical conduct of a large and constantly developing business, hence we have made preliminary arrangements for removal to larger quarters, having purchased a building and lot on Race Street above Tenth, not far from the business centre and but a few blocks from the post office. On the lot we shall build a plain, substantial, not gorgeous, building suitable for its purpose, ample in size, with facilities adequate for present needs and for future growth. A million subscribers are coming, and we must prepare to receive and provide for them."

In the August number I said: "Well, we have moved. Farewell, old 125; many a happy day we spent with you, and we are sorry for the leaving; but best friends must part, and so good-bye.

"The new place is at 1024 Race Street; here we have room for 150 clerks to work without elbows touching, and are now ready for the million subscribers, and we are pounding to get them. Now we are in our new home we shall be glad to have Our Folks, when in town, call and see how comfortably we are fixed."

In the December number I said: "This is your paper; it is your wife's paper; it is the children's

paper; it is everybody's paper; help us get our million subscribers; help pay for our new home; now be kind, good, obliging and happy."

Soon after we moved to Race Street I observed that our employees were working too many hours each day for their physical welfare. After the lapse of eight hours, they were weary enough to quit; I thought that they ought to quit then. The usual number of hours at that period was nine. Upon making this discovery, we cut the last hour off and established eight hours as a day's work in our office. This reform was made nearly twenty years ahead of the procession for shorter hours. I preached fair play in the *Farm Journal* and so led the way in the practice of it.

January, 1896. This is the closing year of our second decade. I had been pounding away for a larger circulation for twenty years. I told my readers that "the *Farm Journal* goes like an epidemic, sweeping the country over. All recover who take it and are better ever after." We then had in the busy months over one hundred and fifty employees. I said: "Tens of thousands of new subscribers are pouring in from every state and Our Folks everywhere are working like beavers for our million subscribers. Thank you, beloved friends, one and all. Keep right on until we get our round million subscribers. Just as like as not, if you let the *Farm Journal* stop now, all next year everything will go wrong; the curculio will puncture your plums, the blight will kill your pear trees, the sow will kill her pigs, the horses will become sweenied, the chickens eat their heads off, the bread will be sour, the butter rancid, your husband cross, your wife unhappy, the hired man lazy, the children troublesome, and the

cow will kick the bucket over. Don't for the world let the *Farm Journal* stop."

By the close of the twenty-fifth year of the publication of the *Farm Journal*, the circulation had reached a round half million. This shows an average annual increase of twenty thousand from the start, a result that was encouraging and that assured us of a successful future. With our past success I felt sure that we could do better in the years that were before us. In looking up the record, I find that during the next ten years we made a gain at the rate of twenty-five thousand a year. It took us five years more to top out the million, so the gain for the last five years was fifty thousand a year. It is not so difficult to obtain fifty thousand new subscribers in a year; the hardest task is to hold on at the same time to what you already have.

Postal Fight

I may here appropriately make reference to the part I took at this period in the great contest that publishers made against the ill-advised attempt by the Post Office Department to increase the rate of postage on second-class matter. Congress in March, 1879, two years after the *Farm Journal* was started, adopted the pound rates on newspapers and periodicals, charging one cent a pound in bulk. Under this beneficent law, the growth and influence of the public press made wonderful strides. Before that the postage was much higher and the subscriber was required to pay it, which was added to the subscription price by the publisher; under the operation of the new rate, the publisher paid the postage.

The great fight was to prevent an increase of the rate to four cents a pound or even more, as proposed by the Post Office Department. The contest lasted

more than a decade, almost up to the opening of the World War. I went into the fight with all my usual earnestness and gave the matter a great deal of study.

Commission after commission was appointed by Congress to investigate the cost of mailing second-class matter and each one of them found me on hand with a paper brimful of facts and arguments showing why there should be no increase of rates. It is a long story, so long in fact, that if I wrote it all out it would fill another volume as large as this. I will therefore only mention that in the course of the contest our company spent many thousands of dollars in its propaganda, and that I gave much of my time and energy to writing pamphlets and booklets, comprising altogether over four hundred pages, on the subject in order to arouse publishers and inform Congress and the public of the error of the Post Office Department in trying to increase the postage rates on the people's reading matter.

Among the documents I wrote was a series of five booklets, over the signature of "Job Jobson," which our company circulated everywhere among publishers throughout the United States, among members of Congress, and other persons of influence. I wound up my series of bound pamphlets with one on the "Freedom of the Press," containing fifty-six pages, which is, as I believe, the only one that has ever been published in the United States, presenting quotations from famous defenders of this palladium of our liberties, from John Milton down to the time of my writing. This book now is out of print, but many thousand copies were published and circulated at our expense.

Besides these pamphlets I wrote one entitled: "Does the Government Lose on Second-class Matter?" The question was answered in the negative

from Government documents. I wrote another: "Guessing and Figuring Having Failed, Try a Few Ounces of Common Sense," consisting of some wholesome advice to the officials of the Post Office Department; another: "Twenty-five Years Behind the Times and Facing Backward;" and another: "A Bogey Unveiled." Just what influence my arguments had in furnishing Congress and the public with indisputable truth on the subject, I shall not undertake to say, but I was gratified in knowing that there was no increase in the postage rate for many years. In the contest there were many able publishers who joined in the fight, including my nephew, Charles F. Jenkins, Messrs. James M. Pierce and John J. Hamilton, of the *Iowa Homestead,* my friend Herbert Myrick of *Farm and Home* and *American Agriculturist,* M. W. Lawrence of the *Ohio Farmer,* Hollenbach, representing the fraternal publications, and Rev. A. J. Rowland, representing the religious press, and Samuel J. Gompers, speaking for the labor press of the country. At the various commissions, one held in Washington and two in New York, I was selected, with others, to represent the National Agricultural Press League and did my part as well as I could. At a meeting of this League, held at the Grand Pacific Hotel, in Chicago, on December fifth, 1906, the following resolution was adopted:

Whereas, Wilmer Atkinson has rendered the press of the country invaluable service in compiling and distributing data concerning the unreasonable and burdensome restrictions of the Third Assistant Postmaster General in the administration of the regulations pertaining to second-class matter, and

"*Whereas,* Mr. Atkinson has ably and continuously defended the integrity of publishers in the

faithful observance of the letter and spirit of the acts of Congress relating to second-class matter; therefore, be it

"*Resolved,* That the thanks of the National Agricultural Press League are due and are hereby tendered to Mr. Atkinson for his able, courageous and effective championship of the rights and dignity of the American press in general, and his valuable service to the agricultural press in particular, in connection with the pending congressional inquiry into postal questions affecting the publishing interests of the United States."

I am perfectly well aware that I was not the only one deserving praise, for there were scores of publishers all over the United States who took a prominent and effective part in the defense of our just cause.

In this matter, as in so many others, the great World War into which we were drawn and the consequent necessity of enormously increasing Government taxes, unfortunately led to the enactment of the zone system of postage with a greatly increased rate, which law is altogether pernicious and unpatriotic. This system of postage, which now disastrously affects publishers, will surely work ultimate untold injury to the people of the United States. The zone system in effect divides the country into sections. The postage rate on newspapers and periodicals is two, three, four, five times greater in some zones than in others, and this must inevitably work in the future against the homogeneity of our people and the solidarity of our nation, which are so essential to our future welfare. I trust that publishers will never rest satisfied to have this law continued on the statute books, but will take steps

to bring the matter before Congress in such a way that it will be repealed.

The people of every particular section of the United States should by all means have access to the same literature as every other section. Otherwise we will grow apart and cease to understand, appreciate, and regard each other as we should. Had the two sections, the North and the South, before the Civil War, been accustomed to reading the same newspapers and magazines, they probably never would have gone to war against each other.

Shortly after the commission had concluded its labors a New York advertising journal, referring to my address against the unreasonable and onerous demands of the Post Office Department, said:

"Every publisher in this land should thank Wilmer Atkinson for what, to our mind, is the most able and convincing argument ever put forth on the subject of justice being done to the publisher by the post office authorities."

I will close my reference to our post office fight with the following extract from my pamphlet "Job Jobson":

"'The Lord must have loved the common people,' said Abraham Lincoln, 'for he made so many of them.' The cheap periodical is for the Lord's people. The rich can buy books and high-priced papers and magazines, and can send their children to college; the low rate of postage does not so much concern them; it is the ignorant and lowly that need to be educated and lifted up by means of the public press. Remember the mechanic, the hired man on the farm, the toiler in mill and mine, the stray from foreign shore, all who are near the bottom rung of the ladder and are struggling for a grip higher up,

all the under dogs in the fight, all who seek knowledge with a slim purse, and forbear saying a word or performing an act that will deprive them of opportunity to obtain good, cheap literature for their life's uplifting. Just as the public school is almost free, so also should be the newspapers to the poor. Cash balance in the treasury, what is that compared with the education and uplifting of the Lord's people?"

CHAPTER XIV

PETER TUMBLEDOWN

"Then winter all its weapons bared, and found old Peter unprepared: The stable doors were swinging loose, the hinges creaking like the deuce, and all the critters stalled inside had frost bites on the hoof and hide; the cows had chilblains on their feet and wished they had the prickly heat."

—*Walt Mason.*

DURING the early years of the *Farm Journal,* when it was my custom to make annual trips through the various states of the Union for recreation and in search of information, I was surprised and vexed at seeing from the car windows so many farmsteads where gates were off the hinges, broken wagons lying around, manure piles in plain sight, where ploughs had been left standing in the furrows, where buildings were leaning or tumbling down, where it seemed as though nobody lived and nobody cared for anything. Such places were not confined to any particular state, though they were more numerous in some states than in others.

I pondered the question whether something could not be done to bring about a change for the better in such conditions, for surely it was not necessary for any American farmer to let himself run to seed that way. Even if poor, he might keep things in order, and not so fret the landscape with examples of neglect and disorder. It was fair to conclude that some of the places of that description were the homes of men who had yielded to their appetite for strong drink, but not necessarily so in all cases. It

PETER TUMBLEDOWN'S FARM

A FARM JOURNAL FARM

was in most instances simply carelessness and indifference on the part of the occupant, who most likely was a renter, and naturally lacked ambition to make a fair show of premises that belonged to some one else.

It was while cogitating upon this state of affairs that I conceived the idea of Peter Tumbledown, and of giving his failings and his idiosyncrasies a show down in the *Farm Journal* each month. Thus this now famous Peter Tumbledown's place was put on the map of the United States, I presume to stay there as long as there shall be need. I question whether there is a single locality anywhere in the agricultural sections of the country where Peter Tumbledown does not abide, but I hope there are not quite so many of him, as there once were.

I fancy the reader of this book will be willing to know more about our old friend Peter, and the way in which the *Farm Journal* undertook a thirty-year campaign to rectify his unfortunate habits by raillery —perhaps ridicule is a better word—and by stimulating his neighbors to aid the laudable endeavor. So I quote:

Peter Tumbledown lounged in the Tumbledown house
By the side of his Tumbledown stove,
While the cheap hired man milked the Tumbledown cows
That were kept in a Tumbledown grove.
For the Tumbledown boys, who were willing young men,
Had fled from the place in alarm,
When the thought came to them that they might have to spend
All their lives on a Tumbledown farm.

Where did Peter Tumbledown get so many old broken-down wagons, implements and things, as we see about his place, anyhow? Why must he keep three yellow dogs; why should he always tramp through the mud on the way to the barn; why is his ax so dull that it will not cut worth a cent, and why can't he pass a tavern without stopping in? Bad whiskey is not necessary for good health, nor clean clothes, nor good farming, nor money in bank.

By the looks of Peter Tumbledown's farming the past year, his lamp was not kept burning but must have gone clean out. His cows and heifers have to drink ice water every day, and stand about the barnyard with their backs hunched up, a-shivering. And you can hear his pigs squeal a mile.

Peter Tumbledown in getting ready to move to a new place last month could not find his plow; went to the field to look for it, but the snow-drifts hid it from sight. He had forgotten which end of the furrow he left it in last fall, so it took several hours to find it and dig it out. It will not scour very well the first day he uses it, but Peter is used to that.

Old Peter Tumbledown spends enough on tobacco and whiskey in one year to buy his wife a silk dress and to send both of his boys to boarding-school. And would you believe it, he plays cards at the tavern several hours every week. He does not own a horse whose ribs are not visible a hundred yards away.

Old Peter Tumbledown wants his fellow citizens to elect him to the office of road supervisor. He rides around a good deal, and so might easily inspect the roads, but this is the only thing that can

recommend him. No one would suppose that he would keep the sign-boards fixed up, the loose stones picked off, nor the culverts in repair, would you?

Peter Tumbledown gave each of his boys a runt pig, and when it grew up sold it and put the money in his own pocket, and now the boys are getting ready to leave the farm.

When Peter Tumbledown wants to use a ladder he goes to a neighbor to borrow one, and then forgets to return it to the owner. Peter starts the morning grumbling at his wife, next the children, ending up with the hired boy, who catches it all day. You would laugh now to see him as he hunts up the plow and drags it out of the fence corner.

Just why old Peter Tumbledown's horses look so bony it is hard to say. Their ribs show, their hip-bones protrude, and they all have such sharp back-bones. No one likes to ride any of them to the shop to be shod without a saddle. The cows are that way, too.

Dear reader, you've heard of the man, no doubt,
Who lives here and there, and all round about;
On the mountains above, the valleys below,
You are sure to meet him wherever you go.

His dwelling-house stands by the side of the way,
The passer will notice its rapid decay;
The shingles that covered the roof one day
Have rotted and loosened and blown far away.

Where lights have been broken in the windows about,
Rags and old hats are now sticking out;
The barn and outbuildings are rickety, too,
The boards and the doors are hanging askew.

The pigs and the poultry around the front door,
Rooting and scratching forevermore;
Fences are down around field and yard,
And dogs are kept standing on picket-guard.

If a cow or a calf should perchance starve to death,
Or lie down and die for the want of breath,
He makes it a point to sell the skin
And fill the old jug with whiskey again.

Last season, one clear and sunshiny day,
He drove in the barn with the first load of hay;
The corn-sheller lay on the floor of the mow,
But having no use for the thing just now,

And no disposition to move it away,
Covered it up with the new-mown hay;
To-day he goes round to his neighbors to borrow
A sheller to shell out some corn to-morrow.

This singular man, as I have been told,
Is not very young, not exceedingly old.
Sleeps soundly nights, a right heavy eater,
Is generally known as Tumbledown Peter.

Some writers have made a few characters immortal, but you have done your best to have old Peter Tumbledown die a natural death, if he is not too tired. When I read what old Peter has not done, I am reminded of one of his kind who was so fond of work that he would lie down beside it and go to sleep.

"I knew there wasn't any real use in slicking up the yard and fields," chuckled Peter Tumbledown when he looked out of the window one morning and saw a snow mantle over everything. "Guess my farm looks as good as anybody's, now! And it's

lots easier to let the snow do the job." Then he shuffled down stairs and scolded his wife because breakfast wasn't ready.

Peter Tumbledown threatens to "stop taking the *Farm Journal.*" He says that it "makes him think, and thinking is too much bother." Poor Peter. The world seems to be a hard place for him. Things are continually going wrong on his farm. One night last week he forgot to shut the hen-house door, and his half-fed dog killed several nice hens. Now Peter blames the dog!

Peter Tumbledown, though not a tidy farmer, has a good, kind heart. He has been known to loan to a neighbor certain farm machinery that he had borrowed from another neighbor. So score a point for Peter.

His horse gets sick, his chickens die,
His crops are poor, and he wonders why.
His farm with weeds is a thicket dense;
Neighbor's cows go through his fence;
They eat his corn and tramp it down,
While he gives chase with yell and frown.
But he never mends the fence, you see,
And says, "It's always hard times with me."

Peter Tumbledown's city cousin visited him last summer. After dinner the cousin walked about Peter's farm; but the longer the city man walked the longer grew his face. After staring at some scraggy cows he returned to the house and remarked to Peter: "I notice you've started to build cows here." Peter looked puzzled. "Well," explained the cousin, "you have the frames up, haven't you?"

An Indiana subscriber writes: "I would like to see more of Peter Tumbledown; I think it is a grand lesson for many farmers' sons. I have raised a family of six sons and three daughters, and I am often amused to see how soon they notice when anything gets out of place, or a board loose from the fence; how soon it is said, 'Peter Tumbledown is around.'"

PETER'S PRATTLE

By Walt Mason

I am old Peter Tumbledown, of whom you've doubtless heard; I've won a national renown for doing things absurd. *Farm Journal* readers, everywhere, for more than three decades, the patriarchs with snowy hair, the growing boys and maids, have watched my way of doing things, and gurgled as they watched; "his wires are crossed," the reader sings, "and all he does is botched." And yet I keep on doing stunts in that mad way of mine; you see me busy raising runts, where others have good swine. My cows are up to breachy tricks, and sometimes break a leg. I always keep the kind of chicks that never lay an egg. They say I make my farm a jest, and waste much fertile soil, for when it's fair I always rest, and when it rains I toil. My plows are coated red with rust, outdoors they're always stowed; my doubletrees are sure to bust, whene'er I'd haul a load. I fear I am a false alarm, as all your readers say; the way I run my misfit farm was never known to pay. And yet I have some use on earth, as you will all agree; I cause a lot of harmless mirth, and fill some hearts with glee. Wherever spreads my bright renown, you'll hear the people sing: "Just watch old Peter Tumbledown—and do the other thing."

Occasionally we have one of Our Folks write us a savage letter complaining of our remarks about Peter Tumbledown, threatening to stop the paper if we don't quit. Now this is to say that we only mention Peter's doings as a warning to others. Some have said that it is throwing wet cobs at them; but they don't mind it: they dodge. Our object is not a bad one; it is to stimulate all to do differently from Peter. We have good reason to know that the effort is, on the whole, good. Our own farming is not allowed to degenerate much, for fear the neighbors will ask us if we have sold out to Peter. There are others.

These quotations are enough to inform the reader how we got after Peter Tumbledown and set all his neighbors from the Atlantic to the Pacific and from Canada to the gulf to watch his doings and tease him out of them. My purpose was not only to wake Peter Tumbledown up, but to stimulate his neighbors to maintain a higher standard of efficiency in their work and tidiness about their premises.

It was work well worth doing, and I hope my readers will think it is worth the telling.

CHAPTER XV

STORY OF A SUGAR BOWL

An interesting episode in the life of the *Farm Journal* was the contest for the seventh sugar bowl under the direction of *Printers' Ink* (that "Schoolmaster in the Art of Advertising") a history of which will now be given.

In the issue of the *Printers' Ink* for January twenty-second, 1902, appeared the following notice:

"During the past four years *Printers' Ink* has made searching inquiries concerning the comparative merits of American newspapers of various sections and classes, and has given six awards, in each case a solid silver sugar bowl, made by Tiffany and Company. The details of the examinations were fully set forth while in progress, and the conclusions arrived at were engraved upon the souvenir.

"A seventh award will be made within the next few months to the agricultural paper, weekly, semi-monthly, monthly, or however issued, that better serves its purpose than any other as an educator and counsellor for our agricultural population, and best serves as an economical medium for communicating with that class through its advertising columns and on the fairest terms, price, and value considered.

"The contest for this honor is now open, and the claims and assertions of publishers or their friends will receive due consideration from *Printers' Ink*. They may set forth in their own manner the points of superiority of one paper over another, and state their reasons why they believe that a particu-

lar paper is entitled to the award in preference to another."

The *Farm Journal* entered the contest and its friends proceeded to furnish evidence that the seventh sugar bowl offered by *Printers' Ink* should come to Philadelphia to adorn the mantelpiece in the editor's office. The verdict depended, not so much on what Wilmer Atkinson Company said about the paper, as on what Our Folks testified concerning it.

Not long after the contest had opened, it developed that only three or four papers stood a chance of winning, and the *Farm Journal* was one of them. Three of the others that came next were *American Agriculturist, Country Gentleman,* and *Rural New Yorker.*

In its following numbers *Printers' Ink* began at once to print the testimony offered, and continued to do so until it became certain that the Philadelphia paper was coming in ahead on the home stretch. I can give space in this book for only a few letters received and printed by *Printers' Ink* in behalf of the *Farm Journal.*

PATRONS OF HUSBANDRY

NATIONAL GRANGE, OFFICE OF LECTURER

Middlebush, N. J., June 7, 1902.

EDITOR OF PRINTERS' INK:

I have noticed your Sugar Bowl offer in *Printers' Ink* and desire to give my testimony in favor of that gem of all the agricultural papers—the *Farm Journal* of Philadelphia—not only as the best in all lines of farm, orchard, garden, live stock, and poultry, but best home builder and home preserver. By all odds it is away in the lead as best serving the interests of the farmer, as a producer, a man, and a citizen. If I were compelled to confine myself to but one agri-

cultural paper, even at the cost of the highest priced one, I would without a moment's second thought take the *Farm Journal.* My neighbors all about here say the same.

MORTIMER WHITEHEAD,
Lecturer.

A farmer from West Virginia wrote: The *Farm Journal* is intensely practical; it contains no fiction; it deals with facts rather than theories; it has no long-winded, theoretical articles; its tone is moral, elevating, and beneficial to its readers.

I have taken the *Farm Journal* for about fifteen years, and, if the Lord permits, I will take it for fifteen years more. I have taken it so long because it contains the most useful information in the least space of any paper published in the English language. Let me say in conclusion that the *Farm Journal* has no rivals, it is distinctly in a class by itself, and were Washington or Jefferson alive today they would certainly declare that the prosperity of our nation depended upon the farmer and the *Farm Journal,* one and inseparable, now and forever.

W. F. CLARK.

Wilmington, Vt., March 4, 1902.

EDITOR OF PRINTERS' INK:

On a hill way up in Vermont is a whole family that has taken the *Farm Journal* for twenty years, and read it, too, and enjoyed it, and been benefited by it in many ways. It is unlike other papers of its class in many respects: 1st, in its short, pithy articles; 2d, in the tone and vim of its reading matter, urging farmers up into higher and better ways, agricultural and domestic. It is a bugle call to activity and duty, arousing the indolent to the necessity of bet-

tering their condition and that of those around them; 3d, in its advocacy of helpfulness to one another and care and kindness in the treatment of "our other friends"—the dumb animals. In short, in the *Farm Journal* we find the wisest suggestions, the quaintest sayings, the choicest selections of prose, and the richest and most appropriate gems of poetry. In all these respects it is unique and without a peer, and I gladly pay this sincere tribute to its worthiness and worth.

E. A. Fitch.

Printers' Ink made personal inquiry of Cyrus Curtis concerning the comparative merits of the agricultural papers; and Mr. Curtis said that he did not know anything about farmers or agriculture, but he did have some knowledge of the agricultural papers that had been mentioned in connection with the *Printers' Ink* Sugar Bowl, and that the *Rural New Yorker* was a first-rate paper, and the *Country Gentleman* of Albany was quite as good, if not better, and he was not prepared to say that the *American Agriculturist* was not a first-rate agricultural paper in every way; but, notwithstanding all that might be said about the others named, or any others that might be named, the *Farm Journal* of Philadelphia was, in Mr. Curtis's opinion, "the best of them all in a sense that it reaches the largest number of farmers solely on its merits, that it seems to get at the hearts of the people with its plain, homely common sense, and that farmers feel that it contains more practical information than most other publications and mixes it with a good deal of ginger."

As Mr. Curtis was king bee in the publishing business at that time, as he is now, his words may have had much weight with the editor of *Printers' Ink* in

coming to a decision. Mr. Curtis thought so well of the *Country Gentleman* that he later bought it and is now its publisher.

Hundreds of other persons wrote for the *Farm Journal,* but I have no room in this book for any other testimony except that found in this brief summary:

"Its articles go right to the heart of things."

"Small, condensed, and right to the point."

"Its first and most important quality is good faith, sincerity, squareness."

"It can tell us more in a few words than any paper I know of."

"No agricultural paper is doing so much to educate the farmer."

"It teems with proverbial philosophy, shrewd observations, and splendid common sense."

"It is amazing to see how much pleasure and profit can be crowded into its limited space."

"The real interests of the farmer (and especially of his wife) are catered to with a care, thoroughness, and withal a brevity that make the paper a model of its kind."

"When we began housekeeping it was our guide. Other journals crowded it out, and we ceased to be progressive. Then we sent in a five-year subscription, and if the time ever comes when a late copy is not found in the house it will be after we have gone."

Very soon after the contest opened, I wrote to *Printers' Ink* and requested them not to disparage or allow any correspondent to disparage any of our competitors. I said: "I wish no word printed that would in any way tend to lessen any of them in the estimation of the public." This request was granted, for there was nothing derogatory said in the course of the contest against any of our competitors.

A consideration of all the facts presented on be-

half of all papers in the contest led *Printers' Ink* to cause the following paragraph to be engraved upon the seventh sugar bowl and to forward the same to the *Farm Journal* with assurances of the highest consideration of *Printers' Ink:*

"AWARDED JUNE 25th, 1902
By *Printers' Ink,* 'The Little Schoolmaster'
in the Art of Advertising, to
the *Farm Journal.*

"After a canvassing of merits extending over a period of half a year, that paper, among all those published in the United States, has been pronounced the one that best serves its purpose as an educator and counsellor for the agricultural population, and as an effective and economical medium for communicating with them through its advertising columns."

The seventh sugar bowl was promptly received and placed amongst the other souvenirs won by the *Farm Journal.*

When the *Farm Journal* was asked by *Printers' Ink* what it deemed the real reasons for its success the answer came as follows: "It is a home builder and home preserver. While it takes due interest in all the brute animals on the farm, the best care is given to the humans; for their comfort and happiness it strives—for the men and women, the boys and girls, the tots, the father and mother, the husband and wife, the son and daughter, the brother and sister, all the dear, farm home folks—before the cattle, sheep and poultry, or the pumpkins. Its keynote is happy, prosperous, and contented rural homes before fat hogs. Fat hogs are all right, but they do not come first."

In writing to *Printers' Ink* in acknowledging the

news of our success and the acceptance of the seventh sugar bowl, Mr. Jenkins wrote:

FARM JOURNAL OFFICE,
Phila., July 1, 1902.

EDITOR OF PRINTERS' INK:

The Seventh Sugar Bowl without warning and unannounced reached us last week. The absence of both Mr. Atkinson and the writer from Philadelphia has prevented an earlier acknowledgment of it. No higher honor could come to any paper than to be awarded the prize by the Little Schoolmaster in the Art of Advertising, after a six months' contest on the high grounds on which the contest was based.

For twenty-five years the *Farm Journal* has been growing in circulation and influence along the safe and original lines laid down by Wilmer Atkinson when he started the paper in 1877, and the Sugar Bowl comes as a fitting reward on this, the Silver Anniversary of the paper's life.

As for the bowl itself, it is a beauty, and the inscription only adds to its charm.

Very truly,
Wilmer Atkinson Co.,
Charles F. Jenkins, Secretary.

FOR READY REFERENCE

CHAPTER XVI

POOR RICHARD ALMANAC REVIVED

For the year 1910, Wilmer Atkinson Company issued the first number of *Poor Richard Almanac Revived,* and has continued its publication ever since, the issue of 1920 being the eleventh of the series. In it, year after year, we have presented the maxims of Poor Richard, which are known to have exerted a vast influence for good upon the generation living at the time of its publication, and for several years after Franklin's death.

It was my thought that people living at this time need to have those wise maxims set before them, even more than the people did in the early history of the country, when economy and thrift were more compelling. I took great pleasure in editing *Poor Richard Almanac Revived* for one-half of the years that it has been published, since which time Mr. Kirkpatrick, of our editorial staff, has undertaken the work and successfully carried it on.

Glancing back over the eleven volumes now before me it appears that there is scarcely a single wise maxim contained in the original *Poor Richard Almanac* but is reprinted in our *Poor Richard Almanac Revived.* These have been laid before thousands of persons where the original could only reach hundreds—the population of the country having increased many fold since Franklin's time, and our company's facilities for reaching the public being so much greater than those of the wise old philosopher who conceived and published *Poor Richard Almanac* for the twenty-five years beginning with 1732 and end-

ing with 1758. The editions of the original *Poor Richard Almanac* may have reached ten thousand a year; those of *Poor Richard Revived* have in some years approximated one hundred thousand.

There were in the several generations which followed the closing years of the publication of *Poor Richard Almanac,* many imitations printed, but none of them approaching the original in merit. It remained for the *Farm Journal* to edit and publish *Poor Richard Almanac Revived,* which is worthy of the name, and which will be scanned, in generations to come, by those who appreciate the wise sayings of Poor Richard, for here they can be found in convenient and permanent form. No copies of the old *Poor Richard Almanac* are extant. I sought diligently to obtain some of the original issues, but failed; many imitations were shown me, believed to be genuine by their owners, but none of them were of value. A single copy of the original is worth in the market five hundred dollars. It is doubtful whether a single perfect copy is in existence.

I fancy it will be some time before *Poor Richard Almanac Revived* will be worth so much, because it has not been printed by Franklin himself, though it contains a summing up of all his best maxims. But the time may come when for the sake of its contents it will possess a value many times greater than in the generation for which it is published.

I call the reader's attention to this work because I take personal pride in having conceived the idea and the form of its publication, and of having edited each of the first six numbers; and I am glad of the opportunity to place before the reader of this book more than one hundred of Poor Richard's most pregnant maxims, all of which have been carefully selected by myself. If there is little else found in

this book of mine of any, even transient, value, the quotations that are below alone will justify its publication.

I present them in the form adopted by Franklin.

POOR RICHARD says:

The old man has given all to his son.
O fool! to undress thyself before thou art going to bed.

The poor have little; beggars none; the rich too much; enough, not one.

Poverty wants some things, luxury many things, avarice all things.

The family of fools is ancient.

Big talking never brought in money,
No more than hornets bring in honey.

To whom thy secret thou dost tell,
To him thy freedom thou dost sell.

A lie stands on one leg, truth on two.

The sound of your hammer at five in the morning, or nine at night, heard by a creditor, makes him easy six months longer; but if he sees you at a billiard-table, or hears your voice at a tavern, when you should be at work, he sends for his money the next day.

Those that govern most make the least noise.

Each year one vicious habit routed out,
In time might make the worst man good throughout.

As having their own way is one of the greatest comforts of life to old people, I think their friends should endeavor to accommodate them in that, as well as in anything else. When they have long lived in a house, it becomes natural to them; they are almost as closely connected with it as the tortoise with his shell; they die, if you tear them out of it; old folks and old trees, if you remove them, it is ten to one that you kill them. We are growing old fast ourselves, and shall expect the same kind of indulgence; if we give them, we shall have a right to receive them in our turn.

Tongue double brings trouble.

He is ill clothed who is bare of virtue.

Death is a fisherman, the world we see
His fish-pond is, and we the fishes be.

A wicked hero will turn his back to an innocent coward.

Laws, like cobwebs, catch small flies,
Great ones break through before your eyes.

Strange, that he who lives by shifts, can seldom shift himself.

For age and want save while you may,
No morning sun lasts a whole day.

There are two ways of being happy—we may either diminish our wants or augment our means—either will do, the result is the same; and it is for each man to decide for himself, and do that which happens to be easiest. If you are idle or sick or poor, however hard it may be to diminish your

wants, it will be harder to augment your means. If you are active or prosperous or young or in good health, it may be easier for you to augment your means than to diminish your wants. But if you are wise, you will do both at the same time, young or old, rich or poor, sick or well; and if you are very wise you will do both in such a way as to augment the general happiness of society.

A rich rogue is like a fat hog, who never does good till as dead as a log.

Time is an herb that cures all diseases.

Creditors have better memories than debtors.

As sore places meet most rubs, proud folks meet most affronts.

When 'tis fair, be sure to take your great coat with you.

Love, cough, and a smoke, can't well be hid.

Wouldst thou enjoy a long life, a healthy body, and a vigorous mind, and be acquainted also with the wonderful works of God, labour in the first place to bring thy appetite into subjection to reason.

Since thou art not sure of a minute, throw not away an hour.

A countryman between two lawyers is like a fish between two cats.

After crosses and losses, men grow humbler and wiser.

Every little makes a mickle.

He that is rich need not live sparingly, and he that can live sparingly need not be rich.

Experience keeps a dear school, but fools will learn in no other, and scarce in that; for it is true, we may give advice, but we cannot give conduct. However, remember this, they that won't be counselled, can't be helped; and farther, that if you will not hear reason, she'll surely rap your knuckles.

A wag, seeing a door nearly off its hinges, in which condition it had been for some time, observed that when it had fallen and killed some one it would probably be hung.

After feasts made, the maker scratches his head.

Sal laughs at everything you say. Why? Because she has fine teeth.

The poor man must walk to get meat for his stomach, the rich man to get a stomach for his meat.

Here comes the orator with his flood of words and drop of reason.

Let thy maid servant be faithful, strong and homely.

Are you idle to-day, don't go whittling and drumming,
Get things under way for the busy time coming.

When will the miser's chest be full enough?
When will he cease his bags to cram and stuff?
All day he labors, and all night contrives,
Providing as if he'd an hundred lives.

Three may keep a secret if two of them are dead.

The rotten apple spoils his companion.

To bear other people's afflictions, every one has courage and enough to spare.

Kate would have Thomas, no one blame her can;
Thomas won't have Kate, and who can blame the man?

He that riseth late, must trot all day, and scarce overtakes his business at night.

He that speaks ill of the mare will buy her.

Great talkers should be crop'd, for they have no need of ears.

Hunger never saw bad bread.

Kings and bears often worry their keepers.

Tom, moderate fare and abstinence much prizes
In publick, but in private gormandizes.

Late children, early orphans.

Ben beats his pate, and fancies wit will come;
But he may knock, there's nobody at home.

Hold your temper to-day, you'll be glad on the morrow;
But give it away and for weeks you will know sorrow.

In crimes men are stupid—the proverb says well;
The thief stops his ears when he's stealing a bell.

A quarrelsome man has no good neighbors.

Vice knows she's ugly, so puts on her mask.

Virtue and Happiness are mother and daughter.

He's a fool that makes his doctor his heir.

Pride and gout are seldom cured throughout.

Why does a blind man's wife paint herself?

A long life may not be good enough, but a good life is long enough.

A change of fortune hurts a wise man no more than the change of the moon.

Wipe off the sorrowing tear from Virtue's eyes,
Bid Honesty oppress'd, again arise:
Protect the widow, give the aged rest,
And blessing live, and die forever blest.

He that scatters thorns, let him not go barefoot.

He that would live in peace and at ease,
Must not speak all he knows, nor judge all he sees.

Who has deceived thee so oft as thyself?

A penny saved is two pence clear. A pin a day is a groat a year. Save and have.

Is there anything men take more pains about than to make themselves unhappy?

Keep your eyes wide open before marriage, half shut afterwards.

Sell not virtue to purchase wealth, nor liberty to purchase power.

Let thy vices die before thee.

At the working man's house hunger looks in, but dares not enter.

The worst wheel of the cart makes the most noise.

I never saw an oft transplanted tree,
Nor yet an oft-removed family,
That throve so well as those that settled be.

He that pursues two hares at once, does not catch one and lets t'other go.

If you do what you should not, you must hear what you would not.

Rash mortals, ere you take a wife.
Contrive your pile to last for life.

Happy's the wooing that's not long a-doing.

Jack Little sow'd little, and little he'll reap.

Wealth is not his that has it, but his that enjoys it.

Don't throw stones at your neighbors, if your own windows are glass.

He that sells upon trust, loses many friends, and always wants money.

The heart of a fool is in his mouth, but the mouth of a wise man is in his heart.

Visits should be short, like a winter's day,
Lest you're too troublesome, hasten away.

You will excuse me, dear readers, that I afford you no eclipse of the moon this year. The truth is, I do not find they do you any good.

Dost thou love Life? Then do not squander Time, for that is the stuff Life is made of.

What we call time enough always proves little enough.

Early to bed and early to rise
Makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise.

There are no gains without pains.

Here you all go to-day at this vendue of fineries and knickknacks. You want that goods, but if you do not take care they will prove evils to some of you. You expect they will be sold cheap, but if you have no occasion for them they must be dear to you; 'tis foolish to lay out money in a purchase of repentance, and yet this folly is practiced every day at vendues for want of minding what Poor Richard says.

This year the stone-blind shall see but very little; the deaf shall hear but poorly; and the dumb shan't speak very plain. Whole flocks, herds, and droves of sheep, swine and oxen, cocks and hens, ducks and drakes, geese and ganders shall go to pot; but the mortality will not be altogether so great among cats, dogs and horses. As to old age, 'twill be incurable this year, because of the years past. And towards the fall some people will be seized with an unaccountable inclination to roast and eat their own ears. But the worst disease of all will be a certain most horrid, dreadful, malignant, malady, almost epidemical, insomuch that many shall run mad upon it; I assure you very few will escape this disease; which is called by the learned Lacko'mony.

A fat kitchen makes a lean will.

You may think perhaps that a little tea or a little punch now and then, a little more costly cloth, a little finery, and a little entertainment now and then can be no great matter; but remember what Poor Richard says: Many a little makes a mickle; and beware of little expenses; a small leak will sink a great ship; and, moreover, fools make feasts and wise men eat them.

One to-day is worth two to-morrows; have you somewhat to do to-morrow? Do it to-day.

Handle your tools without mittens; remember that the cat in gloves catches no mouse.

Three removes are as bad as a fire.

Not to oversee workmen is to leave them your purse open.

Sometimes a little neglect may breed great mischief; for want of a nail the shoe was lost; for want of a shoe a horse was lost, and for want of a horse the rider was lost, being overtaken and slain by the enemy; all for want of care about a horseshoe nail.

If you would know the value of money, go and try to borrow some, for he that goes a-borrowing goes a-sorrowing.

Pride is as loud a beggar as want, and a great deal more saucy, for when you have bought one fine thing you must buy ten more that your members may be all of a piece, but Poor Richard says: It is easier to suppress the first desire than to satisfy all that follow it.

Don't after foreign food and clothing roam,
But learn to eat and wear what's rais'd at Home.

Would you live with ease,
Do what you ought; not what you please.

To be intimate with a foolish friend is like going to bed with a razor.

Who is wise? He that learns from every one.
Who is powerful? He that governs his passions.
Who is rich? He that is content.
Who is that? Nobody.

They that won't be counseled can't be helped.

Act uprightly; dirt may stick to a mud wall, but not to polished marble.

Harry Smatter has a mouth for every matter.

If Jack's in love, he's no judge of Jill's beauty.

If your head is wax, don't walk in the sun.

Can Wealth give Happiness?
Look round and see.
What gay Distress! What splendid Misery!
Whatever Fortune lavishly can pour
The Mind annihilates, and calls for more.

All would live long, but none would be old.

Most of the learning in use is of no great use.

A man in a passion rides a mad horse.

If you would be loved, love and be lovable.

There never was a good knife made of bad steel.

Sloth makes all things difficult, but industry all easy.

Don't overload gratitude; if you do, she'll kick.

Tricks and treachery are the practice of fools that have not wit enough to be honest.

Buy what thou hast no need of, and ere long thou shalt sell thy necessaries.

CHAPTER XVII

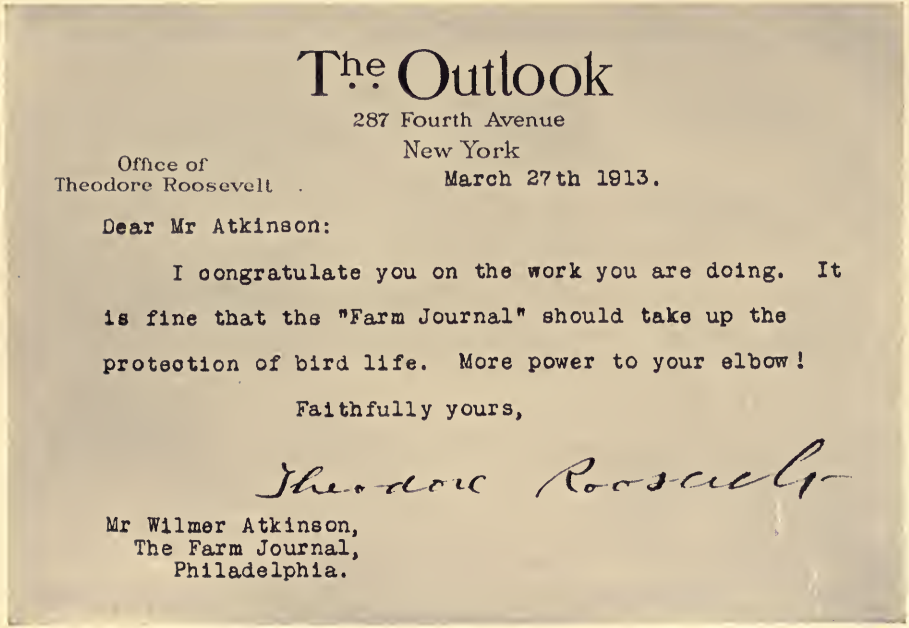
A BATTLE FOR THE BIRDS

In the fall of 1912 the purpose of establishing a bird club in connection with the *Farm Journal* was taking shape, and in the January number following we made the announcement in the paper that the battle for the birds had begun, and that it was determined that the fight should be carried on until the American people should better understand the value of bird life and take measures to save it. Primarily our job was to reach the younger generation, for we knew that on them depended whether our feathered friends are to be conserved or exterminated.

The club was formed and called the Liberty Bell Bird Club, with Wilmer Atkinson, President, and Charles P. Shoffner, Secretary. The motto of the club is: "Protect Our Feathered Friends." We placed the following notice at the head of the Bird Department, where it has stood in every issue since that time: "Keep the pledge, sign your name and address, send a three-cent stamp to us, and your name will be enrolled, the club badge and a 20-paged Bird Guide will be sent you. There are no dues, no fines and no assessments."

Boys and girls were urged to speak to their school teachers and ask them to organize clubs. We resolved that, no matter what the cost, the influence of our club should be made known and felt from the Atlantic to the Pacific. We recognized no state lines.

The club was a side issue of our business, not meant to have any direct financial value to Wilmer



The Outlook

287 Fourth Avenue
New York

Office of
Theodore Roosevelt

March 27th 1913.

Dear Mr Atkinson:

I congratulate you on the work you are doing. It is fine that the "Farm Journal" should take up the protection of bird life. More power to your elbow!

Faithfully yours,

Theodore Roosevelt

Mr Wilmer Atkinson,
The Farm Journal,
Philadelphia.

A LETTER OF APPRECIATION

Atkinson Company, and such, indeed, has been the case. There has never been any profit in it except the satisfaction of knowing that we were engaged in a beneficent work. On the other hand, the outlay has been great; many thousands of dollars each year have been spent in promoting the objects of the club.

We had a splendid opportunity to carry forward the project because at that time the circulation of the *Farm Journal* had reached eight hundred thousand and was still on the increase, and because, from the character of the paper, it had acquired great influence with its readers, especially with the young people. It is probably no exaggeration to say that one million boys and girls were watching with interest the monthly arrival of the *Farm Journal* at their homes.

Our definite purpose was to teach our members to be friends of the birds, to learn their habits, to protect their nests, to put up boxes for them, to feed and water them in winter, and stand guard over them against all their enemies, of whatever kind, at all seasons.

In a statement made in our July number, 1913, I said: "It is not required of any member of the Liberty Bell Bird Club to subscribe for the *Farm Journal;* we do not ask it, but we do ask every man, woman and child to help us to awaken interest in bird life. We are in this campaign to teach the youth of America to love and protect the birds, and we shall not weary in well doing, no matter what the cost, or whether it brings grist to the *Farm Journal* mill or not. *Save the birds; the Farm Journal can take care of itself.*"

To indicate the spirit of our work I quote another notice: "No boy can be a true bird lover who will destroy birds' nests. The nest should be just as sacred as the bird. If we want to increase the

number of our birds, the nests must have absolute protection. The reason we have tried so hard to have bird-houses put up all over the United States is that the birds may nest in safety." We said further: "To study the birds it is not necessary to touch the nest or its eggs. Make a census of all nests, and note the color, size and number of eggs that you see, but on no consideration touch them. We sincerely hope that boys who rob nests are thoughtless and do not realize what they are doing. It is only just that any member who does not live up to his or her pledge should have the button taken away and his or her name stricken from the honor roll of the Liberty Bell Bird Club. Protect the birds, their nests, their eggs, and their young. Do this and the Liberty Bell Bird Club will be proud to have you as a member."

The following advice was given the *Farm Journal* boys and girls in the spring of 1916: "Every year more varieties of birds appreciate the safety and comfort of man-made houses for nesting purposes. Closed houses will attract wrens, bluebirds, fly-catchers, flickers, woodpeckers, screech-owls, barn-owls, tree-swallows, nuthatches, titmice, starlings, wood-ducks, chickadees and sparrow-hawks. Purple martins live in colonies, and houses containing many rooms will attract them. Open houses on brackets attract robins, cat-birds, phoebes, brown thrashers, king-birds and song-sparrows; and if fastened under eaves they will attract barn-swallows, cliff-swallows, eave-swallows and swifts."

Such was our marvellous success with the Liberty Bell Bird Club that not only thousands of young people all over the country signed the pledge, joined the club, and became bird lovers and bird protectors, but tens of thousands and hundreds of thousands.

Here is the table of progress from January, 1913, to December, 1915:

	1913	1914	1915
January	1	85,108	260,000
February	500	90,678	265,000
March	1,500	103,000	270,000
April	10,000	110,000	330,000
May	17,000	128,000	410,000
June	50,000	135,000	491,629
July	70,000	144,000	525,000
August	71,000	145,000	525,901
September	73,500	147,000	532,000
October	76,000	150,000	536,000
November	77,000	151,000	540,000
December	80,000	176,000	544,703

This is the way the *Farm Journal* talked to its great army of young people in the January number of 1917: "We are well pleased that more than 736,000 men and women and children have signed our pledge, put up bird-houses and done so well; but we are not going to lie down on our job. No, indeed! We're up and doing. Why don't we have a million? Have you, as an individual member, done your duty the past year? Let each ask himself or herself that question, then go ahead and work for the future. Last year is dead, but a glorious new one is at hand. 'Tis enthusiasm that moves the world and makes it a real dwelling-place. Don't give up; if you did not win, take a brace; make a fresh start and something will happen. We want every member to be an enthusiastic worker for the birds. No, friends of ours, this is not a sermon; just a warm hand-clasp; and with it goes a good brotherly slap on the back, the hope that you will not grow weary of bird work, and a great big wish that each one of you will have a happy and prosperous New Year."

At the end of six years of the battle for the birds we were able to announce that the club membership had reached eight hundred and fifty-seven thousand,

an average of four hundred a day since the beginning, and also to announce that thousands of farms had been made bird sanctuaries; that in many schools bird classes were then a regular feature; bird-houses, feeding stations and bird baths were everywhere seen; the winter birds were being fed, the bird laws observed and many weary bird workers and clubs encouraged to keep on. "But," we said, "much more remains to be done. Read over your pledge; bring in new members; send interesting reports and bird pictures to the secretary, and keep up your enthusiasm. Insects still cause a loss of $1,300,000,000 every year. The birds are the insects' natural enemy. Give the birds a lift. Here's our hand."

A good move for bird conservation was made when more than two hundred bird-houses, several feeding stations and more than two dozen suet baskets were installed in West Laurel Hill and Laurel Hill cemeteries, Philadelphia. The Liberty Bell Bird Club brought the subject of bird protection before the managers of these cemeteries, who were quick to see the benefits that would be derived from increasing the number of birds. We said: "Cemeteries are ideal for bird sanctuaries. We sincerely hope that the example of the managers of these cemeteries will be followed by others all over the country, and we shall be very glad to assist any cemetery or other company in planning a bird sanctuary."

The Liberty Bell Bird Club was one of the first, if not the first, to approve the establishment of a protected plot dedicated to the birds in every state throughout the country, in all cemeteries and on every farm. We have now four special bird sanctuaries where birds are protected and carefully and scientifically studied for the benefit of the members:

A BOAT-LOAD OF BIRD BOXES FOR CHINCOTEAGUE ISLAND, VA.

number one on Wallop's Island, Virginia; number two at Whealton Game Farm, Chincoteague Island, Virginia; number three at Buck Hill Falls, Pennsylvania; and number four at Cobb's Island, Maryland.

Mr. Warren, leading bird advocate of Pennsylvania and author of a book entitled "Birds of Pennsylvania," in conjunction with Mr. Shoffner, personally put up over six hundred bird-houses on Wallop's Island, Virginia; two hundred and fifty on Chincoteague Island, Virginia. At Buck Hill Falls Mr. Shoffner and Mr. A. S. Jenkins put up one hundred and twenty-five bird-houses, and Mr. Shoffner put up one hundred houses on Cobb's Island, Maryland. It is no small job to put up one hundred bird-houses.

The Liberty Bell Bird Club urged that every farm should have a portion set apart for birds, advising that if a proper variety of trees, shrubs and vines be planted, the birds will not disturb fruit. The following trees, shrubs and vines were recommended for the purpose:

"Trees—box-elder, dogwood, mulberry, hankberry, whitethorn, whiteash, bird, black and chokeberry, birch, balsam fir, red cedar, Norway and pitch pine.

"Shrubs—barberry, shadbush, silky cornel, black alder, bayberry, chokeberry, pokeberry, blueberry, elderberry, smooth sumach, dangleberry, black haw, high-bush cranberry, holly, Indian currant, snowberry, sweetbriar rose, swamp gooseberry, privet, wild rose and buck thorn; and the vines—moonseed, Virginia creeper, fox-grape, frost-grape and bittersweet."

We furnished our members, at cost, a number of educational pamphlets adapted for bird study in schools, and also bird guides, telescopes, bird dictionaries, government bulletins showing fifty com-

mon birds in natural colors, and tens of thousands of warning posters, " Spare the Birds."

We had designed and printed at great expense pictures of twenty-five native birds as follows: Barn owl, purple martin, English sparrow, white-breasted nuthatch, blue jay, robin, red-winged blackbird, song sparrow, red-headed woodpecker, barn swallow, blue bird, king bird, brown thrasher, cardinal, hairy woodpecker, indigo bunting, red-eyed vireo, quail, Baltimore oriole, black-capped chickadee, cedar wax wing, night hawk, flicker, yellow-breasted chat, ruby-throated humming bird. It is not too much to say that nothing in the form of bird pictures in natural colors has ever excelled those issued by the Liberty Bell Bird Club, and we sent out many thousands of them. They have proved of inestimable value for bird study in homes and schools.

Below is a copy of a letter which shows how the good work goes on:

March 29, 1920.

Liberty Bell Bird Club,
Philadelphia, Penna.

GENTLEMEN:

Please find enclosed 3 cents for the Guide Book and Membership Button. I have just been appointed Special Prosecutor for the Liberty Bell Bird Club which has been formed in our city by a special city ordinance, establishing a sanctuary and a penal ordinance in coöperation with the state federal lines.

Very truly yours,

K. B. TAYLOR,
Attorney at Law.

Poteau, Okla.

It is not too much to say that we are well pleased with the wise action of the city council of Poteau,

and trust many other cities and towns will follow this example.

It was fortunate that at the time a battle for the birds had begun we had on our editorial staff Mr. Charles P. Shoffner, a genuine lover of birds and a close student of bird life, to whom, after the first year or two, the Bird Department was assigned. Mr. Shoffner is a person of marked enthusiasm, and he went into the fight not only fully equipped with knowledge of the subject, but with a heart that went out in sympathy for both the children and the birds.

I had the pleasure of writing the first circulars and outlining the plan of work, but as I said, the enterprise in due time was turned over to Mr. Shoffner. My confidence in his ability to carry out the work of the club has been fully justified, and I rejoice exceedingly that the *Farm Journal* could afford an opportunity for Mr. Shoffner to undertake this beneficent enterprise. His name ought to go down in the history of bird conservation with that of Audubon, and ought similarly to be honored by future generations who are to enjoy the fruits of their studies and labors. Audubon did pioneer work; Shoffner has spent years in informing the young people of this generation about birds, in teaching them how to protect them, and persuading them to do so. I may also say that a large share of the credit due the *Farm Journal* for establishing the Liberty Bell Bird Club, and financing it without a dollar of outside aid, is due to my nephew, Charles F. Jenkins, Vice-president of Wilmer Atkinson Company.

It is to me a source of peculiar pride that, in the course of my life, I have been a factor, even though a small one, in this splendid work of bird protection and bird conservation in the United States. Blessed are the birds!

CHAPTER XVIII

THE FARM JOURNAL SPIRIT

Blest is the man whose wish and care
Is just to be happy anywhere.

SUNSHINE for you, gentle reader, and happy days!

The *Farm Journal* has a soul which speaks to the souls of its readers, and it must never lose that soul. Hence comes the exceeding care we take in selecting associates.

There is a mission for humor. The man who can make others laugh may be a great blessing to his fellows. There are times in one's experience when a bit of fun is better, more a means of grace, than a serious sermon would be. There are times when the best help we can give a friend is to make him laugh. A hearty laugh would cure many a sickly feeling, drive away the blues, and change the whole aspect of life for a man.

If you see it in the *Farm Journal* paste it in your hat; it is so.

We like to hoe—if the hoe is sharp—if the weather is cool—if we are not tired—and if the day is short. Don't you?

It is a waste of time to kick the cows.

Not one man in ten knows how big the bald spot is on the back part of the top of his head; he thinks it is smaller than it really is. His wife should tell him, poor man, but she doesn't like to.

Good *Farm Journal* boys do not smoke cigarettes; they do not use tobacco at all, even if Pap does. Set a good example for Pap, and keep your mouths clean and breath pure, boys.

Think about the horses when harrowing. It is hard work for them, as well as for you. Let them stop often, especially when they are not well hardened to business. Oh, my, how tired I used to get!

Don't speculate. Calculate, regulate, hesitate, migrate if you think you must; but never speculate.

Many a man would be better off if he had taken the advice of his wife instead of consulting an attorney. But the average man won't believe this.

A world of comfort lies in the one sweet word "wife."

The *Farm Journal* is a reminder of things that want doing next.

Just as likely as not your wife's kitchen knives are as dull as grubbing hoes.

The first day's ploughing always makes our legs ache. And yours, too?

Have you trouble? Then please accept our kindly sympathy; we wish, indeed, that we could help you.

Give the old people a chance.

Spend your money for insurance instead of tobacco. Then if anything burns up there will be something left besides ashes and regrets.

A pet runt of a pig, raised by Jim, later becomes the old man's hog.

Keep your word, if you have to go without eating. Don't break your appointment, if you have to start without a shirt.

We do not publish the *Farm Journal* for the money there is in it, but for the good we can do. It is a fact, though some may doubt it. To live and toil for money gains alone is unprofitable and debasing.

A sour-tempered Christian is a lamp with a smoked chimney.

Some men who love their wives seem really afraid they will find it out.

The poorest kinds of fun that we know of are the jokes about turkeys just before Thanksgiving and Christmas. Many papers indulge in such insipidity, and, we might say, brutality. Isn't it enough to murder the poor birds without having a lot of stale fun over the matter?

God's love for poor sinners is very wonderful; but God's patience with ill-natured saints is a deep mystery.

Don't let your wife eat things to keep them from going to waste—eat them yourself. We do not always do that way; but do as we say, not as we do.

Gentleness does more than violence; the gentle calf sucks all the cows.

Why do you like the *Farm Journal?* Perhaps because the *Farm Journal* likes you. At any rate, we do like you, and are proud of the friendship of so many of Our Folks.

Even a nice, refined girl may have a rough chap on her hands.

No picnic is a success to that woman who doesn't get a piece of her own cake.

Take comfort in this: no wise man ever lived who did not at times make a fool of himself.

Dies hard—the ossified man.

A fellow doesn't like to take a girl out for a boat ride and then have her throw him over.

Let the dull boy study law; keep brighty on the farm.

Young fellow, don't be afraid; if you love her, tell her so.

Of course, the man with no legs is helped along by a legacy.

Out West, where they have hurricanes, it's not always easy to keep a hotel.

Sometimes folks think the hired man has no rights that any one is bound to respect. He is "only the hired man." But after all, he is human. And every human being appreciates consideration and right treatment.

Tut, tut, your fears are phantoms!

Goodness, gracious! Just look at your wife's scissors and see how dull they are!

That little man who does not like to eat crusts has a reason for it—his teeth are not working right; they are sore. So don't scold if he should hide a few under the edge of his plate. A *Farm Journal* boy should not be made to eat crusts if they hurt him.

Don't let the women folks work themselves to death.

If the daughter likes to dance, let her waltz around the house with a broom.

Have a hobby, but don't ride it too much, lest you grow bow-legged.

Speak little; speak truth; spend little; pay cash.

To keep from stuttering—don't talk.

A secret is usually too great a load for a frail, weak woman to stagger under. That's what!

Some girls would like to wipe the dishes out of existence.

Even the man who is truthful in the daytime may lie awake at night.

When you give your wife some money don't ask her what she did with the last quarter you gave her; but, if she is a sensible woman, give her the purse and let her take all she wants. The *Farm Journal* says so.

Poor fellow, he let his *Farm Journal* stop! What will become of him?

Don't be a ten-hour man with a fourteen-hour wife.

You like it, the *Farm Journal,* we know you do; do you know why? Let us see if we can guess: For its brevity; its ginger; its gumption; its pithy, seasonable things put in and the long-winded things left out; its appreciation of fun; its honor bright; its high aims; its steady purpose; its freedom from jealousy of its competitors; its clean pages; its plainness of speech; its love of justice, of truth and righteousness; its zeal for its friends; its hatred of the devil and all his works; its sympathy for the poor and oppressed; its antagonism to bloated greed in high places; its contempt for bosses; its sturdy, unflinching Americanism; its kindliness; its hopefulness; its aspirations and strivings for better things for its readers and for all the world; its ability to keep along with the procession without trampling upon fellow travellers. These things tell the story of your liking and love for the *Farm Journal* and lead you to go miles out of your way, through storm and mud, to tell your neighbors about it. Have we guessed why you like the little paper? And do we not rightly guess that you are going to show your love for it by rallying to its support, by getting such a rousing club that all the natives will be startled and we will be more than astonished?

A man doesn't like the woman who shows she wants to marry him, and he doesn't like the woman who shows she doesn't. So what's a girl to do?

If all the money now being spent in search of the North Pole could be invested in bean poles, the country would be just so much better off.

When we speak of Our Folks whom do you suppose we mean? Why, country folks, the sun-

browned, honest-hearted, strong-armed, steady-gaited yeomen of the land; the villagers, the rural mechanics, all the women folks, and the boys, and the girls, who live out there, everywhere, in all the states, in every rural town, on every hillside and in every valley, on every farm and in every village home. These be Our Folks, our *Farm Journal* folks, whom we love, and who love us.

He told his son to milk the cows, feed the horses, slop the pigs, hunt the eggs, feed the calves, catch the colt and put him in the stable, cut some wood, split up some kindlings for morning, stir the cream, put fresh water in the creamery after supper, and be sure to study his lessons before he went to bed. Then he went to the farmers' club to discuss the question: "How to Keep Boys on the Farm."

We never cease striving to make the *Farm Journal* better and better, often lying awake at night when you are sound asleep, studying how we can make the little paper more interesting and more useful to you. Why not help us a little? If you know any good thing that will benefit others, why not tell us of it? We cannot, of course, print all that is sent in, but we do like to get practical points from practical people, which we print as fast as we can find room for them. Remember to send us cream; keep the skim-milk for those who do not know the difference.

More women's hearts have broken over the man they got than the man they did not get.

Let us be neighborly. Help each other. One of your neighbors is a young farmer, a reasonably good kind of a fellow. Just starting up and having to depend on his own resources make it hard for him. Lend him a helping hand. Offer to loan him some of the farm implements he can ill afford to buy. He

will not forget your kindness and may be able to return it in an unexpected manner.

It's a good thing to know ideas; and it's a good idea to know things.

A man who will shake a woman's hand hard enough almost to crush it is a bear.

A sign of spring: when you can get close enough to a frog to poke him with a stick.

ENTRANCE TO FARM JOURNAL BUILDING, WEST WASHINGTON SQUARE

CHAPTER XIX

STEPPING-STONES TO SUCCESS

It appears to be the opinion of many observers that the *Farm Journal* has been successful and I, myself, cannot altogether resist the belief that, at least, it has not been a failure. While, from the beginning in 1877, I did not expect to fail, I did not realize that I should ever accomplish all that I have accomplished in placing the enterprise upon the solid foundation of public estimation on which it now rests. As I have heretofore stated, I had no experience as an editor; I had not been a practised writer, nor had I any idea that my future success might lie in that direction. Yet the fact is that I started the paper with one subscriber and, under my editorship, after the close of forty years, I was addressing through the columns of the *Farm Journal* over one million subscribers and probably over four million readers. I might, therefore, make inquiry for the benefit of others as to how it all happened, naming some of the stepping-stones that led to the results achieved.

I may first mention as a stepping-stone to success the fact that all my ancestors for many generations were farmers and were under compulsion to be economical. They thus learned the value of money, and I believe that I inherited from them a tendency to the thrift habit. As a child I never had money to spend, and during boyhood I had very little. When the agricultural exhibition would be held at Springtown once a year, I was given a quarter to go. When I became old enough, I drilled in wheat for the

neighbors and built wire fences for them, thus earning a little money. I was paid no salary for my labor on the farm, but was boarded and clothed for the work I did. Our food was plain and apparel inexpensive.

I taught school for two winters at a salary of thirty dollars a month. Most of that was taken for board. When I was twenty-two my father loaned me five hundred dollars, as I have heretofore stated, to buy out a county paper at Norristown in association with my sister's husband, Howard M. Jenkins. As business manager I helped publish the *Republican* for two years. We had no money to waste in that enterprise. After disposing of my interest to my partner, I came to Philadelphia and opened an advertising agency which I conducted for two years; then I sold out and went to Wilmington, Delaware. I was ten years at Wilmington as business manager of the *Daily Commercial* and gained much experience in the advertising and publishing business. Those years were strenuous ones. My inheritance, my work on the farm, my school teaching, and my business enterprises were all stepping-stones to what followed.

At the end of the ten years on the *Daily Commercial* I returned to Philadelphia and started the *Farm Journal*. Then, for at least eight years, it was a struggle to keep going.

I can conceive of no better experience than that I have presented to fit me for successfully publishing an agricultural paper. Brought up on a farm and living among farmers all through my minority, and mingling with them freely while business manager of the Norristown and Wilmington papers, I had come to have a fellow-feeling for them. Moreover, I knew them well, their angles of thought, their likes and dislikes, their fears and hopes; and I most sin-

cerely and ardently felt as a friend to them. The keynote of my efforts in their behalf was service, not exploitation; so when I came to write to and for them, I knew pretty well what to say and how to say it. My cordial feeling towards country people was well grounded also in this, that my ancestors on both sides had been tillers of the soil for two hundred years and probably for a much longer time. Naturally, when I came to edit the *Farm Journal,* the farmers soon learned to recognize me as one of themselves, speaking their language, and being, indeed, their advocate and friend. They could see that what I said was not put on for a selfish purpose, but came straight from the heart. If I had not felt as I did, no disguise or pretense that I could have assumed would have answered the purpose. There must have been genuine respect and esteem and a desire to serve on my part; or no headway could have been made against their conservatism and the natural suspicions they felt towards those who might be trying to gain their confidence for sinister purposes. Of all the causes of success such as I attained, this was a vital one. Without it most other obstacles that have been encountered on the way might not have been overcome.

The exclusion of coarse jokes from the paper and of every word and thought that would offend a refined person, the advocacy of good habits for boys and girls, of a considerate attitude towards hired help, and of humane treatment of animals, and an insistent demand that farmers and their families be given seats at the first table and be helped to the good things that abound—these were surely stepping-stones to success in making a farm paper.

Another stepping-stone was a certain inherent feeling that somehow I would come out all right in

the end. I was optimistic. I was so optimistic that I never took failure into account, but forged ahead with the utmost confidence of ultimate victory. Looking back over forty years as editor and beyond to my boyhood days on the Upper Dublin farm, I cannot recall that I ever felt discouraged even when my affairs were at their lowest ebb. I had unbounded faith in a good Providence and unbounded belief that, if I would do my part as best I could, if I would "Mind the Light Within," keep all my promises, and take care of my health by moderation in all things, all would come out right in the end.

Another stepping-stone was my happy family life, centering in a most amiable, gracious and helpful wife and three children all modelled after their mother, but having traits of their father mixed in here and there. Facing such responsibility could I have turned and run? NO!

No stepping-stone made surer footing than that of guaranteeing the honesty of every advertiser who was admitted into the paper, of reimbursing every subscriber who should happen to be cheated in his dealings with anyone represented in the advertising columns, and making good the guarantee to my last dollar. This required me to make close scrutiny of all advertisements that applied for admission; and it greatly increased the value to the advertiser of a card in the paper. As a result, I realized the advantage of higher advertising rates. It worked in this way: farmers were sometimes suspicious of any advertisement in other papers unless it also should be found in the *Farm Journal.* The guarantee the *Farm Journal* made in 1880 has been firmly adhered to ever since. Other papers fell into line, but not until many years after the *Farm Journal* led the way. Few, if any, other than farm papers ever made such

MY WIFE

an offer. It is true in every branch of human activity that we ought to learn to plow a straight furrow, clear cut to the end. Crookedness of every kind should be eliminated from human conduct, and this is what the *Farm Journal* has always stood for.

Another stepping-stone to success was the selection of editorial associates who were imbued with the *Farm Journal* spirit of service in all these matters, who had a practical knowledge of things the *Farm Journal* was teaching, and who would stop when they had said what they had to say.

I appear to have begun life with a faculty of firmness (or was it stubbornness?), rather highly developed, so that when I decided upon a measure I was not easily shaken from my purpose. On coming from my Wilmington enterprise to start the *Farm Journal,* I had made up my mind that I never would, personally, ask anyone to advertise, nor send anyone to solicit such favors. I never departed from this in the slightest degree; and in the course of time advertisers came of their free will, because the circulation and my guarantee warranted their coming. I fixed a price per line and never departed an iota therefrom. It took some time to convince some of the advertising agencies that they could not get in at cut rates, but they did learn. Then there was no further trouble in that direction. At that time nearly all advertisers hoped to obtain free puffs, along with their advertisements, but all hoped in vain. I could not clog my pages with free notices which took room belonging to genuine reading matter.

Another lesson had to be learned by my advertising patrons, that no distinction in rates was allowed on large, display advertisements over small ones, and that a yearly advertisement a column long must be paid for at the same rate per line per month

as a two-line card for one month. Those taking a whole page must pay exactly the same rate per line as those who took two lines. It was my idea of fair play to give the little fellows a chance. The above were safe stepping-stones and helped make my going easy.

Early in my campaign I learned the wisdom of getting rid of yearly subscriptions, so I established a two-year rate. After Our Folks became accustomed to this, I extended the time to three years, and finally to five; and had I continued in the management of the subscription department another decade, I would have adopted as far as possible a ten-year rate with money returned for unexpired subscriptions to all dissatisfied subscribers at any period they desired. Nothing could be fairer than this—money back if people did not like the paper and wished to receive it no longer. Through the economy of this system, the paper could be furnished at a very much lower rate. My experience with five-year subscriptions was that very few subscribers ever asked to have their money back. Very few subscriptions were cancelled. Give people a good paper and why should they want to stop it?

Another stepping-stone was the policy of furnishing information adapted to each season. Thus the April number would be full of reminders adapted to that month. This made the paper a calendar of operations that needed to be done on every farm and in every home. The paper was a reminder with instructions for work to be done just at the right time. I saw the uselessness of treating subjects out of their proper season; in fact, I thought it almost a sheer waste. An item in August telling how to fill icehouses, or one in December telling how to harvest the wheat crop, was of little value to the re-

THE SUBSCRIPTION DEPARTMENT OF THE FARM JOURNAL

cipient of the paper containing it. "In season only" was the long-time motto of the *Farm Journal.*

Above are some of the solid and safe stepping-stones which I utilized as editor of the *Farm Journal* in its progress from one subscriber in 1877 to over one million subscribers at the end of forty years.

I will close this chapter with my editorial plan, which stood for many years and still stands at the head of the household page:

"We publish the *Farm Journal* for Our Folks comprising all those into whose homes the paper goes, father, mother, son, daughter—all the members of the household, dwellers on farms and in villages throughout the land. Our first care is that its pages be honest and pure, and full of sunshine and hope to those who read it, and be a source of information, profit, comfort and encouragement to all."

CHAPTER XX

OUR REMOVAL TO HISTORIC GERMANTOWN

It was in the spring of 1877 that we came back from Wilmington to Philadelphia and set up housekeeping in the city of our love. Yearning for more open space to live and breathe in, we sought within two years a new home in some suburb. Anna and I, one summer afternoon, took a train for Jenkintown and wandered around for two hours in search of a house. Not being successful in finding one, we wended our way over to Germantown. Calling upon an agent there, we were shown a cozy house that was for rent, though it was tenanted. Both agent and tenant assured us most positively that the house would be vacated by an early date. Accepting the double assurance for a truth, we moved all our furniture two days after the date the house was promised to us; but we found on our arrival, and to our dismay, that the house was still occupied, and that therefore there was no room inside for our furniture. We might put it on the side porch, as, indeed, we did. It remained there in waiting for a week until we despaired of ever getting possession. So we took another house nearby, which was really more commodious and suitable than the one we tried in vain to rent.

After we got well settled here, I bought a second-hand, sweet-toned Chickering piano for one hundred and ninety dollars, the first one I had owned. It was a Christmas surprise for the children. It was delivered several days in advance, placed in the par-

lor and shut up there so it would not be discovered. While the family was at supper Aunt Julia slipped off into the parlor and began to play, very much to the surprise, if not bewilderment, of the children, who rushed hurriedly into the parlor to see what it was all about. It was indeed a surprise. This house unfortunately had a basement kitchen, which made it hard for Anna, and which was the principal drawback. Domestic help does not favor basement kitchens.

It was a privilege to live in old Germantown, which we all appreciated to the fullest extent. The first house we lived in was on a spot where hard fighting took place in the famous battle of Germantown in 1777. A few blocks away stood a cedar fence riddled with bullets, to which we often took our visitors. The fence has recently been taken down and removed to the home of the Site and Relic Society in Vernon Park, where it can be viewed with many other relics. Further up Main Street was the Chew house, or Cliveden, and nearby the spot where Washington stood with a telescope in hand directing the attack of his forces against a regiment of British, which had taken possession of the Chew mansion. The granite block on which he stood is still shown, and the telescope is in the Germantown Academy. A quarter of a mile down Main Street still stands the Morris house which General Howe occupied a short time after the battle of Germantown. It was even more illustriously occupied by Washington during the yellow fever epidemic of 1793, when the capital was still in Philadelphia. Washington repaired thither again in the sultry summer of 1794. This house in outward appearance is as it stood when our first President occupied it. Jefferson and Monroe also came to Germantown in 1793 to get away from the epidemic; in fact, Ger-

mantown was crowded so that Jefferson, who had come out, wrote to Madison that a house or room could hardly be rented at any price.

On Main Street, a short distance below the Morris house, stands the Wister mansion, built in 1774. The British General Agnew, who was mortally wounded in the battle, was carried to this house, where he died. The floor still shows stains of the blood from the general's wounds. He was shot while going up Main Street past a small Mennonite church, which is still standing. As he was going by that point some American soldiers or citizens, secreted behind the wall, rose up and shot the general.

A short mile further down Main Street is Stenton. This was used as the headquarters of the British before and during the battle. It was also occupied by Washington on the evening of August twenty-third, 1777, when he and his army were on their way, accompanied by the nineteen-year-old Lafayette, to fight the battle of Brandywine. Stenton was erected by James Logan, Secretary to William Penn, in the year 1727.

One of the most interesting mansions is Wyck, a white stone mansion on Main Street and Walnut Lane, a portion of which is said to be the oldest dwelling still standing in Germantown. Wyck was used as a hospital during and after the battle. A reception was given there to General Lafayette during his visit to this country in 1825 on his way back from a similar function in the Chew house.

My father, when he brought produce to deliver to Germantown housewives, a distance of ten miles from his Upper Dublin farm, found good customers in the owners of Wyck. He never failed to call on the Misses Haines to supply them with butter, cot-

THE FRONT DOOR OF OUR CITY HOME

tage cheese, eggs, poultry and lamb, or whatever else was in season.

The Johnson house stood in the thickest of the battle. A rifle ball passed through the house and bored a hole through the front door which still may be seen. The house now belongs to the Woman's Club of Germantown. A short distance in the rear of this house stood the fence mentioned above, filled with bullet holes on that early foggy morning in October, 1777, when Washington came down from Whitemarsh and fell upon the British outposts. The facts here given are from the "Guide Book of Historic Germantown" prepared for the Site and Relic Society in 1902 by Charles F. Jenkins, my successor as editor of the *Farm Journal.*

I have mentioned only a few of the historic places of the town. Strangers coming to Philadelphia can find no more interesting place to visit than Germantown; in truth, I know of no suburban place anywhere possessing so much historic interest as this old town.

After we left Germantown for our summer home at Three Tuns, Upper Dublin, we gave up our permanent residence there, but spent several winters in furnished houses until the bursting buds, the robins and bluebirds would call us back to North View. Years later we took up our winter quarters in furnished houses in West Philadelphia because that was more convenient to business than Germantown. In 1898 I purchased a home on Locust Street. Seven years later I sold it and built on the same street a house where we now live all the year except a few months each summer spent in our cottage in the Pocono mountains. This cottage is appropriately called "Sunset," because of our clear view of that declining orb.

Soon after we removed to Germantown the two older children were sent to public school, but with little satisfaction to them or to their parents. As they were not thriving physically and were not happy mentally, they were withdrawn and entered as pupils in a school kept by Mrs. Elizabeth L. Head. We soon found that it was for the better.

Mrs. Head was a teacher of commanding charm and personality, a source of intellectual and spiritual inspiration to her scholars. It was her object not to cram her pupils with raw facts from school text-books, but rather to teach them how to study, so that after they should leave school their education would not come to an end. She interested her pupils in the best literature and the best dramas, and in ancient and modern history and in mythology. Careful instruction was given in penmanship, in drawing, and in music. Much attention was given to composition and to reading aloud by her classes. Elocution was taught. Great care was taken to have the class-rooms well ventilated, and recesses were frequently given for exercise in the gymnasium, or a rest for those who needed it. By Mrs. Head's wise and modern methods her pupils were prepared for college, and were gladly received at Bryn Mawr, Wellesley and Cornell. Mrs. Head's inspiring and benign influence will never be lost to the pupils who were favored to come under it during the formative period of their minds. It was considered a great privilege by us to have such a school nearby.

EMILY

ELIZABETH

GERTRUDE

OUR THREE DAUGHTERS

CHAPTER XXI

BACK TO UPPER DUBLIN

It was in April, 1888, that we moved from our rented winter home in Germantown to the village of Three Tuns, Upper Dublin, Montgomery county, three weeks after the long-to-be-remembered blizzard, than which none more severe has been seen since nor had been for many years before. Our new house, which was to become our happy summer home for more than a quarter of a century, was ready to receive us—as nearly ready as new houses usually are. I was then in my forty-eighth year, enjoying the excellent health which has continued ever since. I had left my parents' home on the old boyhood farm in Upper Dublin nearby at the age of twenty-two, and now, twenty-six years later, I was back again in Upper Dublin. I had gone away an unmarried man; I now returned with my wife Anna and our three children, Elizabeth, Emily and Gertrude. We rejoiced in the fact that we had never lost a child by death.

Our new home had been built the year before, right on the edge of the village within a stone's throw of the spot where I went to school; but the little, old, frame temple of learning had given place to a larger one of stone. Diagonally across the road stood the old Three Tuns Tavern with a painting of three hogsheads on the sign; and directly opposite, a little nearer to us and still doing business, stood the store on the second floor of which was the library room in which I used to browse away days that were too rainy or snowy for work on the farm.

But the books had been taken away to the railroad village of Ambler, two and one-half miles distant, and in the course of time had met destruction by fire. Jake Lenhart's blacksmith and wheelwright shops were exactly opposite our house, the former still the seat of a thriving business. Jake was not there; his loud and merry laugh no longer smote the ears of the villagers, rattled the windows in nearby dwellings, and inspired all the cocks in the neighborhood to crow and do their best; but his son George still made the old anvil ring under his hammer all day long. The Lenharts, father and son, were kindly men, good citizens and sincere Democrats. George is still living.

There were four private residences within an eighth of a mile. My brother James and his nine children—for his lamented wife Mary had passed away some months before—occupied part of the old farm to which the family came in 1849, and brother Albert and his wife Phebe, with three children, occupied the other portion. Both were carrying on farming by intensive culture usual in the neighborhood. Thus I have sized up the ancient village, as it stood in that snow-bound country on the April morning of 1888, when I was getting back home after an absence of over a quarter of a century, except for occasional short visits to my parents.

I remember well how deep the snow-drifts were as our seven heavily laden wagons passed up the pike through the toll-gate where travelers had been held up by day and night during a period of thirty-six years, not upon a demand for dimes and nickels, but for quarters, fips, levies and cents, which in the early days then passed current. The drifts near the toll-gate were as high as the top of our market wagons and are well remembered. When we arrived

NORTH VIEW—OUR SUMMER RESIDENCE AT THREE TUNS

at North View our relatives and friends were there to greet us and lend a hand—many hands—staying until all our belongings had been carried in and placed, and winding up with a hearty dinner for the assembled relatives and friends. The occasion had a similitude to the return of the prodigal son, but I cannot recall that we had veal for dinner. My wife remembers that Albert's wife contributed a few raisin pies and that father Allen had sent up from the city a large box of fried oysters.

Of the wagons, James and Albert each supplied one, two kind neighbors each one, and one was my own from the farm. A few loads of furniture had been sent up the day before.

From Gertrude's diary I read: "Papa went up at 12 o'clock [note that I reached there in time for dinner]; we arose at 4.30 in the morning. The first wagon reached Germantown from the farm at 4.45; we reached North View at 11. Emily had examinations at school and did not get home until six in the evening."

On a page near to this may be seen a picture of North View, our new home, as it was when I sold it in 1915 and moved back to the city, not because we were weary of country life, but because the responsibility had become too great, since I had taken over many other responsibilities by that time, and neither my wife nor myself could longer claim youth or even middle age as our portion. But North View surroundings do not look in the picture as they were when we moved, for the large trees were not there, not yet planted.

The spot selected for our house was the centre of a five-acre field from which, the summer before, I had harvested a big crop of timothy hay. Before April came to an end, I had planted out many trees

those surrounding the house being of oak of various varieties which, when set out, were not over five feet high, with a caliper of trunk not over an inch. At the time we came away, these trees were too large to span with both arms. The soil of the home acres was very rich, the most fertile of any on the farm, so that the trees grew rapidly, and as they were given plenty of space, they soon became our admiration and pride.

I named the farm for my mother's family, Quinby, and "Quinby Farm" was the title it always went by while I owned it. The next purchaser had another name for it. The land extended southeast for nearly a mile, where it abutted upon the farm of my brother James. Another corner touched Albert's place. A long lane stretched along the west side, a part of which is shown in the picture of the great oak, and extended the whole length of our land, the very same lane through which, as a boy of nine, I helped drive our herd of cows from our Warwick to our Upper Dublin farm, thirty-nine years before. The lane is not as it was, for then it was a mere pathway, narrow, but wide enough for wagons to pass over, even to meet if both vehicles turned out on the grass at the sides. The line of Norway maples seen in the picture I planted as part of the adornment of my newly acquired home acres. Those maples were so small for a year or two after planting that James's children, going to and from school, bent them down and straddled over them, though I cannot recall that they ever did so on the days when their uncle Wilmer remained home from his daily visits to the *Farm Journal* office.

One-third of a mile down the lane, past the great oak, was the ancient stone farmhouse, shown also in the picture, a section of it built before the Revo-

THE "OLD OAK" DOWN THE LANE

lution, and for a few nights, occupied by some raiding British officers. Close by the front door in the west end of the ancient mansion stood the old horseblock from which, in early times, the folks mounted their steeds for rides to meeting, to the village or over the farm to view the crops.

Nearby was the old stone wagon house, built more than one hundred years ago. In this wagon house was a well-equipped shop where all the tools needed were stored, including a grindstone, shovels, spades, axes, hoes, mauls and wedges, and every appropriate implement that could be used on the farm. The barn, erected in 1843, was very large, built of stone and pebble-dashed; and it stands today in a state of perfect preservation, all except the roof, perhaps, which was of shingle. The mows were ample enough to hold the crops and to allow stable room for all the cows and horses that could be utilized on the place.

The buildings mentioned, were they to be built now, would cost not less than twenty-five thousand dollars. Yet no such buildings are put up in these days, but something more cheaply built and therefore less permanent in character. I did not pay as much as twenty-five thousand dollars for the whole farm mansion. Barring possible fires, the old mansion, the wagon house, and the great barn will be standing a century from now and in almost as good condition as they are now.

I had purchased the farm in 1884 at the close of the successful year of the *Farm Journal*. In 1885 I planted half the farm with fruit trees, as I have before stated. In the spring of 1887, having had another prosperous year at the office, I erected North View from the profits the paper yielded from the previous season's drive. When the mansion was

finished it was paid for, and that I deem a good and proper way to conclude such an undertaking. Such a mansion as North View would now cost double what it cost me then, nor would it be built in this age so substantially. In my building scheme I was favored in this—I had my farm teams to do the hauling of material, my farm hands to carry the stone to the masons; I found almost enough stone in the ancient ruins of a large house two miles away, and I took sufficient sand out of the cellar for the mortar that was needed. The house would have cost several thousand dollars more had I not been favored with the conditions mentioned. I had also to build a stable, the cash for the same being rendered available by the favors of Our Folks scattered far and wide over the continent.

My old farmhouse was occupied first by one Trego, who acted as foreman, but who after one year gave place to Frank Shugard, an honest man. He then became foreman of my farming operation and so remained with me until the end. He and his wife Lydia are now living with a daughter in Philadelphia, where he has good employment in one of the parks of the city. It pays to be honest—it pays better than almost anything else.

It was a man's job to conduct the *Farm Journal* on new lines, to achieve its expanding circulation, and to establish and embellish a country seat such as I had in mind when I first thought of going to the country to make a home for my family and myself. If the reader questions this statement let him try it.

I believed then, as I believe now, that it is a great advantage to the editor of a farm paper to be in touch with the soil and with the farm neighbors. I tried many experiments in varieties of grain, of

fruits and of small fruits, in fertilizer, in methods of cultivation, in farm implements and machinery, and gained in this way much knowledge that was utilized for the benefit of my readers.

Had I expected to increase my fortune by engaging in farming I would have suffered disappointment, but I had no such thought. Conducting many experiments, as I did, some of them expensive, and having to hire nearly all work done, and not being on hand to supervise it, I was at a disadvantage in my efforts at the annual reckoning to establish a balance on the right side of the ledger; but this did not worry me much. Had it done so I should never have had one-half the fun out of my experiments that I did have. I may say here that I kept no set of books and did not know if I lost or gained money, and if so, how much. I never was a success at bookkeeping; in truth, never kept books at all, except that I put down my expenditures on one page and receipts on another. By subtracting the sum of one from the other I could form some idea of how matters were going. The reader may remember that I stated early in this writing that I did exclusively a cash business, paying for what I bought and insisting upon cash for what I sold. Under this simple system it was not difficult to get along without much bookkeeping and yet maintain a pretty accurate knowledge of business conditions.

After Charles came to the office to assist me, he soon took over the credit and debit branch of my work and I ceased entirely to concern myself over it. I really never had any "concern" about it. If I kept any books at all to record "Quinby Farm" operations, they were of the simplest nature, but under the circumstances answered my purposes very well. I may here say that I have observed a good deal of

bookkeeping in my time which, though very scientific and elaborate, was no better than my own. There is a way of manipulating entries in order to insure a balance one way or the other to suit existing purposes; and that way is often suggested by the fellow who keeps the books under the direction of the proprietor. In the case of the *Farm Journal* no such method was, so far as I could tell, ever in vogue.

The part of the farm not occupied by orchards was used for hay and grain, but among the trees I was careful not to grow anything that would retard their growth—sugar-corn, potatoes, tomatoes and other vegetables. I kept the orchard ground well cultivated while the trees were young; but when they became older I thought I would try the experiment of pasturing sheep as was recommended by some. Danger from dogs of course had to be provided against, so I built a pen with a shed for shelter when it rained, and surrounded the pen with a wire fence so tight and high that prowling canines could not get through or over it. The sheep were safe enough there; but, as the orchard was nearly one-half mile away from the barn from which food must be hauled, much work was required by the shepherd to care for his flock. The pasture did not afford food enough of the right kind to fatten the sheep, and the experiment was not altogether a success; but it taught me something, and knowledge was what I sought. I may mention that we piped the water from the barn to the sheep-pen and thus avoided having to haul it.

I kept sheep in this way for one season only, and did not abandon the scheme for the reason that it did not pay, but for two other reasons—one that I thought Shugard had enough to do to look after worms, weeds and crops, and the other that after I

got the sheep fattened I did not like to send them to the shambles to be killed. The fattening and killing of hogs was another custom prevalent in the neighborhood and carried on in a small way for a short time at "Quinby Farm," but it, too, was given up for the same reason that I relinquished sheep industry. I will neither apologize for nor justify my sensitiveness in the matter of killing the animals.

Having given up the culture of sheep, I next turned to dairying. I had additional stalls made in the big barn and bought a number of Jersey cows and heifers of the choicest kind of blue blood, not the kind that would yield blue milk, but quite the contrary. I assembled quite a herd bought at a sale at Herkness's Bazaar at Ninth and Walnut Streets. This experiment met the same fate as that of the sheep, but not for the same reasons. I had the cows for about a year and then sent them back to the bazaar to be sold for what they would fetch. They did not bring much, but as I was not practicing scientific bookkeeping I never knew what I lost or gained by the experiment. I did not care to know.

Several of the young cows—none of them were old—gave birth to a few nice, healthy calves; in proof of their being healthy they were able to get up on their feet within a few hours after birth. In the early stages of the experiment I felt encouraged; but something happened that I did not like. One night a door to the stable became open in some way and two mules escaped into the cowshed where my two-hundred-dollar calves were confined and did damage to the extent of mangling and killing two of them.

Following that event I thought that if I could not take care of my cows and calves myself (and obviously I could not, since I was in town every

day and at night went to bed when the poultry did), it was not worth while to try to found a high-class dairy on "Quinby Farm." So, as I said, I disposed of my herd to save further anxiety and trouble. I was taught a lesson which I have never forgotten, and that is that a cowman to succeed must himself wait attendance upon his herd and not trust the care of them to others.

I had not startling, but decidedly better, success with chickens, probably because Shugard, my foreman, felt more at home in caring for them. For sheltering the poultry I built a house about one hundred feet long and twelve feet wide, at one end of which I dug a pit for sugar beets. I bought a clover cutter, a boiler for cooking food, and a lot of brooders for the protection of the young chicks in lieu of mother hens, for I had bought day-old chicks instead of obtaining a supply in nature's old-fashioned way. I forget whether I sold those brooders or gave them away, but they were of no benefit to me while I had them. They cooked the chicks when the lamps became too hot and most of those that survived the cooking were smothered to death.

In order to economize roofing I had built the house with two stories; but I soon realized that a two-story building one hundred feet long, twelve feet wide, and fourteen feet high, presenting such a broad side to the west winds and the fury of tornadoes that swept along our way, was likely to be blown over. If that happened, its occupants would all be crumpled up in the ruin of the structure. I foresaw the danger of such a calamity and put up a number of leaning props, fastening one end of each to the top of the building and the other end to posts planted in the ground and cemented in such an enduring way as to resist the onset of summer storms

or March winds that might overthrow the building and involve Shugard's chicks and my hopes in indiscriminate ruin.

I believe if eggs then could have been sold at the price we are paying now, I would have made a fortune by my poultry venture, for I raised on the farm a considerable proportion of the food required for the flock. I do remember that several times I bought ninety bushels of wheat because I required as much as that more than the farm yielded to keep the hens busy shelling out. This experiment remained in full blast as long as I owned "Quinby Farm." There never was a time that I did not enjoy my experiments on the farm, whether attended by success or failure. The way to know things is to try them out one's self, and there is no disputing the fact that knowledge is power.

In order to protect my fifty-acre apple orchard from high winds that would blow off the fruit and uproot some of the trees, I set out white pines all around it, so that it would not be exposed to destruction in that way from any quarter. The pines grew to a large size before I moved away and now are a permanent feature of the neighborhood and may be seen for miles. They were of little use to me, the reason being that the San José scale played such havoc with the orchard that the fruit was of no great value, anyway. I have always been glad that I left my mark on the landscape of Upper Dublin with my grand rows of white pines.

I engaged quite extensively in the production of strawberries for the Philadelphia, Germantown and local markets. Every year I had two or three acres planted, much of the ground being taken up by trial beds. There was no variety then known that I did not try. I found a few only that were of real value.

As for me, my profit was mostly in being able to tell Our Folks what I learned about the various varieties advertised by their originators. There was much difficulty in obtaining enough reliable pickers to secure prompt and careful harvesting of my crops. But our daughters with great assiduity superintended the picking and preparation of the berries for market. I noticed also that if one season was too dry for the best results, the next one might be too wet, so that my beds would become bogs and the berries unsalable. When the weather was right and the berries were fine and in abundance, the bottom was apt to drop out of the market. That is, when I had berries, there was no market, and when there was a market there were few berries. It was worth something—perhaps all it cost—to know this, for I could then sympathize with my *Farm Journal* folks who were engaged in berry growing; and oh, my! how the family did revel in strawberries, and sweet ones—not the acid kinds that are usually sent to market! We also had blackberries and raspberries, red and black, of most delicious flavors and in great abundance.

One year I planted a five-acre field with cabbages, thinking that there might be profit in this crop, but there was none. The beautiful cabbage butterflies found out, apparently, in advance what my purpose was, and set up a job "on" me. I obtained a good stand of young plants, but the lovely flies winged their dizzy flight all over the field and laid a number of eggs on each plant. After the eggs hatched—they must all have hatched—the resulting worms lost not an hour's time; for they went to work and, without taking any noon period or any rest on rainy days or at night, they kept on until many of the plants were past recognition by their

friend Shugard or by me. The worst of it was that the worms bored into the heads which were just forming, and burrowed and rooted around there until what should have been solid heads of cabbage were nothing but canals running in every direction, while the borings were strewed all over the ground. I did not try cabbages again, but I learned what it was to grow cabbages and could sympathize with Our Folks when failure should be their portion, as I was sure it often was.

In order to insure a better market for our produce, I rented a store in a central location in Germantown some ten miles away, and twice a week had Shugard take a wagon load down and open a farmers' market. I had signs put up on the front calling attention to the fact that the goods sold there were fresh from my Upper Dublin farm. Shugard did a sprightly business from the first, and people in the neighborhood of the store came in great numbers and were willing to pay any price asked. The news spread and customers increased faster than I could produce the goods. The result was that I had to send out far and wide throughout the country to reinforce my supplies of butter and eggs, so that I might keep pace with increasing demand. The receipts kept mounting up until at last Shugard would bring home some days from fifty to seventy-five dollars for goods sold. I used to go out from the city on market mornings to help sell and I also sent others out to aid.

Meantime my legitimate business was primarily to publish the *Farm Journal* and only secondly to grow produce and try experiments on my Upper Dublin farm, and not at all to run a store in Germantown, even if a fortune stared me in the face. The experiment, instead of being a failure, was a success so

pronounced that I had to give it up. So after due notice to my customers, and much to their disappointment, I closed the place and concluded that I would stick to the old way of disposing of my crops.

For a time the Shugards boarded the two hired men; but I thought it better to build cottages for them, and allow them ground for growing their own vegetables. This I did. Besides the two hired men, I had two others to come by the day to help with the work during the rush season. There is an art in handling men. If you want them to improve, treat them with consideration; if you want them to get worse and worse, scold them morning, noon and night and between times. Take council with them; ask them for their advice, showing that you have confidence in their judgment and have respect for them; treated thus they become clay in your hands, to be moulded to your needs, because you stimulate their ambition and advance them to higher places of independence and manhood.

Among the first help I had was a colored boy, Robert, who came up from Virginia and was engaged to work for me. There never lived a better farm hand than he became. He was active in the performance of his work on my farm for twenty-six years (occupying one of the cottages), and he and his family are in the same cottage yet, having continued to work for the successive purchasers of "Quinby Farm." He was treated right and in turn he used his employer right. The other cottage was occupied by another colored man who also made good and who also works for the present "Quinby Farm" owner.

Benny Bennett was a day man who lived in the neighborhood and came often to help. He was a Civil War veteran and received a pension, but he wanted his pension increased. He often declared

that the Government was going to increase it and that each ex-soldier would receive one dollar a day. He was obsessed with that idea. I did not believe he would ever get the one dollar a day pension; but he was right, for he did get it and is still receiving it if he is alive.

For several years old Tommy Arrington, a mulatto, did work for me. He was from the South and had been a slave; he had the manners of a gentleman and though he was slow, he was dependable and did excellent work. Before he came north he had been much married and had numerous children. He had a young wife in Upper Dublin when he worked for us, an excellent woman who did our washing and cleaning. The two have several children who still live in the neighborhood.

The first man we had as an all-around man at North View was an Austrian or Pole—Radesky, or some such name. He turned out to be a thief, for on the first night at North View he got out of bed and sneaked all around the house trying to open doors, his purpose evidently being to steal something and make off. He moved down the pike the next day with my overcoat, and I was glad to get rid of him at no greater expense. The next stable man we obtained was an old, long-bearded Teuton who was of little use, for he did not know how to do anything about a stable. His idea was that the quiler should be put on the front end of the animal and the bridle on the other, and he was slow in learning any better. Longbeard gave place to a native remarkable for his lack of speed in his work and inspired me with the ardent wish, whenever I saw him, that he would get a move on him. While at work he kept an eye on the road, being evidently greatly interested in whatever was passing there.

The next man, who was named William, was large and strong, and wore a red shirt. One of the mules refused to work under his dictation for the reason that Jake the blacksmith, who wore a shirt of similar dye, often roughly tried to shoe him against the wishes of his muleship. William had to put on his coat, even on the hot days, and conceal the red shirt before the mule would esteem him as any other than a dire enemy. With the red shirt exposed the man was *persona non grata* to the mule. He used to come with some regularity to the house from the cottage where he lived and appropriate our kerosene, enough by day to keep his lamps burning at night. He also took milk which was in no sense his but belonged to me. One Sunday my wife discovered him in our raspberry patch with a large kettleful of berries intended for his private use. Anna thanked him and bore the berries home for our own supper. One of the worst things he did was to ride the harrow and make my pair of rather small mules drag him back and forth all day long. We were not sorry when he sought another victim of his peculiar ways.

Another man who did some work for us lived in a neighbor's house nearby. He was so lazy that three days were required for him to do one day's work, and sometimes he would fall down on that. His wife was one who picked up any sequestered things whether or not they belonged to her. This we soon found out, but she did not care.

One of the best workers we ever had was an Irishman who came to us fresh from the old sod. He was big and strong and had red hair and his name was Teddy. As soon as he arrived I questioned him thus: "Can you plow?"

"Yes, sir; yes, sir!"

A BIT OF THE NORTH VIEW LAWN

"Can you milk?"
"Yes, sir; yes, sir!"
"Can you curry a horse?"
"Yes, sir; yes, sir!"
"Are you honest?"
"Yes, sir; yes, sir!"
"Can you fight?"
"Yes, sir; yes, sir!"
"If so, will you be fighting the other men?"
"Yes, sir; yes, sir!"
"What?"
"Oh, no, sir; no sir!"

But it turned out one Sunday afternoon that two of our men down at the farm, one an Englishman, fell on him and tried to whip him, but they found that he could fight, for he licked them both. He could grub out more apple stumps in a day without looking up and perspire more than any man I ever had on the place. Later he bought some land in the neighborhood and became a successful farmer. Irishmen are apt to do this.

After three or four years of such experiences, I found men against whom nothing of adverse nature could be said; and when I sold the farm and North View I was served by six first-class men, competent, honest and loyal, who always took a vital interest in their work and never looked up to see if their employer was watching them. They gave no trouble and did their best to make our country life comfortable and happy. I found it was best to provide a nice home with ample gardens for each man and to treat him as one Christian should treat another. Children became a marked feature of the landscape on "Quinby Farm." At one time as I remember there were seventeen.

CHAPTER XXII

NORTH VIEW

THE honor was accorded my wife's father, Samuel Allen, of breaking ground at Three Tuns for our new home, which was to be named North View. We came with him from the city on September thirtieth, 1886, for the purpose, and the ceremony was performed with much grace and dignity.

The cellar and well were dug soon after that and the material was hauled. The architect's plans were prepared and accepted, but building was not commenced until April; and the house was not ready for occupancy until the following spring. My plan was to have a plain house to be built by day's work, not by contract, and in the most substantial manner; and this plan was carried out.

Two porches were provided for, one on the north side, which may be seen in the illustration, the other on the south front directly opposite. I did not plan for the north porch, but my wife and daughters overruled me on that subject, and I was always glad they did, for we came to use it more than the other one. Entering from the north porch one came into a large hall eighteen by twenty feet in size, less the space occupied by the wide oaken stairway. To the right was the sitting-room, twenty-one by fifteen feet, with four large windows. There was an ample fireplace with a motto on the panel above from Whittier's "Lumberman": *"Pitchy knot and beechen splinter on our hearth shall glow."* To the left of the hall was the dining-room, also with provision for a fire on the hearth. This was the inscription on the mantel: *"Let us dine and never fret."* The room over the sitting-room was the one wife and I occupied at night; it, too, had an open

ENTERING THE DRIVEWAY AT NORTH VIEW

hearth and inscribed on a panel above were the words: *"Enjoy the Golden Dew of Sleep."*

It would not interest the reader to have any elaborate description of the remainder of the house, except that I may mention the cupola on top to which we often repaired to view the landscape spread out for miles on every side. North View is on the watershed between the Delaware and Schuylkill rivers, and from the cupola the landscape seemed to fade away in every direction, and the observer had a long sweep of a most beautiful country. When strangers came to visit us it was part of their entertainment to go up there, and they usually deemed it worth while to make the ascent. When they came down they were invited to register their names in a book kept for the purpose. Few ever got away without going through that performance. By opening this book now, containing the carefully kept record, we can recall the visits of our many friends extending over a period of a quarter of a century. Sometimes a visitor would break into verse or prose and register a sentiment that we may now turn to with fond recollection of the inscribing friend. Within two weeks after we had moved to our new home, we had a goodly number of friends to visit us—a sort of house-warming—who, when they came down from the cupola, wrote a composite acrostic as below:

1. "*N*ever before did the sun shine so brightly
2. *O*ver North View in its new coat of paint;
3. *R*eaching the tree-tops, touching them lightly;
4. *T*hus making a picture, both novel and quaint.
5. *H*ow we all climbed the stairs, joyful and sprightly,
6. *V*ery happy we were, and not a bit faint.
7. *I* think we enjoyed it, all, really most mightily,
8. *E*very name it was signed without a complaint.
9. *W*ith this I close the poem up tightly!"

No. 1 was composed by Miss Maria G. Cope, who not long after became the bride of No. 2, Charles F. Jenkins; No. 3 was from the pen of H. T. Paiste, a well-known business man of Philadelphia; No. 4 was by an architect friend who has since died; No. 5 was by Dr. Harrison Allen, brother of Anna, and Professor at the University of Pennsylvania; No. 6 by Daughter Elizabeth; No. 7 by Dr. W. W. Speakman, of the Hahnemann College, Philadelphia; No. 8 by Daughter Emily; and No. 9 by Dr. Charles K. Mills, another distinguished physician of Philadelphia.

The following typifies our fond hopes in building our home:

"The Beauty of the House is Order;
The Blessing of the House is Contentment;
The Glory of the House is Hospitality;
The Crown of the House is Godliness."

I am induced on this page of my book to quote the following beautiful sentiments which have for many years adorned the walls of our home, wherever it may have been, in winter or summer:

"This home is dedicated to good will. It grew out of love. The two heads of the household were called together by a power higher than they. To its decree they are obedient. Every tone of the voice, every thought of their being, is subdued to that service. They desire to be worthy of their high calling, as ministers of that grace. They know their peace will go unbroken only for a little time. And often they suspect that the time will be more short even than their anxious hope. They cannot permit so much as one hour of that brief unity to be touched by scorn or malice. The world's judgments have lost their sting inside this door. Those who come

1906

1886

TWO MORE PICTURES OF MY WIFE

seeking to continue the harmony which these two have won are ever welcome. The rich are welcome, so they come simply. The poor are welcome, for they have already learned friendliness through buffeting. Youth is welcome, for it brings the joy which these two would learn. Age is welcome, for it will teach them tenderness."

I feel sure that there is no reader of this autobiography who will not appreciate the beautiful sentiments here expressed, which may prove an inspiration to everyone to whom the word "home" has a sacred meaning.

CHAPTER XXIII

MAN'S LOYAL FRIEND—THE DOG

"A DOG is the only creature on this earth that loves you more than he loves himself. If he loves once, he loves forever. He is under your chair, he is with you when you walk, he is asleep at your door, and he would gladly die on your grave. If you are sad, so is he; if you are merry, no one is so willing to leap and laugh with you as he. To your dog you are never poor, never old; whether you are rich or poor, he does not care. If all other friends forsake you, he is true. When a dog gives his love he gives his sympathy, faith and undying loyalty. He asks in return only a kindly word and caress."

Dogs know much more than they are believed to know by anybody except those who love and understand them; and dogs feel their treatment, whether harsh or kind, much more keenly than most people are aware of.

When you think that all friends have forsaken you and that you are walking a lonely path, when you sigh for the company of some one who will be true to you as long as you live, just whistle for your dog. He will lick your hand and in dog language tell you he is ready to die for you.

It was my good fortune once to own a dog whose qualities of friendship and devotion won my heart, and were a source of much pleasure to the whole family. On the opposite page may be seen a portrait of Jeanie Deans, a black and tan collie, who was my family's interested friend from the day, when on my return from the city I brought her from Ambler

JEANIE DEANS—a Loyal Friend, a Faithful Protector, a Dog That Never Cringed

station in a crate, until she died eight years later. I cannot conceive of a more intelligent and faithful dog than she proved herself to be. While the family took more interest in caring for her wants and in training her than I did, her especial devotion to me would indicate that she deemed me most essential to her well-being. I have had many friends in my time, but none who were ever able to ignore my faults as she did. She was the only worshiper I ever had, and she never failed in her devotion.

She was a wee pup when she came, never having had a master, direct from the kennel of Silas Decker. She had everything to learn except how to eat and whine and bark. From the start she was looking for someone to worship, and she selected me because she saw me first and because I brought her over from the station, and liberated her from her slatted prison, in which she had been confined for two days.

One of the first things she did, to the amusement of the family, was to jump on the table and devour some cakes which were lying there. Such conduct disturbed not the equanimity of the family who forthwith forgave her because she knew no better. Her primary instinct was to allay hunger and she did not know that she was transgressing the law.

It was summer when she came and we were at North View. She was soon house-broken and was allowed, at her earnest solicitation, to sleep in Elizabeth's room at night; but it was not the intention of her caretaker to allow her to continue to occupy that room as a dormitory. So she was moved out towards the entry by easy stages, a foot each night, until in a few weeks she was content to have the door closed, with her dogship out in the hall. But then she was satisfied only when she slept at my door, I suppose to see that I did not escape, nor

go out for a walk without inviting her to go along. Here she continued to sleep and watch at night during all the time we spent at North View.

On one occasion, at midnight, she aroused all the sleepers by a most fierce barking and savage growling. The cause of the agitation was unknown to us until, in the morning, we found that burglars had entered the hall below by boring through a shutter and slipping a bolt, and had prepared to prowl over the house and carry off such valuables as they could lay their hands on. We know that the thieves succeeded in entering the hall, for the borings from the shutter were brushed in on the floor under the window. The dog was tied and could not go down; she did not need to, for the thieves crawled out the window in evident hurry, and decamped. None of the family arose, believing that Jeanie Deans had settled the affair, whatever it was; and so it proved to be. The scamps went across the road, entered the school house there, stole the clock and a dictionary and perhaps some other objects. The dog must have heard what they were at for she kept up a low growling for an hour or two.

This, so far as I know, was the only time she prevented an actual burglary of our premises, but we felt secure at all times from robbers, by day and night, while she lived.

She had a generous heart towards her dog friends. Down at the farm house lived Sport, who sometimes came up to make a call. On the occasion of one of these visits, Jeanie Deans took her friend out to the cemetery where she buried bones; then she dug down, uncovered a bone, and stood by as much as to say: "Here, Sport, help yourself." For some reason Sport declined the favor, so Jeanie Deans covered the bone up again, and was not offended.

That certainly showed a generous and magnanimous spirit, though it is likely that there were other bones there and this one could easily have been spared.

As we lived in a village, some of our neighbors' chickens formed the habit of wandering over our lawn in search of food and recreation; and as they were not deemed objects of beauty or utility, and were not overly clean in their habits, we wished to get rid of them and called Jeanie Deans to our aid in putting an end to the invasion. She, when she had learned our wishes in the matter, made it her constant business to drive our feathered neighbors over the fence where they belonged. The dog did not understand at first that it was not our wish to have the chickens killed or injured, though we told her so several times. Finally, she caught and killed one, much to our chagrin, and later to her humiliation, for I took the victim and tied it around her neck where it hung for an hour. After that she understood and proved her usefulnesss by chasing the chickens off but never injuring another.

Jeanie Deans was a pattern of virtue—that is, she would avoid doing most things that she thought were wrong. But there was one sin that she could never resist—when we would take walks down the orchard drive and would pass a corn field, she would slyly slip off among the corn in search of chickens, and would tear around there with all her might knowing well she was transgressing the law, for we had told her often not to do it; but she "relapsed to the wild;" she could not help it. On coming out of the corn she was utterly humiliated and crestfallen that she should have yielded to the sinful impulse. Who of the human kind have but one sin?

When the family would all go out for a walk about the place, it was her purpose, as it proved, to

keep us all together; and if one would stray away far, she became much disturbed in her mind. She must keep us together and not lose one of us out of her sight and protection.

She learned to know the meaning of many words and sentences, and on one occasion Emily said to her (quoting the sign at the railroad station): "Stop, Look, Listen!" and she paused between each word. Jeanie Deans observed each one of them; at the word "Stop," she stopped; at the word "Look," she looked around in every direction; at the word "Listen," she stood still and pricked up her ears, proving that she knew the meaning of each word. This performance gave Emily the idea of ascertaining how many words and sentences Jeanie Deans understood, with the result that she found there were over two hundred such words and sentences. It is true, no doubt, that dogs understand what is said to them far better than is generally known. They comprehend what the master says and does far better than the master understands what is going on in the mind of his four-footed friend.

Jeanie Deans had a special table-cloth on which was placed her dish when she was fed. When the time came for taking her food she would bring her cloth and always place it in the right spot. When so commanded, she would go up-stairs to call to meals the member who was tardy in coming, and, if necessary, would even go to the garret in search of the delinquent.

Jeanie Deans had a good friend called Robie, a collie not yet out of her puppyhood, who was addicted to chasing automobiles as they passed. The older dog, in order to teach her youthful friend better manners, would run after her, overtake her, pass in front of her and bring the chase to an end. In a little while Robie understood and her fault was cor-

rected. Any effort a man could make to break a collie pup of that habit would fail, short of the chloroform method.

The day we left North View for our first journey to Europe was one of great trial to the family, and would have been hard for the dog if she had fully understood. It is possible that she did understand, for she seemed disturbed and anxious. We took her down to one of the cottages and left her in charge of a good friend saying, as we started down the lane: "Now, Jeanie Deans, good-bye; we will come back; just wait here." She understood what the word "wait" meant, but could not know that it would be such a long wait—three months. Much of her time during our absence she lay on the cottage porch, gazing down the lane where she had seen our departing forms fade away. On our return, she was so overcome that for fully two hours she seemed entirely crushed with emotion, and was unable to welcome us in her usual cheerful way; after that her exuberant joy was made doubly manifest. The separation must have been a heart-harrowing experience to our loyal friend. We never left her again for so long at a time.

Her body now lies buried in a shady nook on the lawn at North View, beside the body of her friend Robie; and there are chiseled headstones above their graves. "Jeanie Deans—Died 1904." "Robie—Died 1911."

Four years before I relinquished active editorship of the *Farm Journal,* I introduced a Dog Department in the paper with this heading:

About Dogs

That they may be better understood, appreciated and treated.

I took great interest in the new department, and I found that dog-lovers greatly enjoyed it. Too many people do not understand dogs and do not care for them. With some folks, anything is good enough for a dog whose proper position it is, they think, to be ignored, scolded, kicked, given frozen food in winter, and turned out into the cold without shelter enough to keep him from shivering the whole night through. I am glad to believe that there are fewer such men now than formerly.

I gave much helpful advice in the department and have some assurance that it did good. One of Our Folks wrote about his collie Max, who strove to make himself useful by learning his master's wishes and carrying them out. For four years Max carried the *Farm Journal* from the letter box at the road and delivered it at the house. At the proper time each month, he stationed himself at the porch and, when the carrier appeared in sight, he would go with open mouth to receive the paper, and then without stopping would proceed to deliver it to his master. He carried other mail matter, making two trips when the mail was heavy; but the *Farm Journal* was his pet because it was, as he thought, the family favorite. At night Max alone would bring up the cows. A portrait of him with the *Farm Journal* in his mouth was sent in with the above information, and was printed in the *Farm Journal.*

I depended much on what friends of dogs wrote, and would have the reader know that much of what follows is selected and not original. A good dog invariably regards it as a special duty of his to protect children. I advised my readers to let the small boy have a dog for a pet if he wished one, and to treat the dog right, to feed him well, bed him,

care for him, teach him good manners and thus to lay the foundation for a friendship that will cause grief when it comes to an end. Have the boy treat the dog with reason and dignity, not expecting him to understand everything at first. Teach him to think with him and work with him, until the dog loves him and knows what is wanted; and then the boy will possess one of the delights of life.

It is a pleasure to have a dog meet you at night when you come home from school or work, and look you in the face and welcome you; and to have him wake you in the morning when you should go to work—these are things no one need to be without. Men may prove false, but a dog never.

Much has been said about a dog's "uncanny" way of divining the meaning of what is said to him. However, it is all very rational and logical. Did you ever notice how intently a dog will watch your face when he is spoken to? He can tell, by the accent of your voice, by your looks and by any gestures you may make, just what you mean. This is another proof of the rare amount of sense that dogs possess.

One day the master of a dog was called away from home to remain several days. That night the family missed the dog. They called and whistled without avail, and when he did not return the next day they were alarmed about him; he was not allowed to follow teams, and had never been known to leave home. Toward night of the second day, the hired man, passing through the cornfield, was astonished to find the dog patiently guarding a scarecrow which had been dressed in one of his owner's suits. It required considerable coaxing to induce him to leave his master's old clothes long enough to go to the house and get a square meal.

When a dog's tail whips to and fro frantically, the dog is not carrying on an aimless muscular exercise. He is signalling the thoughts and feelings which he can not put into words. It is his own code and varies according to the message he wishes to flash on his rearward semaphore. He has a short twitching motion that expresses anxiety and interest, a violent lashing that makes known his enthusiasm and affection, a steady whipping from side to side that spells hunger, and a motionless droop that signals defeat and discouragement. Canine experts have always been able to read these wig-waggings, but it took science to explain why the dog used them.

This is the explanation: When a dog is pleased and delighted he must have some outlet for his feelings. Just as in the presence of ladies a bashful boy twists his cap or turns about wildly in his chair; or as a person, tickled beyond measure by some humorous sally, rolls on the floor and holds his sides—just so does the dog wave his tail. The human beings in the situations described above are striving, through physical action, to relieve the strain on their nerves. Embarrassment must be relieved through some outward convulsion of muscles. Fido becomes filled with joy, and his tail, like a safety valve, takes the pressure off his nervous system. His emotions must be translated into some physical manifestation.

By their wonderful powers of scent, bloodhounds trailed a horse and buggy one hundred and forty miles after being allowed to smell the currycomb used on the horses, and the thieves were arrested. The more you talk to a dog the better he likes it; and he times his temper to your every mood. Are you merry? He frisks and frolics and jumps up at you with abandon. Are you sorrowful? He will lay

his head softly on your knees, looking up into your face with adoring, kindly eyes that, far more prettily than words, beg you to cheer up, and tell you that he, at all events, thinks you worthy of the utmost good fortune. The right kind of a dog never lets you forget how much he loves you. Thus, I tried to interest *Farm Journal* readers, in order that dogs might be better understood and be given a square deal.

On the back of the frame that holds the portrait of our devoted Jeanie Deans is pasted the following beautiful poem by J. G. Holland to his dog Blanco. In dog literature it is classic.

My dear dumb friend, low lying there,
A willing vassal at my feet,
Glad partner of my home and fare,
My shadow in the street.

I look into your great brown eyes,
Where love and loyal homage shine,
And wonder where the difference lies
Between your soul and mine.

For all of good that I have found,
Within myself or human kind,
Hath royally informed and crowned
Your gentle heart and mind.

I scan the whole broad earth around
For that one heart which, real and true,
Bears friendship without end or bound,
And find the prize in you.

I trust you as I trust the stars;
Nor cruel loss, nor scoff, nor pride,
Nor beggary, nor dungeon bars,
Can move you from my side:

As patient under injury
As any Christian saint of old,
As gentle as a lamb with me,
But with your brothers bold;

More playful than a frolic boy,
More watchful than a sentinel,
By day and night your constant joy
To guard and please me well;

I clasp your head upon my breast—
The while you whine and lick my hand—
And thus our friendship is confessed
And thus we understand!

Ah, Blanco! Did I worship God
As truly as you worship me,
Or follow where my master trod
With your humility;

Did I sit fondly at His feet,
As you, dear Blanco, sit at mine,
And watch Him with a love as sweet,
My life would grow divine.

NORTH VIEW AFTER SIXTEEN YEARS

CHAPTER XXIV

BEAUTIFYING A LANDSCAPE

"Who plants a tree
He plants love.
Tents of coolness, spreading out above
Wayfarers he may not live to see;
Gifts that grow are best.
Hands that bless, are blest.
Plant! Life does the rest."

All my life I had studied the landscape art and had hoped that some day not far in the future I would be situated so I could practice it. In the month of April, 1888, when we moved to North View, the time had come for me to begin. Our house was built right in the center of a five-acre lot with soil so fertile that everything planted could not fail to take advantage of the chance to add to the attractiveness of our home surroundings.

The writings of Downing and Scott were accessible to me in the Three Tuns library when I was a boy on the home farm, and I pored over them many a day, perhaps when I might better have been plowing or pulling weeds. From those books I had learned and remembered the essential principles of the landscape art, and there are only a few of them. One is to place trees in such position as not to shut off from the house beautiful objects in the landscape; another is to plant them so that all objectionable objects shall be hidden from view. Another is to leave open spaces across the lawn so that passersby may look in and see the house. Another important principle that I kept in mind is to have long

stretches of grass, with trees and shrubs only at the confines of the lawn, for nothing is so beautiful as a wide expanse of grass surrounding the house. Being familiar with these cardinal principles I had little difficulty in laying the foundation of an attractive country home.

Trees are planted at the border, but only in positions where they will not obstruct the view of charming stretches of landscape outside. Shrubs may occupy such points but must not be high enough to hide distant views. Then, in planting trees it is very important to consider the shapes of the trees, but more especially the color must be taken into account. Groups should be of varying shades of color, such as will create group harmony. Varying the forms of the trees of the group will add grace and beauty. The planting of trees on a lawn is somewhat of the same nature as painting a picture; a carefully designed color scheme is just as effective in one as in the other. These points are usually overlooked in lawn embellishment.

I deem it very important to make an annual pruning of the lower limbs of a lawn tree. Usually trees are allowed to go without this pruning and are much less effective. One ought not to be afraid of cutting off too many limbs from the lower part of the tree. A sprawling tree hides the beauty of the lawn.

I followed these obviously simple rules and found North View growing in beauty year after year, much to my joy and to that of my family and friends and of strangers who passed our way.

I always loved trees and shrubs, vines and flowers, and sought the most beautiful ones everywhere within hundreds of miles of Upper Dublin. I visited several times the famous Arnold Arboretum

in the suburbs of Boston. I made many journeys to inspect nurseries where were displayed decorative trees and shrubs—Hoopes Brothers and Thomas, of West Chester, Pennsylvania; Elwanger and Barry, of Rochester, New York; Harper, of Chestnut Hill; Meehan, of Germantown; Moon, of Morrisville, Pennsylvania, and others, from whom I bought beautiful growing things for the adornment of our lawn. In going through those nurseries I spent hours which were some of the happiest of my life. The nurserymen sometimes, at my invitation, came to visit North View and spent much time in looking over the lawn, making suggestions, perhaps criticising, but oftener approving.

I recall such a visit from Joseph Meehan, one of the Meehan brothers, of Germantown, who had national fame as horticulturists. Joseph was a regular contributor on horticultural subjects to the *Gardeners' Monthly* and the *Germantown Telegraph*. He prepared for the latter an account of a visit to North View from which I extract the following:

"Accepting an oft-repeated invitation to spend a few hours at North View, the home of Wilmer Atkinson, I found myself at the place on a beautiful afternoon in mid-June. It was my regret toward evening that I had not allowed myself more time, for I found the grounds much more extensive than I had anticipated, and I could do no more than make a few hasty notes of matters I thought of horticultural interest.

"Mr. Atkinson's roomy mansion is well embowered in vines and roses, English ivy, yellow jasmine and Japanese ivy among vines; many of the older and uncommon climbing roses were used, and in some cases most tastefully intermixed. What Mr. Atkinson assured me was a beautiful sight every

season—as, indeed, I can well believe—is the appearance of the Japanese ivy and clematis intermixed on the house, when the latter is in flower. The English ivy is planted on the north side of the house, as it should be, to escape the sun in winter, and it pleased me greatly to note its luxuriance. The house is so beautifully vine-clad, and so judiciously surrounded with shrubs, that I could almost fancy myself in the presence of an old English mansion.

"On the southern front of the house is a large specimen of the early-flowering jasmine and the lonicera, one of the bush honeysuckles. The lonicera is some fifteen feet high and as many wide, and what a treat it must be to see it full of its cream-colored, sweet-scented flowers! At not a great distance from the house, placed singly here and there, were some bushes of the berry-bearing *prinus verticellatus*. These become full of their brilliant holly-like berries in late autumn, when they are much admired in the positions they are placed.

"Resting a while under the shade of a fine specimen of the empress tree (pawlonia) where seats had been placed, I inquired its age, and was informed that it had been planted nine years ago. The diameter of the trunk was eighteen inches, showing the rapidity of its growth.

"Mr. Atkinson takes great interest in his place, and knows the history of every tree and bush on it. Every one has been planted with an object, and what this is he is quite willing to explain. There are various groupings of evergreen and deciduous trees designed to produce effect in time. It will take some years for many of the trees to attain a size to show the combination of colors, but though there are younger men than Mr. Atkinson, he is willing to

THE ORCHARD WALK
Farm buildings in the distance

wait for the trees to develop, and nothing is crowded to give immediate effect.

"I noticed a group of scarlet oaks—kept in shrub shape by pruning—which I thought must be a beautiful sight when the autumn colors are assumed. This oak is a favorite on the place, as is the blood-leaved Japanese maple. Purple plum and purple berberry are also in evidence.

"Mentioning pruning, I was struck with the improved appearance of a Kentucky coffee-tree, which had been pruned. The young growth of this tree is of a light green, a pleasing color, and the pruning had brought out many more than the usual number of shoots, adding to the good effect.

"One of the features of North View is the magnificent hedge of *berberis thunbergii*. The home grounds are nearly enclosed with it, some of the plants having been set eight years ago, and some later. There is one stretch of it some three hundred and fifty yards long, which is about four feet in height and as many in width, which is the best hedge of it I have ever seen.

"The home grounds lead gradually to an orchard and small fruit garden, in which was an exceedingly fine collection of fruits, and adjoining this is the farm. I could but take a hurried walk through a portion of it—enough, however, to cause me to wish that I could see more. But time was pressing, and I parted company with the courteous proprietor with much regret."

I fear that it would tire the casual reader if I pursued this subject further, but I will call attention to views of our lawn shown on another page: one, the pair of posts at the main entrance, with the small vines, which in time clothed the posts with living green; also the young scarlet oak nearby

which grew so rapidly that, before we left the place, no one without very long arms could span its trunk.

The scarlet oak, to my mind, has more merit as a lawn tree than any other. It is very hardy, rapid in growth, has leaves of bright green in the summer, and in the fall is robed in beautiful scarlet foliage which holds on until December. I liked this variety of oak so well that I planted an avenue of it the whole length of the farm down to the lower pike, three-quarters of a mile away.

At the end of about twenty years, although I already had over twelve acres of lawn grass (which had to be mowed during the flush season of spring and early summer once in every five days), I bought five acres more of what was the store property in the village, and increased the size of my lawn nearly to that extent. I did not wish to buy the ground, but it was an eyesore in the neighborhood, so I had to purchase it in self-defense. It belonged to the keeper of the popular Three Tuns road house, who wished the store to be torn down; and the essential stipulation in the contract with him was that, if he sold it to me, the building must be leveled to the ground. Immediately after the contract was signed and money paid, I hired twelve Italians, who with picks and gunpowder soon demolished the structure, whose cellar, however, was filled up with débris. Rich top soil was carted and spread over the site, and most of the five acres was utilized for the extension of my lawn, so I had many more trees and shrubs and flowers to buy and plant.

While the preceding account of the planting at North View was fresh from my pen, I showed it to my family, whereupon a member made the inquiry: "Father, why did thee not tell what tools thee used in all that planting?"

THE THREE TUNS LIBRARY AND POST OFFICE
Built from an original design by Wilmer Atkinson in 1907

And I answered: "Why, the usual tools, of course."

"Did thee mention the camp stool, the umbrella and the cane?"

"No; I did not think that worth while."

I was not embarrassed by such questioning, for I remembered that Frank Shugard went around with me using other essential tools. It takes several kinds of implements to plant a tree in the right place, and the kind I used did good service.

Elsewhere I have told the reader of the removal of our old library to Ambler, where it was destroyed by fire. This left our neighborhood without a library and also without a post office building, for when the store was obliterated so also was the post office. I could not stand for this, so I erected a small building on the site of the old one and established a library there, and made room for the post office, which we did not wish to lose from the village.

A picture of the small building whose design was home-made will be seen on another page. When we moved from North View in 1915 the post office was summarily taken away and many of the books were transferred to the *Farm Journal* office for the use of our employees. The library, when we had it in hand, comprised about six hundred volumes, and all of them were worth while. This is more than can be said of the books in many present-day libraries.

So willing was I to have strangers enjoy the beauty of North View that I extended an invitation to the public to drive at will through the lawn and farm, from one end to the other. There were no restrictions whatever, and hundreds of persons every week availed themselves of the privilege. A report somehow got into the local paper that strangers were no longer permitted to drive through

Orchard Drive, but this was later denied by me in the same paper that published the erroneous statement. I said: "Oh, no, the invitation to orderly persons, even though strangers, freely to use Orchard Drive during the summer and fall has not been withdrawn. If it is a pleasure for our friends and their friends to drive through 'Quinby Farm' and North View, it is no less a pleasure to us to see them do so. Our grass, trees and flowers belong in part to those who have the capacity to enjoy them."

I will here make my final reference to our grand old oak, a picture of which is shown on another page, by quoting from a local paper describing the cyclone which passed over Upper Dublin on August eighteenth, 1911, and its consequences to the tree: "The old oak tree in the lane at North View, Three Tuns, was completely wrecked by the tempest which visited these parts on Friday afternoon last. Nothing is left standing but the trunk, the limbs having been all swept away. In falling there was a mighty crash which was heard a great distance.

"Upon the trunk there was a bronze tablet, placed there a short time ago by Mr. Atkinson, bearing the legend:

"'The monarch oak the patriarch of the trees,
Shoots rising up and spreads by slow degrees.
Three centuries he grows, and three he stays
Supreme in state and in three more decays.'"

It was a sad day at North View when we beheld our old oak lying prostrate upon the ground, completely wrecked. None of us thought such a catastrophe could happen; the tree was so sturdy, with so little evidence of decay. I obtained testimony from some of the oldest inhabitants, who not only remembered the tree in their youth as standing

there just as it was before the storm destroyed it, but recalled being told by their ancestors that the tree had been standing several generations before their time, and probably before Columbus discovered America.

An aged friend who was born and lived on the farm wrote a poem about the tree before its fall from which I quote:

This bright June morn my heart has wooed
Awhile to pause in pensive mood,
And sit again within this shade,
So ample and inviting made.

* * * * * *

Thou, old tree, invitest my song,
While memories dear around me throng.
Ah! many long, long years hast thou
Stood firmly here with rugged brow,
And backward beat the raging storm
That oft assailed thy sturdy form.
The weaker things the winds may rock,
But thou the wildest storm canst mock.
Thy strong roots pierce the earth so far
They bar thee from e'en shock or jar.
A noble battle thou hast made,
A strong resistant force displayed;
But lapse of time will work decay,
And thou ere long must pass away.
Old tree, all hail! Thou standest here
Without a rival or compeer,
The peers that once around thee stood
Within the thick-grown, primal wood,
Are gone. And on the lands thus shorn
Now stands the wheat and tasseled corn.
Farewell, old friend! I part from thee,
Thou early loved, old oaken tree.

June 8, 1883. HENRY JONES.

Our aged friend proved to be a prophet, a truer one than I, for it seemed to me that the tree was likely to add another century to its august history. Must I own it, North View never seemed quite the same to me after our noble tree could no longer stand guard over the old lane through which I drove our herd of cows from Warwick to our new home in Upper Dublin in 1849.

I immediately planted ivy around the trunk, which was fifteen feet high, and before we left North View the trunk was completely covered with ivy green. The tablet remains as when first placed, with another one underneath.

CHAPTER XXV

MAKING OVER AN OLD TURNPIKE ROAD

After establishing a country seat at the village of Three Tuns, I found that the condition of the roads, leading to the station at the railroad town of Ambler, presented a serious obstacle to my getting to the city in order to attend to my business at the *Farm Journal* office. I do not mean that I could not get to Ambler, but it was more or less a trial both to the spirit and to the flesh. There was an old pike road that led directly to the station—a distance of two and one-half miles—and there was a back country dirt road which made the distance to the station one-half mile further. In the spring, and after very hard rains, the dirt road was deep with mud, and in dry weather it was not less deep with dust. Only in the most favorable weather was it pleasant to drive over, but we often used it because it was better than the pike. What was I to do? Accept the conditions as I found them or remedy them? I did remedy them. I sought out the owners of the pike—that is, the individual stockholders—and offered to buy their shares of stock. Those people were widely scattered, and I had little time to pursue the quest for stock; so I took a whole summer to procure enough to give me a controlling interest in the road. The shares had no market value whatever at first, but when it was found that I wanted them, and would pay for them, the price began to rise and kept on going up until I had secured sufficient number to satisfy my yearnings. This is a curious phenom-

enon, but it applies to most other things besides shares of stock.

The annual meeting of the Turnpike Company was held at Three Tuns in October, at which time the stockholders elected me president. I felt somewhat elated at having such honors thrust upon me. I was also appointed, by the president, manager of the road from Three Tuns to Rose Valley, on the outskirts of Ambler, where it abuts upon the ancient stage road extending from Philadelphia to Bethlehem. Over this very stage road the old Liberty Bell was hauled on its way to safety at Allentown in 1777, to prevent it from falling into the hands of the British. The Worths, father and son, were to manage the upper end above Three Tuns, and they did good work. When the management of the lower part of the road, in which I was vitally interested, was thus graciously handed over to me, the middle of the highway was so washed and worn away that it formed a channel for the flow of water. The ditches, ordinarily intended for that channel, were in the main choked up and out of commission. There were plenty of stones; but having been broken by sledges and hammers many years before, they were left so large that they made rough hauling for drivers of farm wagons, and for those who ventured to travel over them with pleasure carriages they were a source of anguish. Such an experiment was not pleasant, since the stones were not only large, but were loose and easily kicked around.

Within a week from the time I had been made responsible for such conditions, I had a dozen men and a number of carts on the road with the purpose of rounding up the middle and opening the side ditches. There was no money in the treasury for expensive betterments, or any betterments at all,

so I had to draw on my own bank reserves for funds. This I did to the extent of twenty-five hundred dollars, taking the company's notes for the loan. Not having stones at once available, I tried an experiment of hauling in quarry sand, of which there was an abundance in the township, and with that I rounded up the middle of the road. Had I used stone for a filler the expense would have been four times greater. The sand cost but twenty-five cents a load at the quarries. After I had the sand hauled I covered it all over with a layer of crushed stone brought from Mundock Hill, two miles away. This stone was not satisfactory, as it did not break into cubes and would not pack, and therefore was almost a dead loss to me. I had no road roller, so I employed George Lenhart to make for me a heavy four-wheeled cart, with tires eight inches wide, which I successfully used for years in place of a two-thousand-dollar road roller. When heavily loaded, the cart was almost as good. The road-bed was soon in fairly good condition for travel, but I could not hope that it would stay so through the thaws of the late winter and early spring months—and it did not. Nevertheless, there was no further need of taking the back road on the way to business.

The turnpike was built by the farmers along the line in 1850. Before that it was a very bad road. The pike may have earned a dividend at one time, but had not done so for many years. I had a hard problem to solve: to rebuild the road and make it a popular highway and to provide dividends for the stockholders. It was a cross-country road and no cross-country road ever had paid a dividend out of earnings in any of the counties round about. It took five or six years to accomplish my purpose, for there was a debt to be liquidated before the day of

dividends. Within five or six years the debt was cleared off and soon thereafter the road became a regular dividend payer and so continued to be until taken over by the public. It became, under the new title of "Butler Drive," one of the most popular highways in Montgomery county, a favorite with automobilists, who are never tardy in discovering a road that is smooth and comfortable to ride over. It was thus I lifted the embargo on travel between Three Tuns and the railroad station at Ambler. I had cut down the time by fifteen minutes each way.

I used novel methods for bringing the Butler Drive into public favor. I informed the public that they had better go our way and come by the same route. Here are some items in the local paper that appeared from time to time that tell part of the story:

"Wilmer Atkinson proposes to present a box of strawberries some day soon to each driver of a vehicle who goes through the lower toll-gate. Real nice ones, too! Due notice will be given of the day. Let's all go through."

"A free distribution of strawberries is now going on at Charley Pfizenmaier's toll-gate on the Butler Drive. It began several days ago and will continue while the nice berries last. The driver of each vehicle receives a quart and is free to put them where they will do the most good. Some days bouquets are handed to the ladies who pass. Wilmer Atkinson wishes everybody not only to know how smooth the Butler Drive is, but also to enjoy the fruits and flowers of the season. And he wants everybody to assist in making this drive the finest in Montgomery county."

"Over twelve bushels of strawberries have been

handed out to travellers from the lower toll-gate on the Butler Drive within the last few days. It is a free distribution of this luscious fruit and will continue daily throughout the berry season. The last berries of this crop are not so large as at the beginning, but the berries are sweeter and better."

"General Grant's mother was born and brought up in a farmhouse on the Butler Drive."

"Sweet peas and the smiling face of Charles Pfizenmaier are the principal attractions of the Butler Drive toll-gate at present."

"Take a spin over the Butler Drive and you will pronounce it one of the finest roads in the country."

"There is some pleasure in riding over a road like Butler Drive. Spend a few pennies and try it."

Not only were the users of Butler Drive halted at the toll-gate to pay a fee, but in June were presented with some sweet strawberries as per the notice in the paper. Later they were held up and handed parcels of choice peaches and other fruits and occasionally some flowers, all grown on "Quinby Farm." This procedure gave the travelers so much pleasure that I did not mind the cost, and it did not work to the disadvantage of the stockholders of the road. In fact, it was a good move all around.

I forbear telling the reader how many days I spent on that pike, directing the work (and working, too). Here it would appear like a fairy tale not meant to be believed.

If the president and manager ever received a salary for his service, or if he was ever reimbursed for the trees and flowering shrubs planted by the roadside for shade and for decorative purposes, the circumstance has escaped his notice.

Before the road was piked it was a leading high-

way for up-country farmers, many of them known as "Pennsylvania Dutch," who hauled their produce to market in Philadelphia and returned with store goods for merchants in their neighborhoods and with cloth for their thrifty women to make into garments. The venerable Henry Jones, now deceased, who, with his three brothers, formed the original company, informed the Ambler paper that:

"All through my early life Butler Road was at times one of the worst in the country. Farmers going to market, and on other occasions, used to go with three horses to its terminus at the Chestnut Hill and Springhouse Turnpike (now Rose Valley), where the third horse was released and sent back. The hill just east of the toll-gate, opposite Stout's, used to abound with quicksands that rendered it almost impassable, as also at other places. It was this condition of road that led to the construction of the pike." Henry Jones also informed the *Gazette* that: "Thirty or forty men might be seen in front of the hotel and sheds at Three Tuns, closely packed with German farmers from up-country, on their way to market, stopping over night." When the horses were cared for, then followed the scene described by Wilson, the ornithologist: "Each stout, heavy-footed German with wallet in hand sought the bar-room and from those wallets came the chunks of bacon, bread, etc., and were there deposited on the long table. A few pints of beer were called in and then torrents of Dutch from every quarter came forth. They slept on the floor and on the table." The Wilson mentioned above, wrote a poem describing his trip on foot from Philadelphia, and what he saw at the close of the first day's travel, at Springhouse, as follows:

THE TOLL-GATE HOUSE ON THE BUTLER DRIVE

" Here two long rows of market folks were seen
Ranged front to front, the tables placed between
Where bags of meat, and bones, and crusts of bread,
And hunks of bacon all around were spread;
One pint of beer from lip to lip went round,
And scarce a crumb the hungry housedog found;
Torrents of Dutch from every quarter came.
Pigs, calves and sauer-kraut the important theme,
While we, on future plans revolving deep,
Discharged our bill and straight retired to sleep."

It was on the Butler Drive, as I stated on an earlier page, that John Simpson must have driven with his daughter Hannah, who became the mother of Ulysses Simpson Grant, on the way to Philadelphia, the starting point for their long and wearisome journey to Ohio in 1817. This was thirty-four years before the road was piked.

During the twenty-five years while the portion of the Butler Drive below Three Tuns was under my care and management, I learned something of a practical nature in the art of macadamizing a roadbed. I had to. What I learned was this—that there is no material for the purpose of road building equal to trap rock, and that nothing is more essential in the process of road building than tile underdraining. With a depth of one foot of trap rock (or with bottom six inches of sandstone), rolled with a heavy roller—heavier than that generally used—and the foundation thoroughly tile underdrained, a road can be made at one-half the cost of another built of other material and will need less than one-half the cost for annual repairs.

The highway departments of states where trap rock can be had, even though handicapped by long hauls, should get wise in this matter and not waste the people's

money on ill-considered, widely advertised experiments.

To sum up, my experience and observation have taught me that a perfect macadamized road can be built thus: Underdrain the bed with tile, both sides for wide roads; round up the centre; roll with heavy roller; place on top a six-inch layer of sandstone or any other hard crushed stone; on top of that place a six-inch layer of two-inch trap rock; then, with the heaviest roller obtainable, pack the metal down so it will stay there just as it is put. A road thus constructed will not rut, or cup, or wash, or dust, or buckle, or wear out in my time or yours.

CHAPTER XXVI

A SCHOOL COMMENCEMENT ADDRESS WITH THE MERIT OF BREVITY

At the invitation of the principal, I delivered the address at the Commencement of the Sunnyside School in the opera house at Ambler on June twenty-eighth, 1892. In reading it over now it seems to me that what I said contains such good advice that I cannot resist the temptation to include it in this book. The whole address follows:

"I have been asked by your Principal to address a few words to you on this interesting occasion.

"This is an important event to you, young people, and one you will be likely to remember all your lives, a proud occasion, and justly so, for you have been successful in your studies, and proven yourselves worthy of the honors this day bestowed upon you. You have been attentive, you have been diligent, you have been conscientious, you have done hard and honest work, your behavior has been such as to do credit to yourselves and give joy to your teachers and parents; you have, I am told, 'acted well your part' throughout, and 'there the honor lies.'

"This is a good beginning. In the race of life much depends upon the start one makes, and you have started well. It remains now to resolve to keep on in the right course, to turn not aside into indolent, careless or indifferent paths, to keep step with the highest aspirations of your hearts, and certain it is you will have honorable and successful careers.

"This might be made the occasion of my pouring forth upon your innocent heads a great amount

of advice concerning your future conduct, but it would make you tired, and you would soon forget, even if you momentarily noted, what I should say, so I will not inflict you, nor the audience, in that way. Your best plan for the future is to follow the admonitions of your consciences and those given you, from time to time, by your faithful teachers and by your parents, and to emulate the example they have set you in their daily lives; to read good books and to avoid common or bad ones; to endeavor to do good in the world, without dreaming of doing some wonderful thing that will make you famous; above all to be unselfish. Avoid thinking and acting as if 'number one' were the Alpha and Omega of existence. Other people first—yourselves afterwards.

"Of books to read there are many and it is important that you do not neglect them. In this regard you might adopt Emerson's three rules:

"1. Never read any book that is not a year old.

"2. Never read any but famed books.

"3. Never read any but what you like.

"Shakespeare, 'Paradise Lost,' 'Vicar of Wakefield,' Boswell's 'Life of Johnson,' Goethe's 'Faust,' 'Sartor Resartus,' 'Vanity Fair,' 'Ivanhoe,' Dickens's 'Tale of Two Cities,' 'David Copperfield,' George Eliot, 'Sketch Book,' 'Hypatia,' 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' Bryce's 'The American Commonwealth,' McMaster's 'History of the People of the United States.' Biographies of all great and good men and women.

"These are works that should not be overlooked —of course, there are many more—a good plan is to read some good book each month in the year.

"Above all things do not form the habit of novel reading and be sure to skip reports of crime and evil doings in the daily or weekly papers.

"'Will you go and gossip with your scullery maid or your stable boy,' says Ruskin, 'when you may talk with Queens and Kings?'

"One word more, and this is my best word—avoid everything that has the least flavor of gossip or tale-bearing or detraction. Never speak ill of anyone, under any circumstances or provocation. If you cannot speak well, speak not at all. You may forget, if you will, all I have said before, but try to remember this. Adopt this for the motto of your lives, and rest assured that you honor yourself by so doing, and all who know you will be proud of your friendship.

"I wish you well and bid you adieu."

CHAPTER XXVII

TRAVEL

My instinct for travel was strong, but was suppressed until after I was forty years of age.

During the Civil War I made three journeys at the expense of my Uncle Samuel, once on foot when my regiment of Pennsylvania emergency men chased the invading Confederate army back into Virginia after the Battle of Antietam; again on horseback, as a private in the ranks of the Wissahickon cavalry, after the Battle of Gettysburg, when we once more drove General Lee's legions back across the border; yet again, a year later, when our regiment was selected by General Grant to guard a camp of Confederate prisoners and hold them fast on the upper Mississippi, while Sherman marched through Georgia. Details of these travels were given on earlier pages of this book. When I was a young man I did not journey on my own account because I did not have the time, nor could I afford the expense.

In 1868 I visited Washington with my wife on our belated wedding journey. We had been married two years earlier. I do not remember ever having visited the city of New York before that trip to Washington. I did go once to Atlantic City with my uncle John and saw little but the ocean, mosquitoes, scrub pines and sand heaps. I should have bought some lots then on the ocean front, but it did not occur to me. I went once on a day excursion to Mauch Chunk and rode over the switch-back railroad.

At an earlier time two of my school mates and the headmaster of the school and I took a vacation

tramp, carrying our knap-sacks strapped across our shoulders. We were all good walkers except possibly myself; our leader, master Hugh Foulke, was famous for the rapidity and length of his strides; he seemed not to tire and never complained of anything. Others of us were not so fortunate. The first day brought us to Quakertown and the second to Mauch Chunk. I think we stopped over at Bethlehem and took dinner at the old Sun Inn. This is the hostelry where General Lafayette went to recuperate after being wounded in the foot at the Battle of Brandywine. The third day found my feet pretty sore, but we kept on over a stony, mountain trail, traveling part of the way after nightfall to White Haven, which we did not reach until bedtime. The next day we arrived at Wilkesbarre; the next brought us to Scranton. I think that was as far away from home as we went on the trip.

On the return journey we trudged to Stroudsburg on Sunday morning, foot-sore and travel-stained. Near Stroudsburg was Highland Dell, a boarding-house kept by a Quaker lady, a cousin of our headmaster. She received us cordially, had breakfast prepared for us, and, seeing without a spy-glass that we needed washing, directed us to the basement where were some towels and one tub of water. This was the first good wash we had since leaving home. After it, we felt better and were grateful to the kind lady. On Monday morning we walked to Delaware Water Gap where we stayed over night. I found the next morning that I had had enough as I was foot-sore and more than ready to go home; and this I did by train. The others, so far as I know, completed the journey on foot. It was an interesting tramp and remembered with pleasure ever since.

As a boy on the Warwick farm I did not have much experience as a traveler. I made several journeys by carriage to grandfather's, five miles away. Once when three years old, as I have related, I ran away home with my sister Emma, who suggested and promoted the secret flight.

When seven I was commandeered to take a plowshare to Jamison's corner, one and one-quarter miles distant, to have it sharpened; this was in the spring of the year after I had just shed my winter shoes, so that the going was easy and to run a delight. I remember that I tried to run all the way without a rest, but I could not quite accomplish the feat. After running more than one-half of the distance I had to stop to walk and take breath; then soon started again into a run. A barefoot boy likes to run and the exercise is good for him.

On the Upper Dublin farm I did considerable traveling behind a pair of horses which were pulling an implement called a plow. I would travel across the field in one direction, holding on to the plow handles, and then turn and go back across the field, not exactly over the same ground but close to it. I liked these trips, though I got very weary before eleven-thirty, when mother blew the horn, announcing that dinner was ready. That was a soulful sound.

Early in April, 1903, while sitting at the breakfast table, in our city home, I casually remarked to my family, "Let's go to Europe," and there was not a dissenting voice to that unexpected proposal.

It was on May sixth that my family—Anna, Elizabeth, Emily, Gertrude and myself—set sail on the *S. S. New York* on the American line for England. We arrived at Southampton on May thirteenth and went on to London, whither our

STONEHENGE, ENGLAND, AND FAMILY GROUP

train was drawn by an absurd little locomotive, and where, in due time, we arrived. Here, after getting settled at the Kingsley Hotel, we engaged a German woman guide, but, not being very well pleased with our choice, soon dismissed her. She was too dictatorial and critical of the sights of the city.

It would not interest the reader for me to give in detail our itinerary through Great Britain and Ireland; and it is enough to say that we visited all the cathedral towns, beginning with Salisbury and ending with Lincoln. The cathedrals we saw were very interesting, for they were new to us. Besides Salisbury the tour took in Bath, Bristol, Hereford, Chester, Dublin, Manchester, Lancaster, Edinburgh, Newcastle, Durham, York, Birmingham, Oxford and more of London.

Near Bristol we visited the village of Chew Magna, the home of my wife's ancestors. At Lancaster we inspected the jail where my ancestor William Atkinson and his brother Christopher were imprisoned for attending a Quaker meeting. And we visited the nearby village of Scotford, where my respected forbears lived before their emigration in 1699; also Swarthmore Hall, famed as the home of Margaret Fell, a convert to the doctrines preached by George Fox, who, moreover, became his wife after the death of her first husband. We went to Edinburgh, visited the home of Sir Walter Scott not far away, and going south spent two days in the Shakespeare country, and one in the university town of Oxford.

Just six weeks after we reached England, we left London for Paris and remained in Paris for a fortnight at the pension of a friend. Then we went to Switzerland and Italy, reaching the fascinating city of Venice on July nineteenth. Here we stayed

two weeks and then journeyed northward through the Tyrol to Munich, Nuremburg, Dresden and Berlin, where we arrived on August fourth. Here we remained four days only, one reason for our not staying longer being the fact that the ladies did not like to be jostled off the sidewalk into the street whenever they met a military ruffian, as they not infrequently were. We did not see Wilhelm, but we did see his Potsdam Palace. The lawn around the palace was not well kept, and looked very shabby and forlorn compared with that of North View.

Leaving Berlin we went by rail to Frankfort and on to Wiesbaden, Mainz, Bingen and down the Rhine, reaching Cologne on August thirteenth. Thence we journeyed to Brussels, visiting and climbing the Napoleon mound at Waterloo (the women of Belgium hauled the soil for it for eight cents a day); thence we went to Antwerp and Amsterdam, where we saw the diamond cutters at work; thence to the interesting villages of Marken and Edam, reaching the city of The Hague on August twenty-fourth. On the twenty-ninth we sailed for home on the *S. S. Finland* of the Red Star Line.

Since none of the family had ever been to Europe before, the trip was greatly enjoyed by all and we had kept well. Gertrude was busy with her kodak at every place we stopped, and also kept a diary, recording every detail of our trip. Those were one hundred and fifteen days of unalloyed happiness. They afforded me a good rest from my labors at the editorial desk and at "Quinby Farm," and they afforded much refreshment to each member of the family.

On January nineteenth, 1907, we started on our second trip to Europe, sailing on the *S. S. Celtic* of the White Star Line, stopping at the Azores, Madeira,

TEMPLE OF KARNAK, LUXOR, EGYPT

Gibraltar and Genoa, and arriving at Naples on February third. As Anna had been taken ill with influenza during the voyage, the family did not disembark; but instead I went into the city and called at the White Star office, to see if we might not retain our staterooms and extend our voyage to Egypt. The answer was we might, and that was what we did. This was a great relief to our minds, for we thought it hazardous for Anna to risk the climate of Naples at that chilly season. We had a pleasant voyage to Alexandria and by the time of our arrival the sick one had recovered. We reached Alexandria on the eighth and Cairo on the evening of the same day. We remained a week at Cairo and then went by train up the Nile to Luxor, where we spent a very interesting week visiting the temple of Karnak and the Tombs of the Kings, ten miles away. We rode on the backs of donkeys and were pestered with flies on the way. Flies in Egype are more than abundant. One must go veiled in Luxor and keep constantly brushing away the pests. The Tombs consisted of large chambers twenty feet underground whose various apartments were all lit up by electricity. I did not believe that electric lights were in evidence in those subterranean apartments when the kings were buried; but to be sure of it I questioned the janitor of one of the Tombs and was told that he did not think they had been. We could see the mummified kings lying where they were put four thousand years ago, and I felt like poking one of them with my cane and telling him: "It is time to get up," but I could not quite reach him.

By the twenty-fourth we were back at Cairo and Alexandria, and on March first we sailed for Athens, arriving on the third and staying until the eleventh.

We went by train from Athens to Patras. Our

way lay parallel to the old road from Athens to Rome and passed through Corinth. It was the road over which Paul trudged on his way to the latter city. From Patras we took a ramshackle boat to Brindisi; the sea was rough and by this time Anna and I were ill with " La Grippe " and could not take the side trip to the Island of Corfu as some of the family did. Those who made the side trip were interested in seeing the Royal Palace which was later bought by Kaiser Wilhelm for a country home, but which he is not now able to occupy either in summer or in winter.

Since the vessel was delayed, we did not reach Brindisi in time to catch the express to Naples. From Brindisi to Naples it is a long ride, especially if one goes by accommodation train. Moreover, we had to cross the Appenine mountains where a fierce snow storm was raging, so that we were nearly frozen stiff because we did not have heat in our car and were without sufficient wraps. The two sick ones, however, improved, but Elizabeth became ill. In fact, she was so sick that at Naples she could not leave the hotel at all; but the others of the party, during our stay in Naples, visited Pompeii, Sorrento and Capri, before starting for Rome on March twenty-second. At Rome we remained for about four weeks, and visited Tivoli and Hadrian's Villa, the Forum, the Catacombs, and of course all the other places of interest in the ancient, imperial city.

On April seventeenth we began a tour through Italy, halting at Assisi, Perugia, Florence, Genoa, Pisa, then at Nice and at Monte Carlo, where we witnessed gambling in full swing among daft mortals. We reached Paris on May sixteenth and London on the twenty-fourth, sailing for home on the *Adriatic* on June fifth. The tour was a most en-

THE PRISON OF SOCRATES AT ATHENS

joyable one, I might say a fascinating one, our only regret being that we could not visit Sweden and Norway, St. Petersburg, Copenhagen, Vienna, the cities of the Baltic States, and, finally, Constantinople.

I am sorry that I may not write more fully of the many pleasant experiences of our journey and tell in more detail about the places we visited. On this trip, as on the former one, Gertrude kept snapping her camera on every suitable occasion (and sometimes, perhaps, when the occasion was not suitable), and kept a diary which now tells where we went, what we saw, whom we met and what we did. It would be interesting now to read her account over, though if we did so we might become inoculated once more with the travel microbe.

Elizabeth and I started on another voyage to England on May eighth, 1909, for rest and recuperation, sailing on the *Baltic* for Liverpool, giving our time for two months mostly to London, but taking side trips from there. We went to Tunbridge Wells, Brighton, Canterbury, Glastonbury, Oxford, Eaton, Isle of Wight, Bath, Exeter, Ilfracombe and Clovelly, and spent a pleasant fortnight on the Islands of Jersey and Guernsey, going by stage coach from point to point. Amongst our companions on the islands were a Hanoverian gentleman and his two vivacious daughters. We were away from home for about nine weeks. I had my camera with me and took many pictures.

Four years later Elizabeth and I visited the Canadian Rocky mountains, traveling thence to Tacoma and Seattle on our way to Alaska, and returning home by the Yellowstone Park. The voyage to Alaska from Victoria was very interesting. During the trip we climbed Muir Glacier and escaped a cold death by not falling into the gaping crevasses.

I took a picture of the Taku Glacier which appears on another page; also of our steamer, which I snapped on returning from the Muir Glacier. These appear on the same page. Our ship was the *Spokane,* which has since met disaster by running against a rock in that uncharted sea. We went from Seattle direct to Ketchikan, a distance of twelve hundred miles, on a smooth inland sea. On this voyage I was entertained by one of my pets—a carbuncle on my neck—and if it had not been for the skillful attention of a surgeon from Los Angeles, California, who was with us, I am not sure that I would be here to tell the story or write this book.

I went with my wife to New Orleans at the time of the Mardi Gras, and while there I visited the ill-fated warship *Maine* then stationed out on the river. Two years later I saw the pathetic remains of it in the Harbor of Havana. Still later I visited Cuba with Elizabeth. I had made several visits to the South before this, as well as numerous visits to various other states of the Union.

So, though my instinct for travel was not appeased before I was forty years of age, I have since "gone some" and seen much. I do not now care for more travel, although I would not refuse outings such as I have had if they were to new countries and were offered me free of expense, and void of the bother of attendance upon details, and were my wife willing to travel again—which condition is unlikely.

Some of the high lights of my travel experiences do not appear in the above brief outline, but I may venture to mention some of them. On our voyage over on the *New York* we observed opposite us a vessel speeding along rather faster than we were going. Evidently its captain meant to overtake us;

IN THE DOORWAY OF A GARDEN AT ST. AUBIN,
ON THE ISLAND OF JERSEY

and he did so. He cut right in ahead of us, crossing our path and requiring our captain to slow up to prevent our running into him. It was the *Deutschland,* showing the polite and considerate nature of its Teuton captain.

While in London we went to the opening of the famous Kew Bridge, at which time there was a vast outpouring of people. King Edward may have heard that we were to be there; at any rate, he himself was there and we saw him and the queen riding in an open carriage. We were on the top of a stage-coach, so could obtain a good view of his kingship and his lady. They did not see us; or, if they did, they gave no sign. One jubilant Londoner, as the king rode into view shouted: "There's the old boy!" to the amusement of his hearers.

In London we saw the house in which our enemy in the war of the Revolution, George III, lived while the conflict was raging in America—raging chiefly because his High Mightiness was a stubborn king.

In the room in Westminster Abbey where the dead bodies of royalty are interred, we viewed the spot where Cromwell's body was dug up, to be mutilated and carried away, the head cut off, stuck on a pike and fastened at the peak of Westminster Hall nearby. Just at that time his memory was not cherished in England as it is now. His statue now stands alongside the Houses of Parliament; and there is also one in Manchester. We visited Whitehall and gazed at the window through which Charles I walked to his death. At Bunhill Fields we saw the modest headstone above the resting place of George Fox. The stone, about two and one-half feet high, leans considerably from the perpendicular. At Jordans, a few miles out of London, we saw the grave

of William Penn, also marked by a simple headstone.

When at Salisbury we visited Stonehenge nearby and took a snapshot of those ancient and Druid-memorial rocks, which may be seen on another page.

We visited Abbotsford, the home of Sir Walter Scott, and also his grave at Dryburgh Abbey; and we viewed the spot where was buried the heart of Bruce, the Scottish chief. I wondered if it was still there and had doubt about it.

Being a member of the Atlantic Union we were invited to several functions in and near London prepared for the entertainment of visitors from the English colonies and the United States. We made a number of delightful acquaintances of whom we have heard since by correspondence, and whom to know is to regard with esteem and respect.

In front of the Charing Cross Railroad Station on the Strand was a little office on the edge of the street where an old man sat whose business it was to change for travelers, giving coins of one country for those of another. I observed that he had stacked up on his counter a large number of American gold dollars which I knew were scarce on our side of the great deep where they were at a considerable premium. I bought a dozen of them at one dollar and twenty-five cents a piece. This was in 1903. I brought them home, put them away, and forgot about them for a time. I looked them over before our second voyage to London in 1907 and when I reached Charing Cross I found the money changer still at his post. I had previously discovered that the old fellow had slipped in, along with the rest, four or five that were clipped or had holes punched or bored in them. Of course I handed them back, demanded good ones in exchange and obtained them. He did not demur and tumbled to the occasion. I thought

S. S. SPOKANE

THE TAKU GLACIER

he recognized some old friends in the mutilated coins that he had not seen for four years and hoped he would never see again. One of those he handed me in place of the mutilated ones was dated 1862, which was the year I left the farm to go into the publishing business at Norristown, fifty-eight years ago. I had the coin made into a fob, and am now wearing it on my watch chain.

We were in Dublin at Whitsuntide, and found it a boisterous place where many hilarious men and women came driving into town towards evening in jaunting cars, thrashing the horses to make them gallop as they returned from some afternoon gaiety in the country. But we met many pleasant, sober people in Dublin the next day.

At Swarthmore Hall we saw the window in which George Fox frequently stood while preaching to the eager multitudes who came to hear him.

At Naples the odor from goats' milk and butter seemed much in evidence, not only at table, but everywhere in the streets. It was all-pervading. I couldn't stand it. I have since been informed that when goats are fed on grass and grain in the country, and do not have to pick up a livelihood in a dirty city, their milk and butter are not flavored like those of the goats in Naples. I trust this is true.

We were at Venice shortly after the Campanile tumbled over, and the débris was boarded off so it could not be seen from the street. This famous structure was begun in 888, rebuilt in 1329, provided with a marble top in 1417, and crowned with a figure of an angel, nearly sixteen feet high, in 1517, and toppled over in 1902. It has been rebuilt since that.

At Charlottenburg, Berlin, we visited the tomb of Queen Louise. The beautiful sarcophagus which holds her remains was rifled recently and the jewels

carried off. Her memory is cherished by the German people because she was such an implacable enemy of Napoleon when he ran amuck through Germany and entered Berlin.

In Rome we visited the old Senate Chamber where the great Caesar was stabbed to death by Casca, Cassius, the treacherous Brutus and the other conspirators.

"Look! in this place, ran Cassius' dagger through.
See, what a rent the envious Casca made:
Through this the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd."

At Frankfort we stopped at the hotel where Bismarck met the French commissioners to settle the terms of peace after the war of 1870–1871. We were shown the room in which the meeting was held and in which the harsh terms were acquiesced in by the helpless French representatives.

At Cairo we were shown the mummy of Rameses II, so called, one of the Pharaohs. In Switzerland we visited the home town of William Tell, and were shown the spot where Father William shot the apple off his son's head.

In Holland, since the Queen was away on a vacation, we were shown through the palace, including the dining-room, and were told where Wilhelmina sat at the table. In turn we sat where the Queen lady was accustomed to sit, when at home, to take her food. She was then a stout, short person with a pleasant countenance. She is older now, like the rest of us. Inasmuch as she was short while her husband was tall, her chair had longer legs in order that she might appear taller while at the table.

Before arriving at Brindisi in Italy the boat

AT JORDANS, ENGLAND, WHERE WM. PENN LIES BURIED

rocked badly, and we became seasick—at least I did. At the landing station we had breakfast, but were not feeling well enough to enjoy it, since the eggs were far from fresh, and the coffee and other edibles not to our liking, though we had not eaten anything for many hours. I imagine that when Julius Caesar brought his troops over the Appian Way from Rome to Brindisium on his way to battle against the conspirators at Pharsalia, in Greece, who tried to overthrow him, his quartermaster must have lost some eggs on the way, and it was one of those I had for breakfast. While at breakfast a commotion arose in the dining salon, caused by something I did not comprehend. In due time I learned that a lady had lost her handbag containing a valuable pearl necklace, and was searching for it everywhere and making a rumpus. She sat next to me at the table. I was busy eating and took no notice of the disturbance; at least I paid no attention to it, but on arising from the table the precious lost handbag was found on my chair and I had been sitting on it. The lady had placed it there. I had never sat upon a pearl necklace before—nor have I since.

CHAPTER XXVIII

GENESIS OF THE WOMAN'S RIGHTS MOVEMENT

In 1648, early in his ministry, George Fox attended a church meeting in Leicester where a number of persons had met for the discussion of religious questions; a great crowd was there and after much discussion a woman timidly arose and asked a question as to what Peter meant by "being born again of incorruptible seed, by the word of God which liveth and abideth forever."

In response to her innocuous question one of the ministers gave answer, as related by George Fox: "I permit not a woman to speak in the church." "Whereupon," wrote George Fox, "I was wrapped up as in rapture in the Lord's power; and I stepped up in a place and I asked, 'Dost thou call this place a church, or dost thou call this mixed multitude a church?' For the woman asking a question, he ought to have answered it, having given liberty for any to speak. But he did not answer me neither, but asked me what a church was. I told him the church was the pillar and ground of truth, made up of living stones, living members, a spiritual household, which Christ was the head of; but he was not the head of a mixed multitude, or of an old house made up of lime, stone and wood. This set them all on fire."

It appears not only to have set them all on fire, but it moved George Fox "by the same Christ power to set up women's meetings that all, both

male and female, might act for God in the power and do business and service for Him in the church."

"At Wiltshire," Fox wrote in his journal, "we had a very good meeting, though we met there with much opposition from some who had set themselves against women's meetings, which I was moved of the Lord to recommend to Friends for the benefit of the church of Christ. That the women, being made heirs of the same salvation as the men are, might come into the practice of gospel order and therein be meet-helps unto the men in the service of Truth, as they are in civil and temporal things; that so all the family of God, both women and men, might discharge their offices in the house of God whereby the poor might be better looked after and taken care of; the younger sort taught in the way of God, and the loose and disorderly reproved and admonished in the fear of the Lord; the clearance of persons propounding marriage more closely and strictly inquired into in the wisdom of God; that all the members of the spiritual body, the church, might watch over and be helpful to each other in love."

Here we have the germ of the movement for woman's equality of rights with men, for Fox proceeded to establish women's meetings throughout England on an even footing with those of men, though separated from them. Ever since that time Quakers have held dual meetings for business, independent though coördinating. In meetings for worship, all met together and men and women ministers were equally privileged to speak as the spirit moved them. Women Friends did not lose their poise under their new-found freedom, but adjusted themselves to their new duties with wisdom and ability.

Exactly two hundred years later, in 1848, Lucretia Mott and her sister, Martha C. Wright,

with two other women, all followers of George Fox, called a meeting in Wesleyan Chapel at Seneca Falls, New York, to start a movement to secure justice for women, which at that time was not accorded them under the common laws of England that were then in force. These laws were characterized by Lord Brougham as " a disgrace to the civilization of the 19th century."

In the summer of 1840, Lucretia Mott of Philadelphia was in London, sent there as a delegate from an American Abolition Society to a World's Anti-slavery Convention, called to meet in that city in July. Accompanying her were Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Mary Grew, five other women, and several men, amongst whom were Wendell Phillips, William Lloyd Garrison, Nathaniel P. Rogers, Henry B. Stanton and James G. Birney.

Soon after arriving in London the men who were managing the affair were thrown into a panic upon learning of the presence of women from America who had certificates as delegates to the convention, for such a thing was never heard of before. What right had women to take part in the proceedings? None at all, according to British precedent. The convention met and at once fell into an acrimonious debate upon the question of admitting the women, which lasted two days, at the end of which time a verdict of exclusion was reached. The women might sit in the gallery, but must take no part in proceedings. Two men, also delegates, William Lloyd Garrison and Nathaniel P. Rogers, by way of protest, refused to attend the convention except as spectators. The action of the convention aroused much indignation among the Americans and some of the British who were present; and when the news reached America there was a belated storm of pro-

George Fox

From the Wigton School Portrait

test, which, of course, was quite useless. The sequel was a long way off—the day, eighty years later, when the women of Great Britain and the United States acquired the right to vote.

Elizabeth Cady Stanton, who was one of the accredited delegates to the World's Convention, met James and Lurcetia Mott there for the first time. A life-long friendship was the result. The following extracts from her reminiscences add some graphic touches to the picture.

. . . "In June, 1840, I met Mrs. Mott for the first time in London. . . . When introduced to her at our hotel in Great Queen Street, with the other ladies from Boston and Philadelphia who were delegates to the World's Convention, I felt somewhat embarrassed. Mrs. Mott, in her sweet, gentle way, received me with great cordiality and courtesy, and I was seated by her side at dinner.

"No sooner were the viands fairly dispensed, than several ministers began to rally the ladies on having set the Abolitionists by the ears in America, and now proposing to do the same thing in England. I soon found that an impending battle was on on woman's rights, and that, unwittingly, I was by marriage on the wrong side. As I had thought much on this question in regard to the laws, church action, and social usages, I found myself in full accord with Lucretia Mott in combating most of the gentlemen at the table. Calmly and skillfully she parried all their attacks, now by her quiet humor turning the laugh on them, and then by her earnestness and dignity silencing their ridicule and sneers. I shall never forget the look of recognition she gave me when she saw, by my remarks, that I comprehended the problem of woman's rights and wrongs. How beautiful she looked to me that day!

"Lucretia Mott was to me an entirely new revelation of womanhood. I sought every opportunity to be at her side, and continually plied her with questions, and I shall never cease to be grateful for the patience and seeming pleasure with which she fed my hungering soul.

"On one occasion, with a large party, we visited the British Museum, where it is supposed all people go to see the wonders of the world. On entering, Mrs. Mott and myself sat down near the door to rest for a few minutes, telling the party to go on, that we would follow. They accordingly explored all the departments of curiosities, supposing we were slowly following at a distance; but when they returned, there we sat in the same spot, having seen nothing but each other, wholly absorbed in questions of theology and social life. I had never heard a woman utter that which, as a Scotch Presbyterian, I had scarcely dared to think.

"On the following Sunday I went to hear Mrs. Mott preach. Though I had never heard a woman speak, yet I had long believed she had a right to do so, and had often expressed the idea in private circles; but when at last I saw a woman rise up in the pulpit and preach earnestly and impressively, as Mrs. Mott always did, it seemed to me like the realization of an oft-repeated, happy dream. I had found in this new friend a woman emancipated from all faith in man-made laws, from all fear of his denunciations, . . . and sitting alone one day, as we were about to separate in London, I expressed to her my great satisfaction in our acquaintance. . . ."

The reader will remember that the above happened in 1840. Lucretia Mott was visiting in 1848 her sister Martha C. Wright, at Auburn, not far from Seneca Falls, New York, and went to that town to

SUSAN B. ANTHONY
At the age of forty-eight

LUCRETIA MOTT
"Truth for Authority, not Authority for Truth"

call on Mrs. Stanton, who had gone there to reside.

On July fourteenth of that year the following startling announcement appeared in a local paper: "A convention to discuss the social, civil, and religious condition and rights of women will be held in the Wesleyan Chapel, at Seneca Falls, N. Y., on Wednesday and Thursday, the 19th and 20th of July, current; commencing at 10 o'clock A.M. During the first day the meeting will be exclusively for women, who are earnestly invited to attend. The public generally are invited to be present on the second day, when Lucretia Mott, of Philadelphia, and other ladies and gentlemen, will address the convention."

This call, without signature, was issued by Lucretia Mott, Martha C. Wright, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, and Mary Ann McClintock. Lucretia Mott and Elizabeth Cady Stanton had spoken in London, at the time of the meeting eight years before, of the propriety of holding such a convention as they now proposed. Now had come to pass the realization of those hopes.

The four ladies, sitting round the tea-table of Richard Hunt (a follower of George Fox, living near Waterloo, New York), decided to put their long-talked-of resolution into action, and before the twilight deepened into night, the call was written, and sent to the *Seneca County Courier.* On Sunday morning they met in Mrs. McClintock's parlor to write their resolutions, and to consider subjects for speeches. The resolutions adopted in this convention demanded all that the friends of the movement have since claimed. The convention met and continued through two entire days, late into the evening, and adjourned to meet at Rochester two weeks later. It was finally decided to admit men and not confine the meeting to women as announced, and

James Mott, Lucretia's husband, was called upon to preside.

At the ensuing Rochester meeting the following resolutions were adopted:

"That we will petition our State Legislature for our right to the elective franchise, every year, until our prayer be granted.

"That it is an admitted principle of the American Republic, that the only just power of the Government is derived from the consent of the governed; that taxation and representation are inseparable; and, therefore, woman, being taxed equally with men, ought not to be deprived of an equal representation in the Government.

"That we deplore the apathy and indifference of woman in regard to her rights, thus restricting her to an inferior position in social, religious, and political life, and we urge her to claim an equal right to act on all subjects that interest the human family.

"The universal doctrine of the inferiority of woman has ever caused her to distrust her own powers, and paralyzed her energies, and placed her in that degraded position from which the most strenuous and unremitting effort can alone redeem her. Only by faithful perseverance in the practical exercise of those talents, so long 'wrapped in a napkin and buried under the earth,' will she regain her long-lost equality with man."

At that period, when a woman was married, she became almost annihilated in the eyes of the law. She lost the right to receive and control the wages of her own labor. If she was an administratrix or executrix, she was counted as dead, and another must be appointed. If she had children, they might be taken from her against her will, and put in the care of anyone, no matter how unfit, whom the father

LUCRETIA MOTT AND SUSAN B. ANTHONY IN LATER LIFE

might select. He might even give them away by will. The personal property of the wife, such as money, goods, cattle and other chattels which she had in her possession at the time of her marriage, in her own right, and not in the right of another, vested immediately in the husband, and he could dispose of them as he pleased. On his death, they went to his representatives like the residue of his property.

When woman was tried for crime, her jury, her judges, her advocates, all were men; and yet there may have been temptations and various palliating circumstances connected with her peculiar nature as woman, such as man could not understand.

If a wife was compelled to get a divorce on account of the infidelity of the husband, she forfeited all right to the property which they had earned together, while the husband, who might be the offender, still retained the sole possession and control of the estate. She, the innocent party, went out childless and portionless by decrees of law, and he, the criminal, retained the home and children by favor of the same law. A drunkard took his wife's clothing to pay his rum bills, and the court declared that the action was legal because the wife belonged to the husband.

In 1849 women got possession by statute law of their clothes, and were allowed to own as much as three hundred dollars in money. In 1874 the right to have a bank account that their husbands could not draw upon was extended to women. In 1883 women's privileges were still further enlarged by their being made able to collect and use their wages; in 1885, in some states, the mother was given joint right, with the father, to the children.

Under the common law, the very being or legal existence of woman was suspended during the mar-

riage, or at least was incorporated into that of the husband. In the eye of the law, she ceased to be a distinct person; husband and wife were one, and that one was the husband.

Our American men would not stand for the common laws of England in reference to women, many of which were in force when Lucretia Mott, with the other three women, called the first Woman's Rights Convention at Seneca Falls, N. Y., in 1840.

To the honor of American men, woman now finds her needs very well supplied and her rights upheld. If she wants to work she has all occupations to choose from. If she desires an education, the schools and colleges are freely opened to her. If she wishes to address the public by pen or voice, the people hear her gladly. The laws have been largely modified in her favor, and where they might press they are seldom enforced. She may accumulate and control property; she may set up her own domestic establishment and go and come at will.

Nothing could be more illogical than the belief held by many almost up to the present time, that a republic would confer every gift upon a woman except the choicest, and then forever withhold this; or that woman would be content to possess all others and not eventually demand the one most valuable—the ballot.

When the Woman's Rights Convention was held at Seneca Falls the general tone of the press was shown in that newspaper which said: "This bolt is the most shocking and unnatural incident ever recorded in the history of humanity; if these demands were effected, it would set the world by the ears, make confusion worse confounded, demoralize and degrade from their high sphere and noble destiny

women of all respectable and useful classes, and prove a monstrous injury to all mankind."

Thus it will be seen that when George Fox in 1648 instituted the principle of treating women upon an equality of rights and privileges with men, he laid the foundation of the Woman's Rights Movement in America, and, in fact, the world over; and it was Lucretia Mott who, exactly two hundred years later, started a new movement for the removal of every disability women were enduring and had been enduring at the hands of their brothers ever since the world became inhabited by human beings. Elizabeth Cady Stanton was a pioneer who came upon the stage of action through the inspiration imparted to her by Lucretia Mott. Even Susan B. Anthony, the indefatigable and far-seeing leader of the suffrage cause, owed much in those early days to the little Quaker woman of Philadelphia—Lucretia Mott. So she herself said at a reception in her honor in Philadelphia on the fifty-third anniversary of her birth.

"I feel that I must speak, because if I should hear all these words of praise and remain silent, I should seem to assent to tributes which I do not wholly deserve. My kind friends have spoken almost as if I had done the work, or the greater part of it, alone, whereas I have been only one of many men and women who have labored side by side in this cause. Philadelphia has had the honor of giving to the world a woman who led the way in this noble effort. Lucretia Mott and Elizabeth Cady Stanton were active in the good work ere my attention had been called to it. It was through their influence that I was led to consider and accept the new doctrine."

The following resolution was passed at the National Woman Suffrage Convention of 1898:

"Lucretia Mott will always be revered as one of those who conceived the idea of a convention to make an organized demand for justice to women."

At this convention, Albert O. Wilcox, of New York, whose eighty-seven years were filled with valuable work for reforms said that he was drawn to the conviction that women ought to have a share in the Government by a sermon preached by Lucretia Mott in 1839. This was nine years before the Seneca Falls Convention.

Miss Anthony's public appearance as advocate of woman's rights may be said to have begun in 1852. On September eighth of that year, she went to her first Woman's Rights Convention, that being her earliest opportunity of attending one. On this occasion Lucretia Mott presided, and Martha C. Wright, her sister, and Susan B. Anthony, acted as secretaries.

Of Lucretia Mott, the *Syracuse Standard* said: "It was a singular spectacle to see this Quaker matron presiding over a convention with an ease, grace and dignity that might be envied by the most experienced legislator in the country."

At the Thirteenth Annual Convention which assembled in Lincoln Hall, Washington, in 1881, Miss Anthony said that the highest tribute she could pay to Lucretia Mott was that during the past thirty years she had always felt the assurance that she was right when she had the approval of Lucretia Mott. Next to that of her own conscience she most valued the approval of her sainted friend.

The reader will find on another page portraits of two pioneers for justice to women—Lucretia Mott and Susan B. Anthony. The pictures of both Lucretia Mott and Miss Anthony must have been originally made at about the time of the Seneca Falls Convention, when, like the minutemen of

FIRST SUFFRAGE PARADE, NEW YORK, MAY 4, 1912

Concord in 1775, they "fired the shot heard around the world" (with a difference). I have given these two women the place of honor, because to them, more than to any other two women, the world owes the present enfranchisement of women; had it not been for them it would have come, but not so soon. They set the ball rolling in the beginning; the others kept it going,

This leads me to say that, when I was a boy on our Upper Dublin farm in the early 50's, there came to our house a weekly paper which told about the Seneca Falls Convention. The paper had been established by four women and kept us posted in the history that was in the making for the advancement of the sex. My father and mother must have been familiar with the incidents of the London Anti-slavery Convention from which women were excluded, and with the proceedings of the Woman's Rights Convention, at Seneca Falls, in 1848. Thus it was that I became established and grounded in the faith, so that when I arrived at man's estate, I did not have to go through a period of tardy conversion or probation, as so many other men did, but had graduated, a full-fledged friend and advocate of woman's cause.

Lucretia Mott was one whom we all learned to revere and love, never missing an opportunity to hear her preach in meeting, or speak on the convention platform. She was a beautiful woman, a most graceful and charming speaker and preacher, who had a vein of humor, often in evidence, and whose words carried conviction to so many. When my office was at 914 Arch Street, on the second floor, in the year 1878, I met a small, aged woman at the foot of the steep stairs of my office, who had come, she said, to renew her subscription to *Friends' Journal,* which had its office upstairs with me. I noticed

the feebleness of the woman, and so requested that she would let me go up and get her account to save her from climbing the stairs, asking her to step into the book store and wait until I returned, and this she did. I knew the woman; she was Lucretia Mott.

I would not detract one iota from the credit and honor that attaches to any of the noble women who took up the burden of the pioneers, and whose labors have carried the cause to victory. All of them now living will agree that I have correctly defined the genesis of the Woman's Rights Movement. Now that woman is coming into her own, I fear she will have hard work in helping man untangle the mussed up affairs of this topsy turvy world, brought on partly, no doubt, because men alone had charge of the job from the beginning. In 1849 Lucretia Mott said: "Who knows but that if woman had acted her part in government affairs there might be an entire change in the turmoil of political life? It becomes man to speak modestly of his ability to act without her aid."

It may be set down as truth that the children will hereafter be better cared for, the protection and conservation of child life being woman's specialty. The destiny of the nation, of the world, is in the hands of the children.

I acknowledge my indebtedness, with thanks, for much of the information contained in the above sketch to the monumental "History of Woman Suffrage," by Susan B. Anthony, Elizabeth Cady Stanton and Matilda J. Gage, and to "The Life and Works of Susan B. Anthony," by Ida Husted Harper.

In the next chapter I will briefly tell of an unimportant part played by me in the cause of woman's enfranchisement, as head of the Pennsylvania Men's League for Woman Suffrage.

CHAPTER XXIX

THE PENNSYLVANIA MEN'S LEAGUE FOR WOMAN SUFFRAGE

"To Business that we love, we rise Betime
And go to't with delight."

Shakespeare.

On the thirty-first of March, 1914, having sometime previously become a member of the Men's League, I attended the second annual meeting held at the office of the Woman Suffrage Party at 1723 Chestnut Street, Professor L. S. Rowe in the chair.

Early the next year I heard that Mrs. Frank M. Roessing, of Pittsburg, President of the Pennsylvania Woman Suffrage Association, had expressed a desire to have me elected president of the League at the next annual meeting in March, 1915. I was not an aspirant to that honorable position and had no wish to assume the responsibility the office entailed. A campaign was coming on for the adoption of an amendment to the State Constitution giving the women the right to vote in Pennsylvania, and I supposed that Mrs. Roessing's intention was to secure the help of the Men's League to carry the reform to success at the ensuing fall election, and wished to have a young man to put ginger into the League, and as I was only three months short of seventy-five years of age, she lit on me. It is likely also that she knew the *Farm Journal,* which had a large circulation throughout the state, might become a force in spreading the doctrine of woman suffrage among the electorate.

Although I was very busy at the time I could not

well refuse to serve, since I was an ardent friend of the cause then, as I had been all my life. I therefore accepted the proffered honor, determined to see what could be done by the League to help the women win their cause.

I called a special meeting for the fifteenth of the ensuing month in order to commit the League to joining in a parade the women were planning to have on the first of May. This was done. The parade came off on the day named, the League took part and was well represented. It started from Washington Square, in front of the *Farm Journal* office, our building being used as headquarters for the paraders, and ended at the Metropolitan Opera House, where an immense meeting was held and addressed by Dr. Anna Howard Shaw and Mrs. Antoinette Funk.

The trial of the women's cause was to take place at the polls on the ensuing second of November, so I had seven months to prepare for the event. No time was to be lost. I set apart rooms in the *Farm Journal* building, employed a competent salaried working force, and set a number of printing presses in motion. I adopted as our motto, " Move on, Men, Move On." I selected an energetic executive secretary with four assistants, including a stenographer.

I had shifted the directors of the League who were unable to give attention to our business to the list of vice-presidents, and appointed some new ones; and I carefully selected a campaign committee of energetic, earnest men, some of them young fellows, who could be depended upon to take an active part in the ensuing contest of the League and to keep up the fight until the polls should close on the second of November. The campaign committee consisted of John W. Shrigley, George C. Small, Henry Johns

Gibbons, John J. Ridgway, Ryerson W. Jennings and Frederick H. Graser.

Without entering into details of the work as it progressed, I may quote in part the report read at the Fourth Annual Meeting of the League in March, 1916, which tells the story of the League's activities and accomplishments during the previous year:

"Previous to March 31, 1915, the Pennsylvania Men's League for Woman Suffrage was not a going organization, and was not intended to be; now it must get to work.

"An appeal was sent to all men who had signed slips pledging their support to the cause by their influence and votes. At first there were about 5000 of these, but this number rapidly increased until just before election we had 48,175, all of whom were circularized.

"The actual membership of the League grew from 500 in May to 8683 on November 2nd, omitting the Pittsburgh list, which, under the presidency of Julian Kennedy, numbered over 15,000.

"Circular letters and literature were sent into every county, not only to men who had made pledges, but in thousands of cases to lists of voters which had been sent in by county leaders. Return post-cards were used in many send-outs.

"Letters and literature were sent to all granges in Pennsylvania with follow-ups; to all clergymen whose names appeared in the telephone book in and near Philadelphia; to all ministers of the Reformed Church in the state; to all members of the Republican and Democratic Committees, to city officials, and to all the trade unions in the city.

"Urgent appeals were twice sent to men of prominence whose names appeared in the Blue Book, also in the county directories near Philadelphia.

There were 16,000 of these persons appealed to, apparently with good effect.

"In September, C. E. Wells, a young colored man, was employed to canvass and distribute suitable literature among the colored voters. He was kept busy all through the remainder of the campaign.

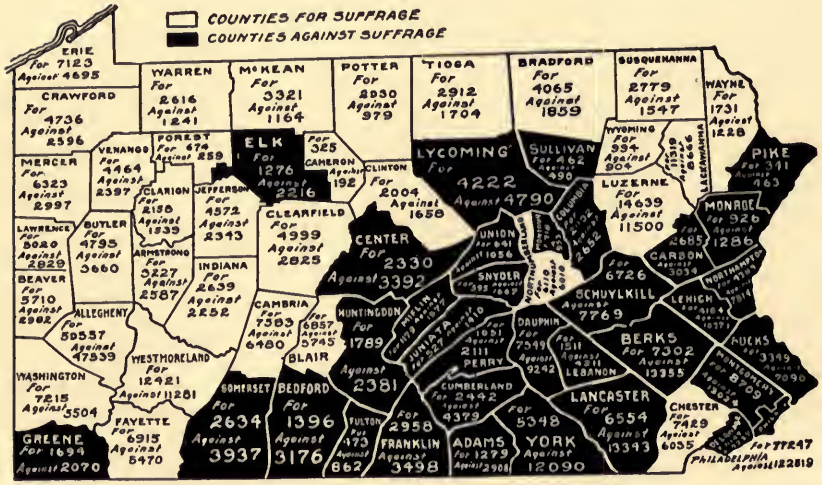
"A speakers' bureau was organized, and numerous speakers, some of them salaried, were supplied to meetings in town and in neighboring counties. Members of the campaign committee were active as speakers and workers all through the canvass.

"Financial assistance to the extent of five dollars a week was given to Delaware county for two months previous to the election, and fifty dollars was contributed toward the campaign fund of Montgomery county. The League also contributed towards advertising in the daily newspapers just previous to the election. The sum of one hundred and fifty dollars was given to the woman's state association. No contributions were solicited from any quarter and new members paid no dues.

"Thousands of free buttons were distributed, and for the parade, which was held in October, 2000 badges were given out, and 500 lanterns were bought so that every man who promised to march in the parade might have one to carry.

"There was a great demand for the literature printed by the League, and large quantities of it were distributed by district leaders, campaign speakers, and by the various headquarters. Much literature was sent by mail to women leaders all over the state. About 400,000 copies altogether were printed and distributed.

"A letter, with state suffrage maps, was sent to all Senators and Representatives of Pennsylvania,



MAP OF PENNSYLVANIA, SHOWING THE WOMAN SUFFRAGE VOTE ON NOVEMBER 2, 1915

urging them to vote for the National Woman Suffrage Amendment when it should come up in Congress.

"An elaborate analysis of the November vote was made, and a black and white map of the state was printed by the league, a facsimile of which appears here. Many thousands of these maps were supplied free. The vote in the entire state was 385,348 for, and 441,034 against, making an adverse majority of 55,686, of which Philadelphia contributed 45,272.

"The league printed a facsimile of the decoy ballot which was intended to defeat and which did defeat the suffrage amendment. The ignorant and 'kept' among the electorate united with the saloon interests and brought defeat at the polls.

"Over $4000 was spent for postage, salaries, and speakers, alone. The entire expense of the campaign up to November 2nd amounted to $7840.07, and on November 3rd all bills had been paid, leaving a comfortable balance in the treasury.

"It is unfortunate, indeed pitiful, that the women of Pennsylvania should have to spend one-third or one-half of their time and strength in collecting money to carry on their campaign for equal political privileges, while many men stand aloof, withholding requisite funds that they are amply able to provide, and which they should provide without solicitation.

"The devotion of our women to their cause has never been surpassed in the whole history of the struggle for human rights since the nation was founded.

"WILMER ATKINSON,
"President."

The following resolution was adopted at the above meeting: *"Resolved*, That the members of the Pennsylvania Men's League are determined that equal suffrage shall prevail in this state and that we

shall not relax our efforts in this behalf until their rights are recognized."

In order to increase the membership and to bring new workers into the campaign all were excused from paying dues, and as I am a poor hand to solicit funds from any person whatever, only a few contributions were received, and these in small sums, except that former Secretary Henry Justice handed in one hundred dollars on two occasions, and some of my personal friends turned in some funds. So it was necessary to make constant appeals to the handsome young man who acted as paying teller at the Penn National Bank, who graciously honored all drafts made upon him by the League, who always looked cheerful, never failed us, and never complained.

After the election was over, the League did not cease its work, but went on with its plans for keeping up the fight until ultimate success should crown our endeavor. The election, as I have said, took place on November second, 1915, but all through 1916 we had two salaried lecturers in the field who did efficient work among church workers, mill men and the general public, whose votes we wished to secure in future elections. Meetings were held in churches in Philadelphia and suburban towns; general meetings throughout the city in winter and summer, street meetings, factory meetings, numbering altogether over one hundred and fifty.

Since the legislature of Pennsylvania had refused the women of the state another chance to win suffrage through an amendment to the Constitution, and since efforts were being concentrated upon Congress to secure the passage of the Susan B. Anthony Amendment, efforts of the Pennsylvania Men's

League subsided, though my determination to stand by the women's just rights was not in the least abated, and I am ready to answer any call for future service.

I close this account by saying that my work as President of the Pennsylvania Men's League for Woman Suffrage was immensely enjoyed from beginning to end, and I was grateful for the opportunity to show what a young man can do when he hitches his wagon to a star.

CHAPTER XXX

FORTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF THE FARM JOURNAL

It is with some hesitancy I come to tell of the celebration of the fortieth year of the *Farm Journal,* which took place in our new building on Washington Square on February twenty-first, 1917.

The affair was given in my honor because I had been present at the bornin', and kept faithful watch up to this time. Though I was editor during all the period, many others contributed to the enterprise, and to the success that was achieved. I often told Our Folks that they must not think that all the good things in the paper were written by me. What I said was true, and equally true it was that no one could get anything into the paper but what accorded with my ideas of what was right.

The celebration was a surprise to me. Being around all the time, I had some inkling of what was going on, but no adequate idea to what extent the folks were making preparations for the celebration. Had I been informed, I suppose I should have objected to so much fuss being made, and "they" did not want to have their plans interfered with by my protestations.

My nephew Charles, he of the bountiful spirit, was determined to do something unusual, without regard to the cost or the labor, something that would be a surprise to me, and give pleasure to our friends, and he succeeded.

FARM JOURNAL BUILDING, WEST WASHINGTON SQUARE

There was a reception early in the afternoon in Charles's office, overlooking Washington Square, and my family and myself were placed in the receiving line while all of the employees, of whom there were many, came flocking in one after another, extending a cordial greeting with an expression of good will in words and faces. I was prepared for this—it was all in the day's work.

What I did not expect was to see strangers in the line, who proved to be men and women from far and near, whom I had never seen and did not ever expect to see—those who had so ably helped me make the *Farm Journal* what I wished it to be; those with whom I had had pleasant correspondence for years, and whom I had learned to know, to admire and to esteem. All these had been invited, as guests of Wilmer Atkinson Company, to come to Philadelphia and take part in celebrating our fortieth anniversary, to visit places of interest in the city and to have a good time generally.

Need I say how surprisingly happy I was to be able thus to greet my friends from a distance, those who had done so much to contribute to the pages of the *Farm Journal,* and had relieved me of so much of my editorial labors? Without much effort I could have wept, but I held myself in. Altogether, between the cordial greeting from our own employees, whom I personally knew, and the gladness I felt at being able to grasp the hands of my far-away friends, my heart was full and running over with joyful appreciation.

After this part of the affair was over, there was more to come, as I found out. All were requested to repair to the assembly room on the floor above. On my arrival there with my family, I found the room full of our friends who greeted us most cordially as

we moved towards the front. I did not know what was to happen, but I was not much alarmed, feeling that I was in safe hands. I have no clear remembrance of what occurred, except that I was presented with a handsome desk (on which I have written the greater part of this autobiography), with a silver penholder, an ink-well and a flower vase.

There was some speaking, some of my associates arose and read letters that had been received from those who were unable to accept the invitation to come. The tables around us were full of beautiful flowers, forty of each kind I was told, and I was requested to say something. Haltingly I did so. It was enough to see so many kindly faces shining with affection for the innocent victim of Charles's benevolent designs.

Some of the letters read made me wince because they were so personal. I will spare the reader the agony of having to read all those letters; it would take much time and not be of great interest. Of the numerous messages befitting the occasion, one was in verse from my long-time contributor and good friend, Mrs. Lydia M. D. O'Neil, of New Mexico, which I ask leave to print as follows:

TO WILMER ATKINSON

In Commemoration of the Fortieth Anniversary of the Founding of Farm Journal

Great oaks, they say, from little acorns grow.
The seedling planted forty years ago
To what a great and wondrous tree has grown!
O'er all the land its kindly shade is thrown.

Where stands a farmstead, there a hand fraternal
Is stretched to greet each issue of *Farm Journal.*
The cowboy of the wild, wide western world
Its pages lovingly has often twirled.
The rancher by the silv'ry Rio Grande
Its wit and wisdom constantly has scanned.
In old New England, on the mid-west plains,
Or southward, in the Land of Many Rains,
'Tis known to one and all, and loved, and blest,
And greeted as a much-desired guest.

To-day, O Wilmer Atkinson, of you
We say, "He builded better than he knew.
He taught us all to love the gracious soil;
Taught us the dignity of rural toil;
The beauty of God's great, wide out-of-doors—
The highlands and the lowlands, lakes and moors.
Taught us to love, nor keep that love concealed,
Our little brothers of the air and field,—
The birds and beasts who hide beneath the fern,
Or wing their flight with many a graceful turn.
Taught us the passing hours to employ,
To beautify, to better, to enjoy."
Then, "God be kind to you and yours," say we,
"That through the coming years you still may see
The little seedling planted years ago,
To a still greater, grander oak-tree grow."

I will also give place to a personal letter from my friend, Herbert Myrick, head of the Phelps Publishing Company, Springfield, Massachusetts, publishers of *American Agriculturist, Farm and Home,* and two western farm papers. The fact that Myrick and I had been competitors in business for a quarter

of a century makes his message peculiarly acceptable. He wrote:

Springfield, Mass.

DEAR MR. ATKINSON:

What is this I hear about your retiring? You have only been in the good *Farm Journal* forty years! And yet doubtless you are wise to take things easier. What is life for? Please let me tell you how much I have always appreciated your many kindnesses to myself personally, as well as the honorable competition and coöperation between the *Farm Journal* and my own periodical. That's the sort of thing that has made life worth living. I recall with especial pleasure your kindness in coming over to New York to consult Mr. Brandeis (now a member of the United States Supreme Court) and myself, relative to the persecution to which I was subjected by the Post Office Department.

I am

Yours very sincerely,

HERBERT MYRICK.

I recall the occasion of my visit to New York and the desire I felt to do a good turn to my friend.

My old friend and associate, Hollister Sage, was with us at the celebration and on his return home wrote as follows:

Waterbury, Conn.

DEAR MR. ATKINSON:

How can I ever relate how greatly I enjoyed the recent celebration of our fortieth anniversary? Words are futile; they are poor things. I know that all my comrades in it feel the same way. To trans-

pose the closing words of a certain tender little speech of acceptance we all listened to lately, you know that we all love you, Mr. Atkinson. It seems an odd thing for one man to say to another, but when the thing had said itself, as the other day, it produced a catchy feeling about the heart, a gasping for breath, a mistiness of the eyes, in many of us. We rejoiced to find you so strong and well; so able to continue at work. I offer congratulations for your employees, for they are a truly loyal body. Several of us from out of town, discussing the conditions, agreed that even the thought of a strike among them would never be entertained—not for a moment. A blessed situation in these insubordinate times.

May you be spared in health to manage us another forty years.

Most sincerely,

HOLLISTER SAGE.

The next morning the strangers were shown about the town, through Fairmount Park, and were invited to take tea at our home in West Philadelphia, which invitation they accepted much to the pleasure of my family and myself. It was on the twenty-second of February, and there were twenty-two guests present to celebrate the happy occasion. We had a most delightful time and our visitors could not have worn out their welcome had they tried. The whole company was entertained at the Bellevue-Stratford Hotel during their sojourn in Philadelphia and were requested to remain as long as it was pleasant and convenient so to do.

Upon consulting the archives of the Subscription Department, in charge of Arthur H. Jenkins, I find that the circulation of the *Farm Journal* had gone up above the million mark. It may be of interest to

the reader to know how many subscribers we had at that time in each state, so here are the figures:

Maine	10,383	Kansas	24,752
New Hampshire	6,491	Montana	9,287
Vermont	6,449	Wyoming	2,426
Massachusetts	27,364	Colorado	10,405
Rhode Island	4,106	New Mexico	1,925
Connecticut	14,813	Arizona	1,308
		Utah	3,396
New York	64,463	Nevada	916
New Jersey	33,084		
Pennsylvania	111,929	Kentucky	11,153
Delaware	7,051	West Virginia	13,830
Maryland	14,978	Tennessee	7,657
Dist. of Columbia	1,307	Alabama	4,554
		Mississippi	2,832
Virginia	17,133	Louisiana	3,549
North Carolina	13,938	Texas	20,789
South Carolina	4,440	Oklahoma	12,934
Georgia	5,952	Arkansas	4,870
Florida	4,684	Idaho	5,620
Ohio	65,035	Washington	13,967
Indiana	30,590	Oregon	10,172
Illinois	50,222	California	15,484
Michigan	30,451		
Wisconsin	34,941	United States	1,001,962
Minnesota	56,281	Canada	8,032
Iowa	61,680	Alaska	1,106
Missouri	29,040	Foreign	1,116
North Dakota	25,592		
South Dakota	21,419	Total	1,012,216
Nebraska	66,320		

The present circulation, according to the authority quoted above, is now somewhat larger. Had it not been for the obnoxious zone system, which has much more than doubled the postage rate in near, and quadrupled it in distant zones, there would probably have been by this time a much greater increase in the total circulation.

This was the first time I had ever taken part in a fortieth anniversary, and I shall not soon forget it. Three years later we celebrated our forty-third and are looking forward to having a rousing big time on our fiftieth. It is my ardent hope that all who were present to help us celebrate the fortieth will live to attend our fiftieth, at which time the topsyturvy condition of the world will no longer worry and all will be happy once more.

APPENDIX

THE GOLDEN WEDDING ANNIVERSARY

In lieu of the chapter "Golden Wedding Anniversary" mentioned in the Foreword, we are appending herewith a copy of the invitation issued on that occasion, some letters and original poems which were read to the "bride and groom" and those assembled to celebrate the happy event, and also two other letters of interest written by the groom a few days later.

THE INVITATION

1866 A. A. 1916

Wilmer and Anna Allen Atkinson
request the pleasure of your company
on Third day Eleventh month twenty-eighth
from five until eight o'clock
Forty-one hundred and six Locust Street
Philadelphia

R.S.V.P. No Gifts

A LETTER FROM MR. AND MRS. GEORGE W. STONE

Santa Cruz, California,
November, 1916.

Wilmer Atkinson,
Anna Allen Atkinson,

Dear Old Friends:

We are a little ahead of you in time, but we extend to you the familiar invitation: "Come on in; the water's fine." Life loses none of its attractions when a serene old age comes on. The natural increase of leisure affords the opportunity to take it easy, which is absolutely prohibited in the hurly-burly of a business career. "Hurry up!" is not, or ought not to be, in the

vocabulary of age. It is almost murderous in its effect upon the mind and body of one who has already lost the power to hurry. "Take it easy" is the proper motto for every one who has had a "golden wedding." I do not wish to intimate that those who have had fifty years of matrimony are more entitled to sympathy than those who have, intentionally or otherwise, escaped or avoided that experience in life. Some people can work better in single than in double harness, but I leave it to the agricultural editor if the double team is not the proper thing for steady, effective work. I know almost nothing about agriculture except what I have learned by reading the *Farm Journal,* and if I have crude or unworkable ideas about the horse, that popular journal is responsible for my ignorance.

We have been "reminiscing" since receiving your very kind invitation to join with friends in celebrating your highly successful attempt to overcome the difficulties of married life. We recall much that is pleasant to reflect upon, and absolutely nothing that awakens a feeling of regret. Neighbors, in fact, as well as in name, we whacked away at life's problems all day, and came home to find a jolly welcome, and lots of the pleasure that can come only to those who delight in the happiness and success of others. Ours was no cheap friendship that rests upon some kind of compensation, but was as disinterested as that which exists in nature between the birds and the flowers.

By the way, speaking about flowers—please consider that there is a big bunch of roses, pelargoniums, pentstemons, heliotrope, phlox and many other flowers, picked from our own garden, occupying the big vase, and the post of honor, on the centre table in our living room; all in your honor, with some of the old friendship mixed in with it; feelable, but not seeable, it may be, but there nevertheless. Thus we will celebrate on

November 28th, from five to eight o'clock P.M. (eastern time). California and Pennsylvania will be in the same room for awhile, by wireless. Space no longer affects the things of the spirit.

To return to our "reminiscing"—the little, two-storied houses, with their stone steps in front, affording room for two on each, will serve for the most familiar setting of the home life of those days of long ago. Anna and Kate, Wilmer and George were the mater and pater actors on that limited stage. The kiddies were at the top of their kidhood, and the squalls that burst forth occasionally around the family hearth were loud, it may be, but not long. I think we all got our finest lessons in parenthood during those more or less quiet and instructive years. Anyhow, the mothers proved their motherhood to be of the wise and loving type that made for society and the world a bunch of men and women that have reflected, and always will reflect, credit upon the busy, anxious mothers who kept the little brick houses as training-schools for those they loved and lived for.

And now we have come to the other edge of life. The sunset interests us, let us hope, because it is beautiful, and not because we see that it is lighting us to bed. Perhaps our work is not done—just interrupted by a resting time—and that it will go on in the hinterland of life wiser and more efficiently, because of the dear love that has served us so well the last half century. It is well to give play to the imagination when the occasion calls for it. We shall soon come to the time when our reason will be of little use to us, and when our imagination will be our delight. Meantime, let us remember the blessings we have had, and forget the disappointments. Let us cherish the faith that has been our constant helper.

We wish you many more anniversaries, and all the

joys and pleasures that can come into your home and into your lives.

It would give us a great deal of pleasure to be with you on the twenty-eighth day of November, but it seems to be practically impossible. We will celebrate here, in California.

Sincerely, your friends,

GEORGE W. STONE,
KATE STONE.

THE REPLY

December first,
Nineteen sixteen.

MY DEAR GEORGE AND KATE:

Your lovely message was a surprise to us and gave us all much pleasure. It held an important place in the ceremonies at the close of the feast and was greatly appreciated by the guests as well as by us.

Nineteen of the elders sat at the main table, the next generations in the hall and parlor. The youngsters had a splendid time in the parlor feasting on the good things. They were hilarious to a degree, especially when the ice cream came on in different form on each plate.

Of the original wedding party of eight, including us, all were present but one and nearly all of them enjoying good health. I tell you it was a great time, words fail to do justice to it. Flowers—we were nearly buried in them. Yellow electric bulbs lit up the stairway from the first floor to the third. Several messages besides yours, mostly brief ones, were received and read with a poem by C. F. J. Emily did the reading, and she made them all plain. She also read a sketch that I wrote concerning our courtship and early married life, a copy of which I intend to send you shortly. It was a happy thought of yours to celebrate with us at the same hour, and I am sure that our guests felt that it was so. Wife

had been having quite a severe attack of bronchitis but was pretty well recovered from it by *the* day. All the rest well as usual.

You ought to have seen the display of the wedding presents of the long ago. They were spread out on a table on the third floor and created much interest. Each one was labeled with the donor's name. There were four pathetic pieces of china, remains of a dinner set, and there were fragments of what the bride wore, including her slippers, veil and orange blossoms. Every one appreciates to the fullest your thought in remembering us so graciously and gracefully.

Affectionately yours,

WILMER ATKINSON.

TO UNCLE WILMER AND AUNT ANNA ON THEIR GOLDEN WEDDING DAY

W. A., W. A.
We see these initials almost every day,
Two useful good letters and what do they say?

W. A., W. A.
All really great men have two initials this way;
It is the first step toward wearing the bay,
As a glance at Fame's temple will quickly display—
Washington, Franklin, Adams and Jay.

W. A., W. A.
Jefferson, Jackson, Lincoln and Hay,
Dave Crocket, Sam Houston and good Asa Gray,
Grover Cleveland, Roosevelt, and Woodrow, they say,
Each lost one of their names to be listed this way.

W. A., W. A.
It is reported that this is thy wedding day,
And to come to the point without further delay
And be as explicit and brief as I may,
I will show the true meaning of W. A.!

W. A., W. A.
When Wilmer came back one early spring day,
From the mix-ups and fights of the blue and the gray,
He hadn't a job, nor sure, steady pay,
But, on the farm, he declared he never would stay.

W. A., W. A.
So off to the city he hastened away,
No potatoes he'd pick, or orchards he'd spray.
No plow handles for him, no making of hay,
But the strenuous life of the city, and gay.

W. A., W. A.
One evening while resting from the toil of the day,
" Tom " Burr came around to offer some play.
Insisted that they should go over the way
To Sheriff Allen's abode, and he wouldn't take nay.

W. A., W. A.
From the rhyme on thy letter I should now get away
For a handsome young lady here enters my lay;
But, alas, 'tis a fact, the rhythm must stay,
For he fell straight in love with young Anna A.

W. A., W. A.
'Twas a day in November quite solemn and grey,
When Anna made promise that she would obey,
Still only two letters are brought into play,
And " Wilmer " and " Anna " the initials now say.

W. & A., W. & A.
A half century now comes to you to-day,
Father Time has besprinkled you some with his grey,
But youth in your hearts will linger alway.
And the golden chain tightens as the links wear away.

W. & A., W. & A.
We wish, one and all, our love to convey.
May Heaven's best blessings rest on you to-day
And may to the last—yes, forever and aye,
Be the two joined together, W. A.!

CHARLES F. JENKINS.

Philadelphia,
11th Month 28th, 1916.

THE GOLDEN MILESTONE

The Fiftieth milestone has been safely reached,
By two who gaily started hand in hand,
To fare along the road where none return—
A road that stretches through an unknown land.

Sometimes it winds through meadows, honey-sweet,
And through lowly valleys, shadow-dim,
Then o'er the uplands where glad breezes blow,
But ever leading toward the world's far rim.

Few reach this golden milestone, who set out
In youth's bright spring to tread this strange life-way,
For partings come; but, oh, how sweetly blest,
If hand in hand they greet this Happy Day.

EMMA A. E. LENTE.

LETTER AND POEM FROM WALTER G. DOTY

DEAR MR. ATKINSON:

The enclosed verses are intended for printing purposes or for your own private, home consumption, as you prefer—in either case, with the compliments of the author.

My wife joins me in wishing for you and Mrs.

Atkinson all manner of good luck and happiness, with many more years of usefulness and health and profit.

Yours very truly,

14 State Street, WALTER G. DOTY.
Hornell, New York,
October 26, 1916.

TO THE BRIDE AND GROOM

It's vexing when a fellow wants the muse to do its best
To find the stubborn animal determined on a rest.
I told the muse to rouse itself and sing right lustily—
As it had never sung before—an anniversary,
The golden wedding of a twain respected far and wide.
"Oh yes, I know—the Atkinsons," the lazy muse replied.
"I couldn't do it justice; you'd expect a lot too much.
Walt Mason's muse itself would fail of just the proper touch."
So then I kicked it round the room and put it on its shelf,
And these poor lines that follow here I hammered out myself.
A million homes unite to-day in message of good will,
And prayers for all that's best in life four million bosoms fill.
For lives well spent, for work well done, for fine example set,
Our thanks are yours, O worthy twain! If there is one regret
'Tis merely that we cannot each in person this glad day
Be with you to express in speech the all we'd like to say.
From North and South, from East and West felicitations pour,
With hopes that you may still go on and make it fifty more!

WALTER G. DOTY.

APPENDIX

LETTER AND POEM FROM LYDIA M. D. O'NEIL

Corona, New Mexico,
October 28, 1916.

Mr. Wilmer Atkinson,
Philadelphia, Pa.

DEAR MR. ATKINSON:

Mr. O'Neil and myself beg to congratulate you and Mrs. Atkinson upon your long wedded life, and to express the wish that the occasion of your anniversary may be a very joyous one indeed.

I am very truly yours,

LYDIA M. D. O'NEIL.

P. O. Box 91.

FIFTY GOLDEN YEARS

With hands close-clasped and lovelit eyes,
We watched the first snow falling;
We heard the dead leaves swirling past,
The north wind's noisy brawling.
And all the snows of fifty years
We two have watched together;
And now, as then, Love rules our hearts,
And laughs at wintry weather.

And fifty times the rose hath bloomed,
The happy robins nested;
And we have sung, and we have wept,
And dreamed, and toiled and rested.
Though all too swift the stream of Time
Hath swept, and still is sweeping,
We still are young within our hearts,
Where Love his watch is keeping.

And hand in hand, in loving faith,
We've met each joy and sorrow;
And hand in hand to-day we stand,
And pledge the glad to-morrow.
And hand in hand, dear heart of mine,
In bright or stormy weather,
Adown the sunset slope of life,
Please God, we'll go together.

LYDIA M. D. O'NEIL.

A LETTER TO THE FARM JOURNAL FOLKS

December First,
Nineteen Sixteen.

MY DEAR FARM-JOURNAL FOLKS:

It was very kind of you to celebrate our Golden Wedding anniversary by sending us the affectionate little note and the splendid large cluster of fifty golden flowers, and Mrs. Atkinson and myself thank you most heartily for the remembrances.

Occasionally I hear some of you say that I have been kind to you, but I know I have never been half so kind to you as you have been and are to me. You have my warm affection and I shall not forget your gracious part in our anniversary.

Most sincerely yours,

WILMER ATKINSON.

THE STORY OF THE BINOCULARS

Notwithstanding the request "no gifts," the bride and groom were the happy recipients of quite a few very handsome ones. Among the gifts to the groom

was a pair of binoculars which he valued highly, his former ones having been stolen. When in January, 1918, came the urgent call from the United States Navy for field glasses "to aid in the winning of the war" he offered his. They were eagerly accepted by the Government and were in constant service until the close of the war. In August, 1919, they came safely back to him with a metal tag attached thereto bearing the inscription, "Donated to the United States Navy," and bearing also his name and address and the number, "2890." A handsomely engraved certificate of appreciation also accompanied the glasses, thus greatly enhancing their value, as they had not been in the leastwise damaged by their little excursion on the high seas.

A RÉSUMÉ OF THE TWO REMAINING CHAPTERS

Of the two remaining chapters which were unfinished, "Work-Play-Rest-Sleep-Moderation-Health-Longevity" and "Observations of an Octogenarian," much might be written; for our husband and father was an ardent devotee of all out-door games and other activities, not only because he valued exercise from the standpoint of health and as a duty every man owes himself who would keep physically and mentally fit, but because it gave him the keenest pleasure to indulge in competitive sports of every description.

He often told of how at school his playmates always tired before he had half begun. No matter what his age may happen to have been, be it the age for hurdling the clothes-basket on the boyhood farm, for corner-ball in school days, for quoits, bowling, tennis, bicycling, roque or golf (which latter he took up in his seventy-fifth year), he always threw himself into the game

with the greatest zest and enthusiasm and always with the determination to improve his score.

He thus continued throughout his long and busy life to keep his body up to the highest possible standard of health and endurance without which he would have been unable to carry, as he did, the great burden of his exacting work over an active business period of fifty-five years. Thus exercise, judiciously intermingled with ample sleep—for he was always a good sleeper—and a simple, nourishing diet in which apples played a prominent part, kept him happy, healthy and fit for the battle of life at all times.

His observations of people and things, as he neared the eightieth milestone, grew increasingly broader and more all-embracing. He believed that "the years don't make us young or old, save as the outward signs are told; the swift years come and then depart, but age or youth is in the heart."

His views may perhaps be best expressed in the following short poem by Helen A. Saxon, and which he had intended to incorporate in the last chapter of the book and with which we will close.

More lovely grows the earth as we grow old.
More tenderness is in each dawning spring;
More bronze upon the blackbird's burnished wing;
In deeper blue the violets unfold;
More lavish is the autumn's spread of gold.
And with half-conscious joy each living thing
For very love its treasure seems to bring,
Entreating us its beauty to behold.
Or is it that with years we grow more wise,
And reverent to the mystery profound—
Withheld from hasty or indifferent eyes—
That broods in simple things the world around
And breaks to loveliness that glorifies
And makes of common pathways holy ground?

DATE DUE

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